SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XCII, NO. 1 JULY, 1932

The Web of Earth

A COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL

By Thomas Wolfe

The rich story of a life, a tapestry of experiences and sensations woven from the fabric of a woman's memory, as she tells her son what begins as a simple episode and becomes in the telling a narrative covering seventy years. The author of "Look Homeward, Angel" has created a memorable character in Delia Hawke and through her has given reality to the events and people in her life.

. . . in the year that the locusts came, something that happened in the year the locusts came, two voices that I heard there in that year. . . . Child! Child! It seems so long ago since the year the locusts came, and all of the trees were eaten bare: so much has happened and it seems so long ago. . . .

"What say?" I said.

Says, "Two . . . Two," says, "Twenty . . . Twenty."

"Hah? What say?"

"Two . . . Two," the first voice said; and, "Twenty . . . Twenty," said the other.

"Oh, Two!" I cried out to your papa, and "Twenty . . . Twenty—can't you hear them?"

"Two . . . Two," it said again, the first voice over by the window, and "Twenty . . . Twenty" said the second, at my ear.

"Oh, don't you hear it, Mr. Hawke?" I cried.

"Why, Lord, woman!" your papa said. "What on earth are you talking about? There's no one there," he said.

"Oh, yes, there is!" I said, and then I heard them once again, "Two . . . Two" and "Twenty . . . Twenty."

"There they are!" I said.

"Pshaw, Mrs. Hawke," your papa said. "It's something you imagined. You fell asleep, you must have dreamed it."

"Oh, no, I didn't," I said. "It's there! It's there all right!"—because I *knew,* I *knew:* because I heard it just as plain!

"It's the condition you're in," he said. "You're tired and overwrought and you've imagined it."

Then all of the bells began to ring and he got up to go.

"Oh! don't go!" I said. "I wish you wouldn't go" —you know I had a premonition, and it worried me to see him go.

And then I heard it once again—"Two . . . Two," the first voice said, and "Twenty . . . Twenty," said the other . . . and I *know,* I *know*—why, yes! Lord God! don't I remember, boy!—the hour, the time, the very year it happened to the day . . . because that was the year the locusts came at home and all of the trees were eaten bare.

"But, say, then!—Ed—Gil—Lee—pshaw! Boy! *John!* I mean—I reckon Lee is thinking of me at this moment, that's why I keep calling you his name. Well, now—hah? What say?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You started to tell about two voices that you heard one time."

"Oh, yes! That's so! Well, now, as I was—say! What was that? Hah?"

"Those were the ships out on the harbor, mama."

"What say? Harbor? Ships? Oh, yes, I reckon now that's so. The harbor is yon way?"

"No, mama, it's the other way. You're turned around. It's just the other way: it's there."

"Hah? *That* way? Why, no, child, surely not. . . . Are you telling me the truth? . . . Well, then, I'll vow! I *am* mixed up. I reckon comin' in that tunnel did it. But you couldn't lose me in the country; give me a landmark of some sort to go by and I'll be all right. . . . Why, boy, I'll vow! . . . There goes that thing again! Why, Lord! It sounds like some old cow! And here you are right on the edge of it! How did you ever come to such a place? Lord! Listen—do you hear it? I reckon that's a big one gettin' ready to pull out. . . . Lord, God! You're all alike: your daddy was the same—forever wantin' to be up and gone. If I'd a let him he'd have been nothing but a wanderer across the face of the earth. . . . Child, child, you mustn't be a wanderer all your days. . . . It worries me to think of you away off somewheres with strange people. . . . You mustn't spend your life alone with strangers. . . . You ought to come back where your people came from. . . . Child, child, it worries me. . . . Come back again."

"Well, now, as I was goin' on to say, that night I heard it, the first voice—pshaw! there goes that whistle once again. Say, boy! I tell you what—it makes me want to pick right up and light out with it! Why, yes, I'm not so old! I could start out now—I tell you what, I've got a good mind to do it—I'd like to start right out and just see everything—why! all those countries, England, where all your folks came from, and France, Germany, Italy—say! I've always wanted to see Switzerland—that must certainly be a beautiful spot—as the feller says, the Wonderland of Nature. . . .

"Say . . . oh, now I hear it! . . . Now I know. . . . Why, yes! It's out yon way. And where's the bridge, then, that we walked across that night?"

"It's here—right at the bottom of the street. Here! Come to the window and look out. Don't you remember how we came?"

Remember! Now, boy, you ask me if I can remember! Lord, God! I reckon I remember things you never read about, the way it was, the things they never wrote about in books.

I reckon that they tried to put it down in books, all of the wars and battles, child, I guess they got that part of it all right, but Lord!—how could these fellers know the way it was when they weren't born, when they weren't there to see it: they made it seem so long ago and like it happened in some strange land—what could they know, child, of the way it was: the way the wind blew and the way the sun was shining, the smell of the smoke out in the yard, and mother singin' and the scalded feathers, and the way the river swelled that spring when it had rained. The way the men looked as they marched back along the river road that day, as they were comin' from the war, and the things we said, and the sound of all the voices of the people who are dead, and the way the sunlight came and went, and how it made me sad to see it, and the way the women cried as we stood there in Bob Patton's yard, and the men marched by us, and the dust rose, and we knew the war was over. Lord, God! do I remember! Those are the things that I remember, child, and that's the way things were.

I can remember all the way back to the time when I was two years old, and let me tell you, boy: there's mighty little I've forgotten since.

Why, yes!—don't I remember how they took me by the hand that day and led me down into the holler—Bob Patton and your Uncle George—and here boy-like they had constructed an effigy of Willy and Lucindy Patton out of that old black mud they had there—you could mould it in your hands just like a piece of putty—and how I screamed and all—because I *knew*, I *knew*, I'd seen them both and I remembered them—why! Willy and Lucindy were two slaves that Cap'n Patton owned—Oh, Lord! the blackest African niggers you ever saw, as father said, charcoal would a left a white mark on them, their parents had been taken right out of the jungle—and those white teeth, those gleaming white teeth when they grinned—but oh! the odor! that awful odor, that old black nigger smell that nothin' could wash out, mother couldn't stand it, it made her deathly sick, when they passed through a room they left the smell behind them—and here these two devils of boys had made this effigy with pebbles they had taken from the creek for teeth, and to think of it!—that they should tell a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

child of two a thing like that—*why*, that it was Willy and Lucindy Patton I was lookin' at—"Look out!" says Bob, "they're goin' to eat you up," he says, and how I screamed—why I remember it all the same as yesterday!

And don't I remember taking Brother Will up to the Indian Mound—of course the story went that there were Indians buried there, that's what it was, they said—and here this brook was filled up with this old black oily stuff that came out from the mound—of course, father always gave it as his opinion there was oil there, that's what he said, you know, that some one would make a fortune some day if they dug a well there—and Will was only two and a half years old and George told him that the old black oil was squeezed out of the corpses of the Indians and how Will screamed and hollered when he told him—"Why," mother said, "I could wring your neck for having no more sense than to frighten a child with such a story."

And yes, now! What about it? Don't I remember that winter when the deer come boundin' down the hill across the path and stopped and looked at me not ten feet away, and I screamed because I saw its antlers? Lord! I didn't know what to make of it, I'd never heard of such an animal, and how it bounded away into the woods again and how when I told mother she said, "Yes, you saw a deer. That was a deer you saw all right. The hunters ran it down here off the mountain" and—why, yes! wasn't it only the next spring after that when I was a big girl four years old and remembered everything that the Yankees began to come through there, and didn't I hear them, didn't I see them with my own eyes, the villains—those two fellers tearing along the road on two horses they had stolen as hard as they could as if all hell had cut loose after them—why! it's as plain in my mind today as it was then, the way they looked, two ragged-lookin' troopers bent down and whippin' those horses for all that they were worth, with bandanna handkerchiefs tied around their necks and the ends of them whipping back as stiff and straight as if they'd been starched and ironed—now *that* will give you some idea of how fast they were goin'—and couldn't I hear the people shoutin' and hollerin' all along the road that they were comin', and how the women-folks took on and made the men go out and hide themselves? "Oh, Lord," says mother, wringin' her hands, "here they come!" and didn't Addie Patton come running up the hill to tell us, the poor child frightened out of her wits, you know, screaming, "Oh, they've come, they've come! And grandfather's down there all alone," she says. "They'll kill him, they'll kill him!"

Of course we didn't know then that these two Yankee stragglers were alone, we thought they were the advance guard of a whole brigade of Sherman's troopers. But law! the rest of them never got there for a week, here these two thieving devils had broken away, and I reckon were just trying to see how much they could steal by themselves. Why, yes! Didn't all the men begin to shoot at them then as they went by and when they saw they didn't have the army with them, and didn't they jump off their horses and light out for the mountains on foot as hard as they could, then, and leave the horses? And didn't some people from way over in Bedford County come to claim the horses when the war was over? They identified them, you know, and said those same two fellers were the ones that took 'em. And Lord! didn't they tell it how Amanda Stevens set fire to the Bridge with her own hands on the other side of Sevier so that those that were comin' in from Tennessee were held up for a week before they got across—yes! and stood there laughin' at them, you know; of course they used to tell it on her that she said ("Lord!" I said, "you know she wouldn't say a thing like that!") but of course Amanda was an awful coarse talker, she didn't care what she said, and they all claimed later that's just the way she put it—"Why," she hollers to them, "you don't need a bridge to get across a little stream like that, do you? Well, you must be a pretty worthless lot, after all," she said. "Why, down here," she says, "we'd call it a pretty poor sort of man who couldn't —— across it," and, of course, the Yankees had to laugh then, that's the story that they told.

And yes! Didn't they tell it at the time how the day the Yankees marched into town they captured old man Dockery. I reckon they wanted to have some fun with him more than anything else, a great fat thing, you know, with that swarthy yeller complexion and that kinky hair, of course, the story went that he had nigger blood in him and—what about it! he admitted it, sir, he claimed it then and there in front of all the Yankees, I reckon hoping they would let him off. "All right," the Yankees said, "if you can prove that you're a nigger we'll let

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you go." Well, he said that he could prove it, then. "Well, how're you goin' to prove it?" they asked him. "I'll tell you how," this Yankee captain says, calls to one of his troopers, you know, "Run him up and down the street a few times, Jim," he says, and so they started, this soldier and old man Dockery, running up and down in that hot sun as hard as they could go. Well, when they got back, he was wringin' wet with perspiration, Dockery, you know, and the story goes the Yankee went over to him and took one good smell and then called out, "Yes, by God, he told the truth, boys. He's a nigger. Let him go!" Well, that's the way they told it, anyhow.

And yes! Don't I remember it all, yes! With the men comin' by and marchin' along that river road on their way into town to be mustered out and all of us ganged together there in the front yard of Uncle John's place to see them pass, father and mother and all the childern and all of the Patton and Alexander and Woodsend tribes and these two black African niggers that I told you John Patton owned, Willy and Lucindy Patton, and your great-grandfather, boy, old Bill Woodsend that they called Bill the Hatter because he could make them of the finest felt—learned how to treat the wool with chamber lye, oh! the finest hats you ever saw, why, don't I remember an old farmer coming to our house in my childhood to give a hat to Uncle Sam to be reblocked, says, "Sam, old Bill Woodsend made that hat for me just twenty years ago and it's as good," he says, "as it ever was, all it needs is to be blocked and cleaned," and let me tell you, every one that knew him said that Billy Woodsend was certainly a man with a remarkable mind.

Now, boy, I want to tell you, I've always said whatever ability you had came from that side of the house, there's one thing sure, Bill Woodsend was a man who'd a gone far if he'd had the education. Of course he had no book-learnin' but they told it, you know, how he could argue and take sides on any question, hale and hearty, mind you, right up to the hour of his death, sent word down to Sam one day to come up there to see him, says, "Sam"—of course Sam told it how he found him building his fire and singin' a hymn, at peace with the world and without a thing wrong with him—"Sam," he says, "I'm glad you've come. There are matters I want to talk over with you. Lay down on that bed," he says, "so we can talk." Well, that just suited Sam, you know, oh! the *laziest* feller that ever lived, he could spend his whole life just a-layin' round and talkin', "Why," he says, "what is it, father? What's the matter? Aren't you feelin' good?" he says. "Oh," says Bill, "I never felt better, but I'm not goin' to be here with you much longer," he says, says, "I've made up my mind it's time to die, Sam, and I want to put my house in order before I go." "Why, father," Sam says, "what are you talkin' about, what do you mean? There's nothing wrong with you." "No, not a thing," says Bill. "Why, you'll be here for years to come," says Sam. "No, Sam," the old man says, he shook his head, you know. "I've just decided that it's my time to go. I've had a Call. Now, I've lived out my full three score years and ten," he says, "with some to spare and I feel there's nothin' more I can do on earth, so I've made up my mind." "Made up your mind?" says Sam, "why, made up your mind to what?" "Why," he says, "I've made up my mind to die, Sam." "Why, father," says Sam, "what are you talking about? You're not going to die," he says. "Yes," says Bill, "I've made up my mind to die tomorrow," says, "I've made up my mind to die at ten minutes after six tomorrow afternoon, and that's the reason I sent for you." Well! they built up a roarin' big fire and stayed up all night long talkin' together, and oh! you know, Sam told it how the wind roared and howled, and how they talked long, long into the night, and they cooked breakfast, and lay around and talked some more, and they cooked dinner, and talked some more, and that old man was as well and strong as he'd ever been, at peace with mankind, sir, and without a worry in the world, but on the stroke of six, now, boy, I want to tell you the kind of man *he* was, on the stroke of six, he turned to Sam and said, "Get ready, Sam," and at ten minutes after six to the dot, he looked at him again and said, "Good by, Sam: it's my time, I'm going, son," and he turned his face to the wall, sir, and *died*—now that's the kind of a man he was, that goes to show the kind of will power and determination he had in *him*—and *let me tell you something:* we've all had it in us, that same thing, when it came our time to go, we *knew* it, father went the same way, sir, kept wakin' up all day long to say, "Is it six o'clock, yet?"—couldn't seem to get it off his mind, you know— "Why, no, father," I said, "it's only noon." Now, six, six, I kept a-thinkin', why does he keep asking if it's six? That *very day,* sir, as the clock was striking the last stroke of six he breathed his last, I turned to Jim

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and whispered "Six": he nodded, "Yes," he said. Of course we knew.

But here he was that day—don't I remember him? Old Bill Woodsend standin' there with all the rest of us to watch the troops go by, a hale and hearty old man, sir, oh! married twice and had all those childern, eight by his first wife, Martha Patton, of course father was one of *that* crowd and fourteen by that other woman—well, that's so, there *was* that other one, I reckon, that he'd had by that woman down in South Carolina, of course there was no record of the ceremony and I reckon what they said was true, but he brought that child home and sat her down at the table with all the rest of them and said to them all: "From this time on she is your sister and must be treated so," and that's the way it was all right. And here, to think of it! All these childern that he had went out and had big families of their own, those that didn't die early or get killed, until now there are hundreds of them living down there in Catawba in the mountains and in Georgia and Texas and out west in California and Oregon until now they are spread all over like a web—but that's where they came from, from that one old man, he was the only one there was to begin with, the son of that Englishman that came there back in Revolutionary days to sink those copper shafts out there in Yancey. Of course they say we've got great estates waitin' for us in England—I know Uncle Bob came to father at the time Bill Woodsend died and told him he ought to do something about it, but they decided against it, said the expense would be too great—but he was *there,* all right, Bill Woodsend was there with all the rest of us the day they came back from the war. And here came all the troops, you know, and you could hear the men a-cheerin' and the women-folks a-crying, and every now and then you'd see one of the men drop out of line and then the women would start crying again, and here comes Uncle Bob—only sixteen, mind you, but he seemed like an old man to me—wearing a stovepipe hat I reckon he'd looted from some store and no shoes on, and here he comes and we all began to cry.

"Why, Lord!" says Bob, "this is a pretty homecomin' for a fact," he says, you know, trying to joke us along and cheer us up. "Why, I thought you'd be glad to see me," he says. "I didn't expect you all to bust out cryin! Why, if that's the way you feel," he says, "I'm goin' back."

"Oh, Bob, Bob," his mother says, "you've got no shoes, poor child, you're barefooted," she says.

"No," says Bob, "I wore 'em out in my hurry to get home," he says, "I just walked them clean off my feet," he says, "but if I'd known it was goin' to be like this, I wouldn't have come so fast," he said, and of course that made 'em laugh.

But, child, that wasn't the reason that the women cried. So many had gone off that never would come home again and, of course, they knew it, they knew it, and then, didn't we all flock into the house, and hadn't they all been baking and cooking for a week and, let me tell you, poor as we were, that was a *meal,* no little dabs of stuff such as they give you in these days: fried chickens—why we must have cooked two dozen of them—and boiled hams and pork and roasting ears and sweet pertaters and string beans and plates full of corn bread and hot biscuits and peach and apple dumplings and all kinds of jams and jellies and pies and cakes galore and all of the cider you could drink, and Lord! I wish you could have seen the way that Bob and Rufus Alexander and Fate Patton put that food away—why, as mother said, you'd a thought they hadn't had a square meal since they went to war and I reckon maybe she didn't miss it much either.

Why, wasn't I a big girl of five years old at the time, and saw it all, and remember it as well as I'm settin' here—yes, and things that happened long before that—and things you never heard of, boy, with all your reading out of books: why, yes, didn't we learn to do everything ourselves and to grow everything we ate and to take the wool and dye it, yes, to go out in the woods and get the sumac and the walnut bark and all the walnut hulls and elderberries for the dyes and rinse the wool in copperas water until we had a hard fast black you couldn't take the shine off—why! it beat the stuff they have today all hollow—didn't I learn to do it with my own hands and couldn't I get the finest reds and greens and yellers that you ever saw, and didn't I learn to spin the flax and bleach it and make fine shirts and sheets and tablecloths myself, why, yes, don't I remember the day—oh! that strong rank smell, you know, of scalded feathers, with mother plucking the chicken in the yard, and the smell of the smoke, and the fresh pine chips out by the chopping block, and all (that's where you got your sense of smell from, boy!) and the wind that howled and whistled through that old coarse grass, it

Continued on page 43

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Birth Rate—Potential Dynamite

By J. J. Spengler

Children are economic commodities, and they must be so regarded if biological decay and the collapse of western civilization is to be avoided, declares Doctor Spengler, who from his studies in population brings out intensely interesting data. He suggests a plan for regulation of the birth rate.

NOTHING intrigues man so much as the contemplation of his rise and possible fall. How account for the decay of Egypt, the eclipse of Hellas, the fall of Rome, the decay of Spain? What does the future hold in store for the industrial civilization of the twentieth century?

We know that in the past the decay of peoples has been contributed to by changes in climate, diminution in rainfall, dilution of the fertility of the soil, the disturbing effects of inventions and discoveries. We also know that the dissolution of civilization has been accelerated by the increasing effeminacy of the ruling classes, the sepulchral blight of priestly absolutism, the peonization of agriculture, and the persistent use of the state as a device to enrich the few at the expense of the many. Yet we of to-day feel that, as a result of the advances of modern science, man can either avoid or successfully adapt himself to each of the disruptive factors mentioned.

This general feeling of security against social collapse which Americans, Englishmen, and Europeans derive from their faith in modern science may possibly prove the undoing of Western civilization. For preservation of the group depends, just as does preservation of the individual, upon unbroken wariness against potential dangers. All social ills, unemployment, poverty, economic and social instability, and the like may be prevented if society so wills. If, however, it is believed that social ills cure themselves, the very steps necessary to eliminating social ills will not be taken.

I

No factor in Western civilization is so loaded with potential power for good or evil as the birth rate. Consequently, those who would chart and plan the future course of Western civilization must be able to chart and plan the future course of the birth rate. The political scientist knows that marked differences in the birth rates of various countries almost inevitably spell war. The economist knows that an unduly high birth rate is of necessity accompanied by poverty, a brutish scale of life, and a high death rate, such as we find in China and India. A birth rate which just equals the death rate makes possible, as I have shown in a recent number of SCRIBNER'S, a level of economic prosperity not achievable under any alternative set of conditions. A birth rate which is consistently lower than the death rate will result in the ultimate extinction of the population. The proportion of children in such a population will become constantly smaller, the proportion of aged will become constantly greater. Every year the percentage of deaths in the population will increase. Production will fall off sharply. Poverty will increase. Political and economic organization will disintegrate. Gloom will pervade the psychology of the people until, ultimately, they disappear or become merged with a growing, expanding people.

The reader may point out that history supplies us with instances where the population of countries decreased for a few years only to begin again to increase, or, finally, he may observe that, although fear of depopulation has been expressed by French writers for the last seventy-five years, births continue to exceed deaths in France. But, unfortunately, neither of these replies fits the current situation.

True, there have been periods in the history of certain nations, such as France and England, when more people died than were born. But this excess of deaths grew out of the frequency of deaths and not out of the fewness of births. When the Black Death cut down more than one-quarter of Europe's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

population in the middle of the fourteenth century, it was a physiological impossibility at once to replace the dead with new-born. So also when famine and pestilence periodically wiped out whole communities, and War stalked through the land to exterminate many of the survivors, births could not equal deaths. But always when death was once more muzzled and War had been bridled again by the satisfaction of regal ambition, a continuous volume of births rapidly filled the gaps in population and re-established the normal rate of increase.

Modern depopulation differs from the depopulation of several centuries ago. It will result not from an excess of deaths but from a deficit of births. In the long run there is a limit to our ability to cut down the death rate and increase the average length of life. To-day, on the average, man lives three times as long as formerly. Yet if every one lived, on an average, to the age of sixty years, then of each 1,000 persons an average of 16.7 would die each year. If the average number of years of life were increased to sixty-five, 15.4 of each 1,000 living persons would die on an average each year. At present in the United States and in practically all parts of the world man averages less than sixty years of life. And in light of what the studies of medicine and physiology reveal, twentieth-century man cannot live on an average even the proverbially allotted threescore and ten. In fact, man will be lucky to average more than sixty-five years of mundane life. It is obvious, therefore, that if man averages sixty years of life and 16.7 persons in 1,000 die on an average each year, 16.7 children must be born annually to each 1,000 persons. Otherwise, deaths will exceed births and the population will be threatened with extinction.

In 1929, with the exception of France and Estonia, births exceeded deaths in all the countries marked by Western civilization. In many countries, however, this excess of births is illusory. It grows out of the fact that the populations of the United States (where the birth rate is now 18.9) and many other lands are loaded with an *abnormally* large percentage of people in the productive ages of life. Consequently, the birth rate is *abnormally* high and the death rate *abnormally* low. But within the next decade or two this *abnormality* will have disappeared, the birth rate will have fallen, the death rate will have risen, and deaths will have begun to exceed births.

During the past several years careful studies have been made of this question by the Institute of Economics, by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and by American and European statisticians. These studies reveal that in western and northern Europe (England and Wales, Germany, France, Scandinavia, and Finland) 7 per cent less children are born per year than are needed, in the long run, to offset deaths. Professor Gini's studies reveal similar deficits in Austria, Belgium, Estonia, Ireland, Latvia, Scotland, Switzerland, and Hungary. Doctor Kuczynski concludes "that the populations of western and northern Europe, North America, and Australia combined no longer reproduce themselves."

In the United States, too, important elements in the population are dying out, some at a rapid rate. This has been true of the natives of New England since the close of the Civil War. Already in 1928 the white population living in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, the Pacific Coast States, and in urban centres was dying out. The Negro population was dying out in sixteen Northern States and in the large cities. Data for the country as a whole indicate that, when allowance is made for the *abnormal* age composition, there is no longer practically any *true* increase in the American population and that deaths threaten to exceed births within three decades.

While the birth rate continues to be high in a number of countries, and while the birth rate has not declined in some countries, it is evident nevertheless that the stork is suited to grace the national emblem of only such white countries as remain predominantly agricultural. Just prior to 1900 the birth rate exceeded 40 per 1,000 in Slavic countries, in most parts of Asia, Mohammedan Africa, and Latin America, and in French Canada. In non-Slavic Europe the rates ranged from 22 in France to 37 in Italy. At present in Russia the birth rate exceeds 44; in the Balkans and Poland it tops 30; in but four non-Slavic countries—Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Holland—does the birth rate exceed 20. In Europe, only the Slavs, Portuguese, Spaniards, Dutch, and Italians are swelling their numbers. In Asia, Egypt, the large islands in the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and in Latin America the birth rate has not declined appreciably and a rabbit-like rate of increase continues.

Our broad survey of world birth rates leads to this startling conclusion. Among the white peoples living in the countries where industrial civilization

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has made its greatest advances the birth rate has been cut in two within the last half-century. This decrease in the birth rate has been so great that at present not enough children are being born to replace the existing population. Only in the agricultural white nations, among the Asiatic peoples, and in Egypt, do we find a high birth rate and a steady increase in the population. May we then conclude that there is inherent in industrial civilization a principle of biological decay?

II

The key to the future (answer to the questions I have raised) lies in the birth rate of to-morrow. Will the birth rate continue to decline? Will the swarming peoples of Latin America, Africa, and the Orient crush the low-birth-rate nations? Social scientists ought to be able to reply. But they disagree even as do astrologers. Some sociologists contend that industrial society is destroying man's biological capacity to reproduce his kind, and add that practically nothing can be done about it. Others assert that fewer children are wanted than formerly. Accordingly, he who would be optimistic about the future of industrial civilization must show, first, that man's reproductive capacity is not declining, and, second, that man can be induced to maintain a birth rate equal to the death rate.

That modern civilization diminishes man's procreative capacity was contended eighty years ago by Herbert Spencer and Henry Carey. Neither offered proof. Recently, however, somewhat similar theories have been advanced and some alleged evidence has been marshalled. Studies made in various countries and cities of Europe reveal that among newly wed women (who, it is claimed, do not practise birth control) conceptions are one-third to two-thirds less frequent than twenty-five years ago. Further, it is contended that between one-twelfth and one-eighth of the marriages in industrial countries are *involuntarily* sterile because of extravagant living and similar causes. Again, it is said that only three out of every four intellectuals practise birth control; and among those intellectuals who do not practise birth control, families are childless or consist of but one child. Hence it is concluded that intellectual development weakens the sexual appetite, and frequently destroys procreative capacity. Finally, it is urged that if only three out of four intellectuals practise birth control, then not more than one-half of the allegedly uninformed masses resort to contraception. To this hodgepodge of "evidence" is added a theory that within nations inbreeding becomes more and more frequent and that this inbreeding intensifies tendencies to sterility in both the upper and the lower classes.

This above "evidence" and the above theory have been erected into a biological explanation of the alleged rise and fall of civilizations. Biology steers the course of history. Events flow mechanically, fatalistically within the stream-bed of man's heredity. The chronology of a people, be they industrial or agricultural, is but a counterpart of the biological chronology of man: vigorous youth, stable adulthood, sterile senescence, inevitable death.

"The world," says Professor Gini, "may be compared to an immense field of fireworks; each rocket representing a [national] stock which rises until it touches a different height, it shines brilliantly and sometimes it explodes to illumine with its light a large part of the sky, then falls and extinguishes itself to leave room for other rockets which are rising from below, they, too, to sparkle in their turn with a more or less intense and diffused, but always a fleeting, light."

According to this theory of inevitable biological decay, America and western Europe will disappear into the oubliette of time. The future belongs to the Slav, to the Latin American, to African Moslems, to Japanese, Chinese, Javanese, and Bantus, who will succumb in turn.

Complete refutation of this dismal theory requires no elaborate presentation of evidence. It need be said, only, that it has never been specifically demonstrated that birth control explains the decline in the birth rate. While sterility may seem frequent to-day, there is no convincing evidence that it is increasing or that it is usually due to incurable procreative incapacity. Both current genetic theory and history refute the contention that inbreeding within nations makes for decay. Have not the aristocratic Brahmans and the xenophobic Chinese preserved racial purity for generations without experiencing a decline in fertility? We must look elsewhere than in biology for the key to the future.

III

If biological decadence does not explain the decline in the birth rate, how account for it? Ameri-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cans and western Europeans, in fact, are prone to regard the decline in the birth rate as unimportant so long as the decline is not considered to be the result of biological retrogression. Such complacency, however, is unwarranted. For, as Oswald Spengler observes: "When the ordinary thought of a highly cultivated people begins to regard 'having children' as a question of *pro's* and *con's,* the great turning point has come." When woman sloughs off the social habits and attitudes of the peasant mother, when she repudiates what passes for womanliness but in reality is subjection to every one and everything but herself, when, like Ibsen's heroines, she belongs to herself, woman becomes unfruitful. So runs Spengler's theory. And he claims to have found modern emancipated woman in infertile Rome and in sterile Athens, both centres of an urban civilization similar to our own. "The father of many children is for the great city a subject of caricature."

The immediate cause of this decline is the rapid and wide-spread dissemination of birth-control information. The *underlying* causes, however, are not birth control but the social and economic forces which lead modern men and women to practise birth control.

Control of conception is as ancient as the trade of the Magdalen. Primitive man, wherever found, practises and has practised not only infanticide and abortion, but also crude forms of birth control. In the satires of Juvenal and in the gynæcological writings of Soranus we read of the practices of Roman matrons. Among the Hindus and the Arabs, both sexual epicureans, we find evidence of birth-control practices at a time when the vaunted courts of Europe were still cold, wind-smitten pigsties. In the United States we find, as early as 1832, a book on contraception, which was read by thousands of Americans and later by many Englishmen and Europeans. Not, however, until the last quarter of the nineteenth century did birth-control practices become common enough to cause the birth rate to toboggan with unprecedented rapidity. To-day contraceptive knowledge is part of the learning of most classes. That birth control is an integral part of our mores is patent in the fact that its practice is condemned, and with decreasing effectiveness, by only one well-organized group, the Catholic Church.

What factors have contributed to this recent spread of birth-control practice? To answer this question would be to define the growth of the spirit of modernity, of megalopolitan civilization. Some ascribe the rapid spread of birth control to the dissipation of religious beliefs and to the substitution of Scepticism and of this-worldly Humanism for the stern, other-worldly doctrines in vogue until recently. It appears, however, that the superstructure of mid-nineteenth-century orthodoxy has been undermined by the selfsame forces that have made for the general approval of contraception, namely, the development of modern physical and social science and the spread of rationalism. Among the factors which undoubtedly have accelerated the adoption of birth control are the gradual emancipation of women, increased knowledge of physiology, the spread of the desire for comfort and luxury, the disappearance of the frontier as an escape from poverty or as the possible source of wealth, the increased education of all classes, and the movement of the population to cities, where a child becomes largely a non-earning liability.

More fundamental than the factors we have mentioned is the psychological unrest inspired by our industrial civilization. Man, to-day, is far more calculating than ever before in human history. And such is to be expected under capitalism, where profit-seeking and the ostentatious display of wealth are the paramount virtues, and the goodness or badness of an action is reckoned in terms of its effect upon the family or individual budget, or upon the accounting records of the corporation or partnership.

Human unwillingness to bear children thus seems to be the result largely of the discrepancy between what the individual considers essential to his welfare and happiness and what the contents of his weekly pay-envelope enable him to buy. Competitive capitalism has thus far been marked by wide variations in income. The ten-hundred-dollar-a-year man learns in the schools and sees in the rotogravure sections and in the advertising columns of newspapers and magazines what the ten-thousand and the hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year men buy. Bill-boards make the expenditures of the wealthy common knowledge among the beggars.

Given a thousand dollars a year and a taste for things that can be purchased only with a three-thousand-dollar-a-year income, one whom our competitive economic system has taught to calculate may resort to two courses of action. He may endeavor to increase his income, but until he achieves

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this increase he must omit expenditures for every value except those which, in light of his new set of tastes, yield him the greatest immediate satisfaction per dollar spent. Placed in this predicament from which there is no escape except through winning a fortune, the average person, if he marries at all, finds himself unable to afford the expense of more than one or two children, if that many. In short, the cost of the child is so great relative to the pleasure and satisfaction yielded by a child, that parenthood is viewed as a bad bargain. So reason the American, the Frenchman, the Englishman, the German, the Swede, and others.

IV

The steady decline in the birth rate threatens Western civilization both from within and from without. Decline in numbers and multiplication of the unproductive age will of necessity undermine the materialistic base upon which the industrial civilization of western Europe and America rests. A thinning of ranks may expose the social superstructure of non-growing nations to the onslaughts or the overflow of the swarming peoples. Admitting these two possibilities, is it inevitable that the culture of America, of England, of Germany, of France, of Scandinavia, will fall prey to natural decay as did the culture of the Mayan peoples? In the ability of the Western peoples to create new motives for motherhood and to strengthen their politico-economic fabric lies the answer.

In the differing rates of population increase we find the major threat to world tranquillity. As Professor Ross has remarked, the real enemy of the dove of peace is not the eagle of pride or the vulture of greed, but the stork. The bulk of the mineral resources and the main unsettled lands of the earth are controlled by non-growing France, Great Britain, Australia, Canada, British South Africa, Belgium, and the United States, and by diminutive Holland and Portugal. Of the growing white peoples only the Russians and the Latin Americans have considerable land into which to expand. A redistribution of world lands, therefore, appears necessary. Professor Thompson has suggested that the English dominions and the French possessions can absorb the excess Slavs, Poles, and Italians. India's excess population can occupy Africa and Madagascar, while the surplus Chinese and Japanese can expand into the unutilized parts of China, tropical Australia, the Dutch East Indies, British Borneo, New Guinea, and the Philippines. Some such solution of the world land problem must be worked out under the auspices of the League of Nations. Otherwise, the tabloid fear of a War of Color may mature into reality.

Mere redistribution of the excess lands of the world offers no permanent solution, however. Unless the swarming peoples curb their birth rates they will soon have peopled these unsettled lands and will then desire to expand into countries whose populations are stationary or decreasing. Ultimately, therefore, if war is to be averted, the practice of birth control must become world-wide and a stationary state of population must become the normal state. Hence, before any swarming people is granted a right to expand into an unsettled area such a people ought to give ample proof that it is rapidly adopting birth control and will soon cease to increase.

The low-birth-rate nations ought to form a league to establish the above principle as the basis of an international law of migration. The low-birth-rate nations could enforce this principle against any spawning people, however, only if they kept their numbers from decreasing. For, even though the low-birth-rate nations control the raw materials without which industrial and military strength is impossible, they cannot retain this control if their populations dwindle. If the low-birth-rate nations keep their population stationary, however, their resulting technological advancement will give them an industrial advantage over the expanding peoples.

But will the low-birth-rate countries strengthen their internal economic structure by making births balance deaths? Or will the peoples who have drunk most deeply at the fount of Western civilization rather continue to commit themselves to a policy of self-extermination? Can a seemingly inevitable decay be checked by placing a premium on motherhood?

History's answer is disconcertingly negative. Many have tried to induce women to bear more children, but each has failed—Augustus Cæsar, nationalistic German Cameralists in the days after the Religious Wars, the sun-king, Louis the Fourteenth, Napoleon, Mussolini. Many devices have been employed to encourage larger families, but each has proved equally futile—bounties to mothers, taxes on the childless, medals for parents, lower railroad fares for large families.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At present, even where motherhood is encouraged by the state, as in the Fascist Italy, the birth rate is as high as it is because many parents fail in their efforts to frustrate the stork. In the United States, when contraception becomes better understood and more widely disseminated, the annual number of births will be not two and one-half millions as at present, but probably only two millions or even less. Yet about two and one-half millions of births per year are needed to maintain a stationary population in the United States.

How can couples be induced to bear children? To condemn sensualism, to cry nostalgically for a revival of Victorian values, to beseech the childless to become fecund, is to engage in so much logorrhœa. To bellow that marriage carries with it a moral obligation to raise a family is to bark at the moon. Economic sanction is necessary to the continued success of any programme. Let man but believe that monogamy or prohibition or military preparedness or war costs him more dollars than it saves him, and he will discard it before sundown. Any programme to succeed under conditions of Western civilization must appear to pay in dollars and cents. Not one measure adopted in the past or in effect at present makes child-bearing pay. Hence history has recorded only failure.

V

Western civilization can be preserved—at a price. Children are economic commodities even as are books, dogs, or automobiles. The production of commodities, such as automobiles, occasions pain to the producers. Men produce automobiles only when the price obtained for the automobiles offsets the pain of producing them. So with children. Four out of every five couples who become parents do so because they feel that the joy and pleasure of rearing the children will more than balance the money cost and pain cost of parenthood. Couples who refuse to become parents or who raise but one child are of the opinion that the money cost of raising one or more children greatly exceeds the money value of any pleasure the child may bring to the parents.

A deficit of births, therefore, can be overcome only by the application of the economic principles of price. If American motorists offered automobile producers only two hundred dollars per car, the latter would soon go out of business. Within a short period of time absolutely no cars would be produced. Ultimately there will be an annual shortage of about a half-million births in the United States. Already, in northern and western Europe, there is an annual shortage of more than ten millions of births. The reason for this shortage is obvious. In the United States a few years hence, and in northern and western Europe of to-day, millions of potential parents feel that the money value of children in an industrial civilization is *less* than the money cost of creating and rearing them. National preservation may be had—but only at a price.

A single example will clarify my argument. The Joneses are a typical, young, middle-class couple. Every reader knows such a couple. The Joneses, though married ten years, are childless. They do not dislike children. Yet they feel that a child will cost them more in money than the child is worth. The husband earns three thousand dollars per year. Mrs. Jones occasionally adds to the income. Their present tastes, acquired through reading, observation, and association with persons receiving greater incomes, could be satisfied on about six thousand dollars a year. Consequently, they are loath to make bad bargains. They estimate that it would cost them at least five thousand dollars in cash to raise a child to the age of sixteen. To this sum they add five thousand dollars which they would have to spend for such nursery care, etc., as mothers themselves provided a few years ago. Mrs. Jones believes that much of this activity should be performed by specialists. A child, they reason, would yield them pleasure, as much possibly as they could obtain by spending six thousand dollars for travel, books, the theatre, etc. Accordingly, as the account stands, parenthood would net them a loss of four thousand dollars. So they remain childless.

In a society where incomes were in proportion to the size of the family, the Joneses would have much less incentive not to have children. Even under present conditions Mrs. Jones would bear several children, provided her husband received an income in excess of the cost of satisfying their current tastes and standards. But, with a family income of only three thousand dollars, Mrs. Jones is willing to bear a child only on condition that she is compensated, as for other tasks. If the state or some philanthropist offered her five thousand dollars to become a mother, she would accept the job. For, under these conditions, she states, motherhood would yield six thousand dollars in pleasure and five thousand dollars in cash; the cost would total ten thousand dollars. She and her husband would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

profit to the extent of one thousand dollars. This example simply illustrates that an adequate price will induce the production of children even as it induces the production of automobiles.

Many persons will contend that men and women do not reason in the clear, cold, economic manner I have described. Essentially, however, those who refuse to have children and some of those who actually have children do figure in this fashion. The reader may confirm this if he or she will query friends, be they childless or parents.

The solution of the problem of a deficit of births, therefore, is quite simple. Let the state ascertain when a deficit arises and the amount of the deficit. Then let the state offer to pay to couples whatever wage is necessary to induce these couples to undertake the work of producing, rearing, and educating the desired number of children. This wage would consist both of money payments and of free services such as care for health of mother and child, free nursery care when desired, and other kinds of free income. The success of the system would depend upon the wage. If the wage offered were less than the cost of the work of parenthood, no children would be forthcoming. The state, therefore, must determine what constitutes an adequate wage, and pay such a wage.

A system of adequate wages for parents will prevent a deficit of births. Such a system will make the nation pay the cost of the citizenry of to-morrow just as the nation pays for roads and schoolhouses. Such a policy is far more just than present policy, for present policy assumes that parents alone benefit by having children. As a matter of fact it is the state, and not parents, that benefits from the production of children, just as the state benefits through education. Education was once supplied by individuals, but this system broke down and the state took over the job. So with parenthood. Individualistic production of children is failing. Hence the state is being compelled to take over the job.

A system of wages for parents cannot be adopted overnight. It calls for a highly developed technic of administration. The necessary rate of wages needs to be worked out for different occupational classes. Increased facilities for the hospitalization of pregnant mothers and for the care of children will have to be provided by the state. A modified eugenic programme will have to be adopted so as to deny parenthood to the biologically tainted. Most of the cost of such a system could be provided out of the funds now being spent for military purposes. However, so long as military expenditures are desired, the cost of children to the state will have to be paid out of new taxes. The adoption of a system of wages for parents, therefore, calls for much administrative and financial study.

A system of wages for parents is applicable in this country and in any other country. Some years have yet to pass before deaths exceed births. France has about a decade; the United States has about three decades; Great Britain, Germany, and Scandinavia have less than three decades. Each of these nations, accordingly, has sufficient time in which to insure itself against a steadily increasing deficit of births. Whether steps will be taken is another question.

My thesis may be briefly summarized: Within two decades Western civilization will face a test of survival more subtle in form than any other possible threat to national existence or class harmony. Western civilization has altered the psychology of man. It has destroyed the motive which, since the dawn of human life in the dim Pliocene period a half-million years ago, has induced man to procreate his kind. Western civilization can survive only if it can supply man with a new motive to create descendants. I have suggested a motive whose efficacy is assured. Application of this motive will insure economic prosperity. Failure to apply it will usher the nations of western Europe and North America into historical desuetude.

Gilbert Seldes, Walter Liggett, Frank R. Kent, Thomas Beer, Ernest Sutherland Bates, V. F. Calverton, Lothrop Stoddard, Albert Jay Nock are contributors whose articles will appear in early numbers. Politics, social conditions, the war on the literary front, the graft-ridden cities, American nerve are their themes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Without Benefit of Congress

A PROPOSAL FOR A SIMPLIFIED DEMOCRACY

By Henry Hazlitt

All over the world democracy as we have come to know it is in disrepute. The chief indictments everywhere lodged against it are two: first, you cannot "get things done" under it; and second, the things you do get done are the wrong things. In short, the conviction long held by its intellectual critics—that democratic government is both inefficient and unintelligent—is now permeating the popular mind itself. In practice the world has been rapidly turning toward two alternatives: fascism and communism. Like all polar antitheses, these have one great point of identity: both are dictatorships, with the difference that fascism is dictatorship in the interests of the plutocracy and that communism is dictatorship in the interests of the proletariat. Neither has any respect for the ballot or majority opinion; both say to us, in effect: "We are not going to give you the kind of government you want, but the kind of government that we consider is jolly well good for you. And if you begin to get critical or troublesome, it's your funeral." On this point Stalin and Mussolini shake hands; and throughout Europe, and most notably in Germany, the two dictatorship extremes of fascism and communism are constantly drawing converts away from the democratic centre.

I am still an adherent of democracy, but not because I believe that either of the two main charges against it can be dismissed. We must follow the majority, as Pascal remarked (long before the American or French revolutions), not because they have more reason, but because they have more power. Or, as Walter Lippmann has more recently put it, the real justification for majority rule lies in the fact that it is the mildest form in which the force of numbers can be exercised: "It is the pacific substitute for civil war in which the opposing armies are counted and the victory is awarded to the larger before any blood is shed." This is a way of saying not only that democracy is the most stable form of modern government, but that, in the long run, it is likely to be the least unjust and the least unintelligent. For only a government securely resting on majority consent, however often the personnel of that majority may shift, can afford to allow free criticism, and when criticism is free, public, and continuous the decisions of those in power are most likely to be well considered. The dictatorships we at present know in Italy and Russia not only suppress free criticism in fact; they *must* do so to survive in their present form.

This, however, is still not an answer to the chief criticisms of democracy. Democracy *is* inefficient, but I cannot agree with those who feel that inefficiency is inseparable from democracy, or even that it is the essence of democracy. What is chiefly wrong with democracy is its cumbersome organization, an organization that is not essential to it, but the result of historical accident and stupid traditionalism.

The truth of this can be seen most graphically if we try to imagine this particular type of organization and machinery in a field in which we are not accustomed to it—for being accustomed to any practice or institution tends to deaden any critical attitude toward it. Let us, therefore, imagine our modern political organization applied, say, to the Pennsylvania Railroad. Instead of having one board of directors, the road would have two, so that one would have the power to reject the decisions of the other, and so that nothing whatever would be done if the two boards could not agree. Instead of having either of these boards compact enough for decisions to be made in a reasonable time, the road would have one board consisting of 96 members and the other of 435. Except in extraordinary circumstances, any one of these members—on at least one of the boards—would be permitted to speak during meetings for hours on end, and not necessarily on the business before the meeting. It would be considered not merely bad manners, but the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

height of tyranny, for the chairman of the board to ask any member taking up the time of all the others to cut his remarks short. The president of the company would not be permitted to take part in the discussions of either of these boards of directors. But though it would be considered shockingly improper for him to take part in the discussion while it was going on, and quite proper and even vaguely laudable for him to leave the two boards all during the discussion completely in the dark regarding his own views, he would be permitted to reject completely any decision made by them when it finally came before him. Indeed, complete rejection or complete acceptance would be his only alternative; to return the decision with suggestions that it be slightly modified on this point or that would be almost unheard of. To compensate for this, the boards of directors would not be able to bring the president before them and question him regarding his policy, nor would they be permitted to question the various vice-presidents or traffic managers appointed by him with their consent. Would the stockholders consider all this preposterous? On the contrary, they would congratulate themselves that the ability of one board to reject the decisions of the other, and the ability of the president to reject the decisions of both, and the ability of the boards to refuse to carry out any policy desired by the president—in brief, the ability of almost anybody to prevent anybody else from getting anything done—was the strongest point in the management of the company.

So far from being an unfair description of the government of the United States, this picture does not tell half the story. Few persons can sit for long in the gallery of the Senate or the House without being overcome by a feeling close to hopelessness. One comes, perhaps, naïvely expecting to hear what are called the problems of the country discussed, and discussed from the standpoint of the general welfare. One finds, instead, that nearly one-third of the time seems to be given over purely to the discussion and resolution of technical points of parliamentary procedure—whether Congressman 432 can be recognized by the chair; whether Senator Blah may rise to a point of order; whether or not there is a quorum present. Of the time remaining, about two-thirds is given over to the discussion of various trivialities, chiefly having to do with purely local interests. For it is local, and not national interests, with which the average Congressman is chiefly concerned. And why shouldn't he be? It is the voters of Middletown, not the voters of the United States, who elected him, and it is the voters of Middletown, not the voters of the United States, who can throw him out. Nor can one naïvely suppose that the scramble for competitive local interests will somehow insure the national interest.

The Treasury may be facing a dangerous deficit, but it is still to the interest of the Congressman from Middletown to demand a new postoffice for Middletown, and for the Congressman from Zenith to demand a widening of the river at Zenith, and for the Congressman from Zenith to vote for the Congressman from Middletown's postoffice, and the latter for the Congressman from Zenith's river, and so on around the circle, than for either to vote against the demand of the other. The same procedure notoriously applies to tariff bills, in which the home industries of each district are "protected" at the expense of American consumers everywhere. It is partly because of its vague recognition of these endless log-rolling and petty pork-barrel tactics, I think, that popular sentiment almost always tends to support the president as against Congress in any quarrel between the two.

Having seen what it would be like to have a great railroad or industrial company run with the preposterous organization of our national government, let us try to imagine our national government run with the comparatively simple organization of a great industrial company. Instead of a Congress made up of two houses and more than 500 members, there would be a board of directors or council of, say, just 12 men. None of them would represent any particular district; all of them would be elected from the country as a whole.

The first objection likely to be made to such a proposal is that it is merely fantastic, and entirely out of the realm of what is called, with singular irony, "practical" politics. But though we are the most conservative people in the whole world when it comes to altering our sacrosanct form of government, and though it is true that from the standpoint of the machinery alone it would require at least a new constitutional convention to put into effect the kind of simplified government I have just indicated, we should not forget that such a government would be incomparably less dangerous and experimental, and incomparably easier to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

achieve, than the sweeping communist revolution now being so glibly discussed in all the best bourgeois intellectual circles. Let us, therefore, look at it as if it really did represent a reform that could be achieved in the not altogether remote future. Would it be desirable?

Perhaps the first argument against it, from this standpoint, is that so small a body could not possibly be "democratic," could not represent the diverse interests of the country. I do not believe there is much logic in such an objection; it will occur chiefly because we have grown *accustomed* to huge, unmanageable bodies. The unwieldy bicameral legislature sprang up in England purely through historical accident; yet when we signed our so-called Declaration of Independence, and set up a government of our own, we slavishly imitated the British bicameral system, and so did virtually all of our States, and nearly every democratic European and South American government established since then. Of course, as always when an old institution is retained, the institution was rationalized, and we developed our well-known theories of "checks and balances."

In so far as there would otherwise be any real danger in a small body it can be easily obviated by a change in our method of voting. The members of such a body should be elected by proportional representation, and preferably by what is called the single-transferable vote, or Hare system. There is not space to describe this system of voting in detail here, but to those not already familiar with it I ought to say that it is not my private invention, but is already in use to some extent in parts of Europe, and even in a few American cities. Those who wish to read a thorough discussion of it may consult the admirable book by C. G. Hoag and G. H. Hallet, Jr., "Proportional Representation" (Macmillan). It is enough to say here that proportional representation is a method of electing representative bodies which gives every group of like-minded voters the same share of the members elected that it has of the votes cast. Wholly apart from the small legislative body here proposed, such voting could be applied on a limited scale even to Congress as at present constituted. It insures both majority rule and minority representation. It would do this in the case of the small council here proposed by allowing each voter to name his first, second, third choice, or as many other choices as he pleased. His ballot would be counted for his first choice if it could help elect him. If it could not help elect him, it would be transferred to the highest of his other choices that it could help. Even from the standpoint of mere mechanics this method has the great advantage of rendering entirely needless not merely direct primaries, but the expensive travesty our national parties have to go through every four years in their nominating conventions.

What would be the result of selecting the members of a small national council by this method of voting? First it would insure that practically every man elected to the council was a man of genuinely national eminence. Such a man would represent the interests not of any locality but of the country as a whole. A man like Senator Borah, for example, would undoubtedly be elected to the council, and his chances of election would depend, not, as now, on retaining the votes of 51 per cent or more of the electorate of Idaho, but on retaining one-twelfth or more of the votes of the electorate of the entire country. This means that he would be free in all his decisions to disregard the special interests of Idaho, and all questions of petty patronage, and devote himself singly to the interests of the country as a whole. He could afford to stand for measures that were "unpopular" in the sense that he would not depend upon a majority vote within any limited geographical area, but merely upon making himself the first choice of one-twelfth or more of all the voters (or of capturing enough second and third choices, and so forth, to make up any deficiency). Each of the other candidates would be in a similar position. The result would be not merely a very great improvement in the average stature of the men selected over those selected at present, but a great increase in their sincerity. It should not be difficult to imagine, for example, the healthy effect of this factor on soldiers' bonus and prohibition legislation.

A second result of a small legislative body, so chosen, is that a higher type of man would enter national politics. It is no great distinction, nor does it give a man very much sense of power and influence, to be one of a body of 435 members, or even one of a body of 96. (He would be considered a well-informed citizen indeed who could name you offhand more than a half-dozen members of the present House of Representatives, not to speak of the Congressman from his own district.) But it is a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very real distinction to be one of a body of 12, and to know that one's vote on an important measure will be one-twelfth of all the votes cast. Further, in so small a legislative body the capacity to keep in office would not depend to the extent that it now does almost everywhere on mere oratorical or rabble-rousing powers. One can make a spread-eagle speech to a body of 400 or even 100 members, but it would sound merely ridiculous before a body of 12. The result would be to oblige the members of the council to talk most of the time in those relatively practical and concrete terms that even the average Congressman now uses in committee rooms.

A third result, of the highest importance, is that proportional representation with the single transferable vote would insure the representation of minorities who are not represented under the present method of voting for a single member from each of more than 400 districts. Even as between the two major parties there is no fairness of representation. For example, in 14 Southern States in the elections of 1930 the Democrats elected 107 Congressmen, the Republicans 3. Under proportional representation, with each State as one district, the same division of popular votes between the parties would have elected 80 Democrats and 30 Republicans. In Pennsylvania, on the other hand—to take but one Northern instance—33 Republicans and 3 Democrats were elected, whereas representation in proportion to the popular votes of the parties would have elected 26 Republicans and 10 Democrats.

The much graver evil of the present system, however, is the practical exclusion of small minority parties. The Socialist party, for example, has never been fairly represented in any American legislature in proportion to the actual votes cast for it. In the last Congressional elections it elected no one; but it would have elected at least three members to reflect the actual popular vote for it; and, of course, if to vote for a Socialist were to become more than a futile gesture, many more persons would vote for Socialists. But the effect of our present method of voting is clearly not alone to discourage the launching or growth of any third party, but to perpetuate the present almost meaningless division—now chiefly geographical—between the Democratic and Republican parties, and to prevent any realignment of the major parties on significant issues. The effect of our method of voting on minority groups, like the Socialists or Communists, is either political apathy, or deep resentment, and much of the talk of "revolution" we are now hearing, and derision of "reform through the ballot," is a reflection of this resentment, this feeling that minority opinion cannot achieve influence or even expression in the legislative body.

John Stuart Mill thought proportional representation with the single transferable vote "the greatest improvement of which the system of representative government is susceptible," and I stress it here, not as a minor refinement, but as the only type of voting that would be certain to remove the dangers that might otherwise inhere in the legislative body of only a dozen members that I am proposing. Proportional voting would insure the representation of any minority party constituting one-twelfth or more of the entire electorate, if the members of that party merely had the sense to concentrate their first choice on one man.

Because a small body of twelve members would concentrate power and make prompter decisions than are now possible, it is not to be supposed that it would represent a sort of "fascist" government. Fascism, as we have defined it, is a dictatorship in the interests of the plutocracy. Now the proposed council would not be a dictatorship, because it would never represent one party exclusively unless more than eleven-twelfths of the voters voted for that party. On the contrary, the council would reflect minority opinion to an extent that our present Congress does not begin to reflect it. Of course, if a majority of the members elected to the council were conservatives, then we should have a "fascist" or conservative government. But under the same system we could also have a radical or a communist government.

Who would be likely to be the members of such a council if it were elected now? Perhaps we can gather some hint from the results of a recent straw vote conducted by *The Pathfinder,* a weekly magazine published in Washington. This was a vote for president, and the first dozen choices, in order of number of votes received, were as follows:

Herbert Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt, John N. Garner, Alfred E. Smith, William H. Murray, William E. Borah, Albert C. Ritchie, Newton D. Baker, Calvin Coolidge, Hiram Johnson, Charles G. Dawes, and Gifford Pinchot.

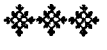
Apart from the merits or defects of this poll as an accurate reflection of existing sentiment regard-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing presidential candidates, there are several reasons for supposing that it would not quite represent the choices that would be made for our proposed council. Though it is interesting to observe that it is composed of an exactly equal number of Republicans and Democrats, it will be noticed that after Hoover's name we have four Democrats before we come to our next Republican, Borah. This is a purely artificial situation, brought about by the fact that nearly all the voters in this straw ballot believed that Hoover's nomination by the Republicans was a certainty, and therefore Republican voters tended to concentrate even their straw votes on him rather than on other Republicans who they did not believe had any real chance of that nomination. Again, Norman Thomas appears in the fourteenth position of this poll, but here again we have a situation in which people who favor him and his policies do not trouble to vote for him because they feel that a vote for a Socialist is "thrown away." There can be little doubt that under proportional voting he would be elected to the proposed council. Allowing for such factors, then, our council, in the order of its selection, might be something like this:

Herbert Hoover
Franklin D. Roosevelt
Calvin Coolidge
Alfred E. Smith
William E. Borah
William H. Murray
Newton D. Baker
Charles G. Dawes
John N. Garner
Albert C. Ritchie
Norman Thomas
Owen D. Young

Now whatever one may think of any individual in this group, there can be not the slightest question that the average stature of its members far exceeds that of the present members of Congress, and that it would, on the whole, arrive at far more intelligent decisions. And no one can suppose, certainly, that a body consisting of such powerful and influential men could ever be used as a mere rubber stamp for the president.



The method of choosing the president, and the relations of this council to the president so selected, remain to be discussed. It would be desirable that the president should be an elected official. For that reason, any candidate for the council receiving an absolute majority of all the first choices—or, if no candidate achieved such a majority, then any receiving an absolute majority when second choices were added to first choices, or when second and third choices were added to first choices—should be declared elected president. The candidate who had then stood thirteenth in the voting would take his place on the council. Failing such a popular majority for any candidate, the remaining nine members of the council should themselves express their first and second choices among the first three popular choices, and if any of these three candidates received an absolute majority of first and second choices combined in this ballot of the council he should be declared elected president. If the council could not arrive at an absolute majority for any one of the three members so chosen (an improbable contingency), then the council as a whole would be free to name anybody it could agree on by a majority vote.

The relations of the president to the council would be far closer than those at present prevailing between the president and Congress. As at present, the members of the president's cabinet would be selected with the legislative body's ratification. The council would elect its own chairman, but the president would be free to participate in the debates and discussions of the council, and so would any member of the cabinet on affairs involving his department. The president would also be permitted to vote in the event of a tie. On the other hand, the council would be free at any time to call the president or any member of the cabinet before it and question him regarding his policies or practices. The president could veto any measure, as at present, and, also as at present, his veto could be overridden by a two-thirds vote. Elections would be held, as at present, every four years; but at the end of one year the president could resign at any time if the council were not sufficiently supporting his policies, and if the council could not agree on his successor, a new election would be held. The council, on its side, at any time after the end of one year could vote a lack of confidence in the president and also call for a new election. Thus the government could be as responsive to public opinion as is European parliamentary government at present, while the one-year clause would prevent excessive elections.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The practical objection might be raised that a small body of 12 members could not possibly get through all the work that Congress now gets through. I believe this to be the opposite of the truth. There could, for example, be far more effective discussion of measures than there now is, and in incomparably less time. There is not much point in allowing each of 100 or 400 men a voice when 75 or 300 of them are all going to say the same thing. To prevent this, Congress has often to adopt arbitrary closure rules. But with a legislature of 12 men, closure would never be necessary.

It will be said, no doubt, that the real work of Congress is done in committees. Such work, however, could be better done by our proposed council appointing outside committees. Let us take, for example, questions of banking and currency. At present these are turned over to standing committees in each House, and these committees, for political reasons, consist of about 20 members each—far larger than they need to be for effective consideration of banking and currency legislation. Now it is true that by dint of remaining for years on one of these committees, a member of the House or the Senate gradually comes to acquire some specialized knowledge of banking and currency problems. But it may be questioned whether he ever acquires enough. Probably the only member of either the House or the Senate banking committee whose knowledge of such problems commands respect from bankers and economists at present is Senator Glass, and he has the advantage of once having been Secretary of the Treasury. It would be far better for an elected council of 12 to turn such problems over to a small appointed standing or special committee of, say, 5 or 7 trained monetary and banking economists and ask them to draft legislation. The final decision, of course, would be made by a vote of the council. And so with agriculture, education, taxation, military and naval affairs, patents, and every other legislative problem requiring expert knowledge. The funds to support these committees would come from the substantial savings in the salary appropriation for the legislative body itself. At present it costs $5,310,000 a year to give 531 Congressmen $10,000 a year each, not counting the pay of secretaries. We could pay each of the 12 councilmen $40,000 a year each—the salary of New York's mayor—and still have a legislative salary bill less than 10 per cent of the present one. We could get the various experts at the present salaries, say, of members of the Federal Reserve Board.

No doubt as a practical matter there would be violent objection to the plan here outlined on the ground that it disposes of the Senate. The Senate, it will be said, is an essential part of the Federal system itself, the Senators are "ambassadors of the States," and necessary for the protection of States' rights. I do not believe there is much rational ground for this objection. If Senators are really ambassadors of the States, then it would be more logical to appoint only one Senator from each State, which would at least reduce the Senate to a more compact body of 48 men. So far as protecting States' rights is concerned, it would be very difficult to prove historically that the Senate has ever helped in this particular in the slightest. The real protection has come from the language of the Constitution itself and from its interpretation by the Supreme Court; and the Constitution and court could both exist under the plan here proposed. States' rights, further, are likely to be better preserved by a council of 12 men elected nationally and thinking nationally, than by a Congress of more than 500 men elected locally and thinking locally. For when nearly 500 men are nearly all devoting a large part of their time to securing special local benefits from the federal government, there will gradually but surely, in return, accrue to the federal government compensating rights and powers. Twelve men are much more likely to mind their own federal business, and leave local communities to mind theirs.

To be sure, our national government could be made at least somewhat more efficient and intelligent than it is by less drastic changes than those I have outlined. The prejudices and interests to be overcome in making really drastic changes, moreover, are so enormous that in practice even those who believe in such changes will be tempted to compromise. But let us at least have the courage to indulge ourselves in imagining what a really simple, efficient, and relatively intelligent democratic government would be like; let us set ourselves a political goal worth getting excited about.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Visit to Uncle Jake's

A STORY

By George Milburn

My Grandfather Beals was a slow-talking man. His talk was that of the Virginia hills, and I suppose that the whining Arkansas share-croppers and the drawling Texans thought him a little queer on account of it. They could understand why their farm neighbors from Kansas and Iowa and other Yankees and foreigners had strange accents, but a man whose talk was Southern and yet unlike their own was unaccountable. They used to mimic the old man when he wasn't around.

His way of talking slowly and gently gave him an innocent air that was a good help to him in his cotton business. While he had a name for honesty and pride, his methods, perhaps, were as sharp as the next cotton-buyer's. Lots of times the farmers, misled by those guileless accents, would be bested in a deal at the very moment they felt that they were skinning the simple old man.

Although his dialect got him a reputation for eccentricity, the only surprising thing I ever heard of his doing was buying a Ford touring-car. During the War he made money with cotton, and after the War he was able to retire, well fixed. He was about sixty-five then, tall and dignified, with a fine head of white hair. The first thing he did, after he sold the good-will of his cotton business, was buy a flivver.

That was extraordinary, because he had done without a car in his cotton business, where he had had a real need for one. Year after year he had driven about the country, sizing up the cotton crop, in a ramshackle old phaeton hitched to a team of roans. The automobile agents had been after him for years, but he had put them off. Then, when he was an old man and out of business, he up and bought an automobile for his own pleasure.

I say for his own pleasure, because my Grandmother Beals refused, from the day he came driving up with the salesman, to ride with him in his car. There was wisdom in her decision, too. My Grandfather Beals never did get to be a very good driver. He had the most trouble with the foot-pedals which that model Ford had for gear shifts, and he was apt to step on the reverse instead of the brake and go wheeling backward to the detriment of whatever was behind him. Another thing that made riding with my Grandfather Beals a dubious pleasure was his habitual neglect of the steering-wheel. Driving his roans in the old days he got used to letting the reins fall idle across the dashboard while he pointed and gestured toward the fields along the way. When he began driving the Ford he was likely to let go the wheel completely while he motioned toward a fine stand of cotton.

It was a wonder that he didn't kill himself and others too. He didn't, though. He ploughed through barbed wire, he backed off into deep ditches, he knocked a row of cast-iron palings off the neighbor's ornamental fence, and once he broke out one end of the converted stable in which he kept the car. The new flivver got wofully scratched and battered, but my grandfather always came through unscathed. That is, excepting the acid comments of my grandmother.

But he was a headstrong man, and my grandmother's ridicule served only to make him more determined. He practised driving on country dirt roads, and he cut a droll figure, jouncing over the ruts with his legs akimbo, crooked up on each side of the steering-wheel. He escaped having any serious accident, and in a few months he was getting the gully-jumper up around twenty-five miles an hour regularly.

It was about this time that presages of the post-war business depression were beginning to appear. The first was a lowering of prices on Fords. My Grandfather Beals saw then that he could have saved fifty dollars had he waited a few months to buy his car. He took this as a personal grievance against Henry Ford. The manufacturer had got the best of him in a business deal. At the time he had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bought his car from him, Ford had known that prices were going to be lowered shortly, and he had taken my grandfather to a cleaning. Other price-cuttings followed and hard times were at hand. He blamed Henry Ford for everything.

"That man Fohd," he would say in opening his remarks on the subject, "he ought to be took out and hanged on the highest tree in the land."

His resentment was so strong that he could no longer get any pleasure out of driving his automobile. He would have sold it, but it was so bent and torn, it would have brought scarcely any price at all, even if the market had not been falling. So he drove the Ford touring-car into the stable, where he had cut out stalls and mangers to make a garage. There it stayed for several years, gray and dejected under its coating of silt and straw and dust.

There was only one thing that could have made my grandfather forget his soreness and set those narrow-tired, mud-crusted wheels in motion again. That came one morning in the fourth June of his retirement—word from his brother Jacob.

He hadn't seen or heard from Jacob in more than fifty years. There had been eight brothers in that family. As each of them had come of age, the father had given him a horse, saddle and bridle, a jug of brandy and twenty dollars in cash and had told him to light out.

Jacob was the oldest, so he had been the first to go. His going had made a strong impression on my grandfather, a boy of fifteen, and he had carried the memory of it through the years. He had stood in the yard with the rest of the family that morning watching Jacob mount up. Better than half a century had passed since he had stood gazing after Jacob galloping away from the hills, the jug of liquor jouncing at the saddle-side and the twenty silver dollars clanking in time.

In later years Jacob's destiny was my grandfather's favorite topic for surmise. He would spend futile hours making guesses about what had become of his oldest brother. Out of fictitious circumstance he would build up possible careers for him, and then, at the end, he would reject them all.

He had kept up with all the others. His brother Charlie, he knew, had a good thing of it with a melon farm in Colorado. Lacey had frozen to death in the Yukon, Web had a homestead in Idaho, Dick was a tobacco farmer back East, and so on. But Jacob interested him more than all the others, and of Jacob he knew nothing.

Then one morning the letter came bearing word of my grandfather's oldest brother. It had an Arkansas postmark, and it was written by Jacob's second wife. She explained that they had been married three years. She had been a widow and he had been a widower and both of them had families grown and gone away. She called Jacob "daddy." Daddy had often wondered about his brothers and sisters, but he had never made any attempt to get in touch with them. At last she had written to the cross-roads postmaster near the old home back in the Virginia hills. She had obtained from him the addresses of various members of the family. Daddy was getting old, she wrote, and she thought it would be nice if he could hear from his favorite brother before he passed on.

My grandfather was not a demonstrative man, but the letter put him in a transport of joy. He was triumphant. It was as if he, unaided, had worried through to the solution of a problem that had puzzled every one for ages. He wore the letter to a limp, ink-stained frazzle, rereading it, studying it, speculating on ambiguous phrases, trying to read more than was in the writing.

The woman wrote a fine Spencerian hand, making her first *s's* like *f's* and finishing off words with slight curlicues. That was a good sign. Jacob's second wife was an educated woman. My grandfather said, "Well, Jake's got him a good woman, as old as he is, so he must have got to be somebody." But the handwriting was wavering, and that showed that the woman was old.

My Grandfather Beals got a road-map of Arkansas and began hunting for the town of the postmark. It was a hard search. But finally, deep among the hachures of the Ozarks, dense as a handful of eyebrows, he located the name in print so fine it was barely legible. The discovery delighted him almost as much as the letter had, and he was in a fever of excitement.

That same day he backed the old Ford out of the stable. It was the first time he had laid hand on it in three years. He washed it carefully. What black enamel there was left on the scarred, dented sides was peeling, so he made a quick job of repainting the body.

He made his preparations quickly, and when he announced one night that he was going on a trip over into the Arkansas hills the next day, and that my brother Ed and I were going along, he took

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every one so completely by surprise no one opposed him.

"It's two hundud mile, a right smaht piece," my Grandfather Beals said, "and we ah goin' to staht in the mawnin' befo' day."

II

The cold engine banged and started all the roosters in the neighborhood crowing before their time. A spasm shook the old car and it shivered and clanked as my grandfather twisted the wheel around and the flivver lights cut a broad arc. We rolled out of the barnyard, halting for Ed to get out and close the gate. Ed ran back and got up in the front seat. I sat in the back drowsing and running my tongue over my front teeth, feeling the place where the breakfast coffee had scalded it.

We rattled out of town and went wheeling eastward at a great speed. The lights let a dim, quivering swath ahead on the dirt road, turning the cool, dewy dust to talcum. My grandfather pulled the gas-lever down and the powdered road went slithering out from under us. Ed and I held on for dear life. Through the dark we could make out the grim set of Grandfather Beals's jaw.

It was getting light and the foot-hills had appeared out of the dusk before us when he finally pushed the throttle back up to its usual notch. As the speed slackened and the engine quieted, he turned to Ed.

"I alluhs like to staht in like I can hold out," he said, smiling slyly.

These were the first words spoken, and Ed took advantage of the opening to ask, "How long are we going to stay over in Arkansas, grandpa?"

"Oh, we'll talk about that when we get thah. Me and brothah Jake ah goin' to have lots to talk about."

He had put the treeless prairies behind us and we were in the shaded hills when the sun, like a bloody thumb, came poking up through the mist wreaths.

As day broadened and we were rolling along at a more leisurely rate, my Grandfather Beals began to take notice of the surrounding landscape. We were climbing a mountain road, where a slight jog to the right would have meant plunging over the bluff into the creek-bottom, hundreds of feet below. My grandfather let go the wheel and threw out both his hands with a Delsartian gesture toward the smoky valley.

"Now, look ye thah!" he exclaimed. "Ain't that a mastuh sight?"

"Watch it, grandpa, watch it!" said Ed, snatching at the wheel.

Grandfather Beals resumed the wheel coolly and held it until, a short distance on, a vineyard marching up over a hill-top attracted his attention.

"See thah, you boys. You-all ain't nevah seen nothin' like that. That's just like back East. You-all ain't nevah known what it is to live in the hill country." And he was forgetful of the steering-wheel again.

Occasionally we would stop to consult the road-map, or to question ruminative mountaineers.

The road led through summer-resort towns with their concrete, wire-fenced bathing-pools, past tall-stacked canning factories, along the base of high, sheer stone bluffs, with Bible texts and sets of gums and teeth advertising dental parlors and short Holy Roller exhortations stencilled on the rock. By noon, however, these encroachments vanished. We were deep in the hill country. We came to the town of the postmark.

The postmaster let his tilted chair thump down on the store-porch floor. "They's a Jake Beals that gets his mail out on the Goshen Road," the postmaster said, rubbing his thighs, "but most possible he lives off back of the road a ways."

All along the Goshen Road, an engine-racking mountain trail, we stopped to look at mail-boxes. Finally we found one, almost hidden by tall weeds, with "Jake Beals" scrawled on it in black paint. There was no sign of a house, but a narrow, rock-strewn lane wound off from the road.

When I got out to inquire at a cabin, a stately, red-haired woman chewing a snuff-twig said, "Uncle Jake Beals? Why him and his woman lives up the lane a piece, over on Seven Mile Crik. Won't you-all get out and come in?"

But we drove on. Just as the lane was petering out we reached a log house on a knoll. A barrel-stave hammock was stretched between two trees in the yard. Lying in it was a small, white-haired man dressed in faded blue overalls. As grandfather stopped the Ford and shut off the engine, the little old man sat up in the swing, blinking.

"Howdy do, suh?" said my Grandfather Beals.

"Quite well, thank you, suh. How ah you, suh?" said the little man. He got to his feet and sauntered out to the car.

A faint smile quivered on my Grandfather Beals's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lips. "We're lookin' foh a man by the name of Jones that lives around in this country somewhuh."

"Jones?" said the old man of the hammock. "Well, now it appeahs to me like thah is a family of Joneses livin' on down the crik a ways, but I 'low you'll have to go back around by the big road to get thah. Won't you-all light and rest yo'se'ves a while?"

My Grandfather Beals was close to tears. His eyes glistened. This was the meeting he had tried to envisage untold times during the fifty years they had been separated.

"Don't you know me, Jake?" he said softly.

The old man stepped back, startled. He put his hand up to his frowsy white head, scratched, and peered suspiciously at the man in the automobile.

"Why, no, stranguh, I can't say as I do."

"It's Jawn," said my grandfather in a voice so low it was almost a whisper.

"How was that?"

My grandfather cleared his throat. "It's yo' brothah Jawn," he said.

The transformation was immediate. The gnomish little man jumped and pranced.

"Jawn! Jawn!" he shouted, scrabbling up on the running-board. "Get out o' thah and let me see you!" He jumped back down and made off toward the house to bring up short and bawl, "Mahthy, come out o' thah! Brothah Jawn's hyah!" Then he came charging back.

My Grandfather Beals descended stiffly from the car. This was not the tender reunion he had dreamed about. His dignity, alongside the joyous unrestraint of his older brother, made him seem pompous and a little ridiculous.

He was straight and well fed, whereas Jacob was stooped and scrawny. The inactivity of his retirement had let my grandfather develop a paunch.

When he stepped to the ground Jacob ran up to him with a rigid forefinger. "Lawdy, what a belly!" he shouted. "Jawnnie! Jawnnie! Lawdy, what a belly!"

My Grandfather Beals colored and chuckled uncomfortably. His older brother ran circles around him, as delighted as a puppy.

A woman came out from the cabin. She wore a dingy Mother Hubbard. Her yellowish-white hair flew in strings about her face, and her eyes were pink and weak.

"Mahthy," cried Jacob, "this is my brothah Jawn you heered me talk about."

Martha batted her eyes and smiled a toothless smile and shook hands. "And whose younguns air them?" she asked pleasantly, turning to Ed and me. It was the first time we'd been noticed.

"These ah Cayoline's boys," my grandfather said, "Eddie and Dave."

"Cay'line's boys?" said Jacob. "Who's Cay'line? That yo' old woman?"

"No, Cayrie's my oldest daughtah."

"Law, law, got a grown daughtah and grandchilduns!" shouted Jacob. "Little Jawnnie! And lawdy! what a belly! Little old Jawnnie!"

He capered up to the Ford and ran his hand over the green-enamelled sides. "Little Jawnnie," he murmured proudly, "come drivin' up hyah in a cah, just as big as you please. Jawnnie sho' has got ahead in the world."

He spoke with genuine respect, but my grandfather was more embarrassed than he had been when Jacob had poked at his stomach.

Jacob turned away from caressing the Ford. He said, "Well, I guess you-all is right duhty from yo' trip. Come on down to the branch and we'll bathe while the old woman stirs us up a snack."

We went trooping down the other side of the knoll, the four of us. My Grandfather Beals had been so important to Ed and me during the trip. He had kept his plans mysterious and had evaded our questions. But he seemed out of it now, trying to regulate his steps to keep them with the spry little skips and curvets of Jacob.

Ed and I had our clothes all unbuttoned by the time we had crossed the slope and reached the creek, a sluicing mountain stream, polka-dotted with sunlight. Jacob pulling off his overalls.

My Grandfather Beals had on his Sunday suit, so he spread out his handkerchief before he sat down on the creek bank.

"Jawnnie! Jawnnie! Ain't you goin' to bathe?" said Jacob, unstrapping his truss and placing it carefully in the crotch of a tree. He walked mincingly over to the stream and felt the water with a knotty toe. "That watuh's just right—not too wahm and not too chilly."

Ed nudged me and we giggled. The idea of Grandfather Beals stripping off naked and going in swimming was funny.

But he answered Jacob's question as if it were the usual thing for him to swim in the creek. "No,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jake," he said, "I've been having rheumatism pains hyah lately, and I guess I better not go in to-day."

Jacob dived off a log and swam as gracefully as a water animal. He came to the surface, treading water, shaking the drops from his grizzled eyebrows.

"Pshaw!" he whooped. "Crik watuh won't make it no wuss, will it, boys?" And he dived again and pinched my ankle.

My grandfather sat on the bank in his Sunday suit, watching us. Once or twice he skipped some stones across the water, but he looked out of place even doing that.

The sun was going down by the time we got our clothes back on and came stringing up the rise toward the house. Martha had supper ready, and the oil-lamp was lighted in the kitchen.

We were hungry, after the long trip and the cold bath, but the food, cooked by the decrepit, weak-eyed old woman, was more than we could stomach. It was greasy and slightly soured. And the coffee was worse than the food. My grandfather scarcely touched his plate. Jacob, however, ate with relish. Martha stood up at the head of the table, minding off the swarms of flies with a turkey-wing fan.

"This hyah ain't much eatin'," said Jacob, blowing on the coffee in his saucer, "but to-morrow I'll make us a ketch of fish. And when we have a mess of trout, I wouldn't set down to eat with President Coolridge. No, suh!"

We left the old woman to clear off the dishes and we sat out in the front yard under the trees. My Grandfather Beals gazed off through the twilight.

By and by he said, in a sad, far-away voice, "You know, Jake, the way that stream bends around down yondah just puts me in the mind of the way ouah old stream cut around back in Vuhginia."

Jacob slapped his leg. "Yes, suh! don't it now! Can't you just hyah them old foxhounds bellering now? Old Nig and Coon and Josie away off in the chinkapin thicket. Recollect what mastuh fox-hunts we used to have back yondah, Jawnnie? And what was that we called that big lead hound?"

"Old Blanche," said my grandfather softly.

"Old Blanche," said Jacob. "Yes, suh, Old Blanche."

Bedtime came and Jacob showed us the big feather bed where we were to sleep. Martha was putting a quilt pallet down for them. My grandfather had asthma, so he slept on the outside. We all sank down into the great, soft bed. My grandfather had a hard time getting his breath.

The last thing that night I heard him wheezing. And then some one came pattering across the board floor, barefooted. There was a poking on the outside of the bedclothes and then I heard Jacob chuckle under his breath and mutter, "Jawnnie! Jawnnie! Lawdy, what a belly!"

III

The next morning, long before breakfast, my Grandfather Beals was out in the yard puttering around the car. He filled the radiator from the well, he measured the gasoline with a stick, and he pumped up a back tire. It was evident that he was getting ready to travel.

Jacob was incredulous. "Jawn, you ain't leavin' a'ready? I allowed from what you said when you come that you was aimin' to stop with us a spell."

Then my Grandfather Beals told a lie.

"No, Jake," he said. "You see, I've got a business, and I have to be thah to attend to it. I hate to leave so quick, and I wish I could stay longuh, but I have to get back. But I know the way to come now, and next time I come I'll be in a fix to stay longuh."

Grandfather Beals knew then that there never would be a next time. But business had an important sound, and Jacob didn't try to argue it down. He said in a dull voice, "Well, Jawn, it grieves me pow'ful to have you go off sudden like this. I had a heap of things I wanted to say to you, and I'm sho' goin' to miss you."

All the liveliness he had shown the day before had suddenly gone out of him. He and Martha stood in the yard while Ed cranked the Ford. The quiet hills echoed with the engine's explosions. We pulled out, trailing a haze of blue smoke. Ed waved back at the forlorn old couple and they waved until we lost sight of them.

In the town of the postmark we stopped to have the gasoline-tank filled and my grandfather bought cheese and crackers. We ate as we rode, washing the food down with strawberry soda pop.

My grandfather drove fast and it seemed that we would be out of the hills before the morning was gone. We were coming along a level stretch of mountain road at a good clip. He caught a glimpse of the prairies spread out beyond the hills, far below us, and he let go the steering-wheel to point.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before he could get words out of his mouth the front wheels of the car struck a soft spot in the road. The car headed for the bluff, a deep, sheer drop.

"Wup! Wup! Wup!" my grandfather exclaimed, grabbing at the wheel and twisting the car back into the road. He cut the wheels too short and the car reeled, teetered and went crashing over, bottom side up in the road.

The air went yelling out of me as I struck the ground. "This is the way it feels to be dead," I kept telling myself. No one moved for hours, it seemed. Then I could feel the acid from the storage-battery dripping down on my back. I began squirming around and my Grandfather Beals came to, and, groaning, worked his way out from under the wreckage. Ed and I crawled out after him.

A few minutes before the road had been deserted, but now the car was surrounded by mountaineers and more were coming. They helped us turn the Ford right side up.

The wind-shield was shattered, the top was a mass of splinters and torn cloth, and the steering-wheel was held on by a single spoke. Strangely, none of us was badly hurt. All of us were bleeding from small cuts and skinned places. Grandfather Beals complained that his side was paining him, but when we looked down into the purple depths of the valley, we forgot our slight hurts.

Ed cranked the engine again, Grandfather Beals grasped the splintered steering-wheel, and we drove away without thanking the gaping hill people.

Ed said nervously, "Grandpa, I bet you're tired. Don't you want me to drive?"

"No, son," he said with a bland smile; "you can't tuhn it ovah as slick as I can."

On the steep declines going out of the mountains it became apparent that our brakes were no longer working. The air was acrid with scorching oil and rubber. But my grandfather had a substitute for brakes. He started braking with the reverse gear.

"Now you see, Eddie," he said suavely, "thah's mo' ways of killing a dog without chokin' him to death with buttah!"

That was the last time he spoke on the trip. We whirled down out of the hills at a terrific speed. Grandfather Beals, his face wooden, drove like a man possessed, grasping that one sound spoke of the steering-wheel and craning his neck forward.

It seems to me now that all of us must have had a touch of the heat that day. There was no glass to protect us from the furnace-blast that struck us when we reached the treeless plain. We had left the wreckage of the top back on the mountain road and we were exposed to a cruel white sun. We split the flickering heat-waves, rolling up long columns of dust, and our faces were like masks. The prairies danced to the slow, giddy pulse of the sun-rays. But my Grandfather Beals checked the speed not a whit until he reached home.

As we neared town we met Amos Pridgeon, a Negro cotton farmer whom we knew well, homeward bound with his mule team and wagon. He shouted and waved at us, but my grandfather gave no sign of recognition. Amos Pridgeon was the only person who saw us drive in.

At the outskirts of town my grandfather began to cut around back ways, taking corners on two wheels. He drove the car into his barnyard and on into the garage. When the car was inside we all crawled out. My Grandfather Beals staggered a little, but he came outside and closed the garage doors and snapped the padlock on its hasp.

He turned to Ed and me. "Now, boys," he said, "if you-all won't say nothing to any one about this, I'll give you both a piece of money. I want to see how long you-all can keep anything to yo'se'ves."

He pulled out a canvas pouch, unwound the string, and handed each of us a silver dollar.

Ed and I took the money and left him cooling his hands and face at the horse-trough. We came along down Main Street. At the drug-store, Ed said, "Let's go in and get a coke."

In the drug-store, at one of the soda tables, there was a bunch of men crowded around watching a checker game.

"Hey, do you-all want to know something?" Ed said loudly.

Some of the men turned around and looked at us. Our clothes were torn, our faces were sunburned to a sausage red, and Ed had a cake of dried blood in his hair.

"Sure, we want to know something," one of the men said.

"Well, Grandpa Beals turned over his Ford today and smashed it all up and nearly killed us all," Ed said.

"He sure wrecked it for good this time," I said importantly.

Until his dying day my Grandfather Beals was bitter against Amos Pridgeon, the nigger cotton-raiser.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Early Afternoon

A SHORT STORY

By John O'Hara

"Good afternoon, Mr. Grant. Home early." Mike, the doorman smiled as usual. "Mrs. Grant left about an hour or so ago."

"Did she?" said Grant, casually. He got into the elevator and was aware that he was glad she had gone. He could have a little peace before telling her that he had been fired. God knows he would have no peace to-day anyhow, even if he had not been fired. He had behaved pretty badly last night, and in a way, being tight was no excuse. Or at least people always said it was no excuse: the people who got tight and did awful things always said that. "I'm sorry about last night," they always said. "I was tight, but I know that's no excuse." Why wasn't it? Because you were supposed to be able to hold your liquor like a gentleman, and not fight, or not kiss some one else's girl, or not sing loudly? What about the hearty stories of the gentlemen in, say, Washington's time, or when knighthood was in flower? If you could believe the stories they certainly were more gentlemen than men are to-day, and yet if you could believe all of the stories, those gentlemen certainly misbehaved. They fought just as quickly and with worse results than people do to-day. And if they didn't kiss any oftener, they did kiss as often. Oh, well; what the hell?

Grant entered the apartment and called: "Are you home, kid?" and then remembered that Mike said she had gone out. He threw his hat across the room; a bad shot; it knocked an ash tray off an end-table. He let his hat and the ash tray lie, and went to the bedroom.

He took off his coat and vest, tie and shoes. He opened the collar of his shirt and let down his suspenders. He unbuttoned the top button of his trunks and lay back with his hands under his head. He stretched, and deliciously was drained of tiredness for the moment. It made him more awake, made him feel less like sleeping than he had felt all day, and he frowned mentally, because he wanted to sleep. Pretty soon he was asleep. . . . He awoke. He did not know why; then was about to ascribe it to a stiff arm, when he blinked his eyes. The sun was shining in on the bed, and while he was lying down it got him in the eyes. He looked at his watch, and it was only a quarter of three. Asleep hardly more than half an hour. He shouldn't have eaten so much lunch. Well, what to do now? Read? No. Go to the club? No, not at this hour; it would mean meeting the mid-afternoon crowd, which implicitly meant a bender. He could have a drink here instead.

He went to the kitchen and made a highball, then a second, and that finished the ginger ale, so he had a straight rye with water for a chaser. He took the bottle and a glass of water and the measuring glass and returned to the living-room and sat down in "his" chair. He was sorry about last night. In the first place, Bliss Hansen was too nice a girl to make passes at when you were tight, especially if you didn't make them when you were sober, and he hadn't made any passes at Bliss, drunk or sober, since she had been a sophomore at Northampton and he a freshman at Hanover. Bliss was a really swell girl. She didn't like Nancy, but she made a good bluff of liking her. He was sorry, too, because he had made Nancy sore. He was exactly as sorry for having annoyed Nancy as he was for being so damned casual with Bliss. He got a sudden picture of Bliss. She had gray, gray eyes, and almost-black hair. Between the inside ends of her eyebrows and the beginning of her nose there was a sort of dark triangle that made her look as though she were frowning, or quizzical, or something. The fact was that she wasn't frowning, but was nearly always ready to break into a smile.

It might be—it *was*—a very good idea to call Bliss. Not to tell her he was sorry; she would know that. But, by God, to go over and see her. And kiss her while he was sober. That would make everything all right, would prove to her that he was just as eager to kiss her now as when he was tight.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It would, after all, do no one any harm, and he and Bliss could have a drink together. She would meet him at the door, with one hand on the door, and say: "Oh, the Fuller Brush man?" or something like that. No reference to last night, and no strong feeling that there ought to be any reference to last night. She would be surprised, undoubtedly, but she would not make both of them bother about bantering excuses for his coming to see her, or make them feel that they were avoiding an explanation. He picked up the phone.

He heard the dit-dit signal when the operator repeated the number, and he heard the mechanical buzz as the number was being rung. And rung. And rung. He must have waited minutes, but there was no answer. It was less than passing strange that Bliss should not answer, but it was far from pleasing. "Nuts," he said, to the telephone.

He went back to his bed and lit a cigarette. . . . He could go to the club and instead of going to the bar, why, play backgammon or bridge. Yes, he could. Like hell he could. He was out of a job. He could imagine Nancy if he got home at about six, having lost twenty bucks, and he would have to tell her he had been fired. . . . "Oh, fine," she would say. "You lost your job, so I suppose you thought you would play backgammon and make us a lot of money." She was, more's the pity, right. Or would be. He never won.

"Yes," he said aloud. "That's the way she'd say it." He wished she weren't always so right about things like that, so perfectly justified. He wished his father would give him some more money. He would do anything in the world to be able to give Nancy a nice pile of dough and let her go. After two years and five—six months it was a bust. "Oh, I know it's my fault," he said, again aloud. He lay back and dinched the cigarette in an ash tray on the night table that stood between his and Nancy's beds. He looked around idly, blankly, at the pictures on the wall. He was waiting, he realized, with the casualness of one who is waiting for some one who will be along in ten or fifteen minutes.

There was, presently, the sound of a key in the lock. Nancy. It seemed a rather long time that Nancy was holding the door, but at last he heard the click-and-thump sound that modern apartment doors make.

"Hello," he called. He spun himself to a sitting position, and began to fix himself up.

"Hello," she answered, from the living-room.

"What have you been up to?"

"Nothing much," she said. "Muddy Rhodes called up and wanted me to go to lunch with him; but I wasn't so hungry so he took me to Twenty-One for a drink."

She came in the bedroom, a cigarette in her hand. With her free hand she took off her hat and ruffled her hair evenly. She leaned close to a mirror and looked at her clenched teeth, then she sat down on the window-seat and smoked, swinging her very pretty legs. "Why are you home? Were you fired?"

He looked up quickly. "Yes. How'd you know?"

"Why else would you be home? Are you going to get tight? I see you've been making a dent in my rye."

"Listen, kid. I'm terribly sorry about last night. I really am. I don't blame you for going out with Muddy. I deserved it."

"Deserved it? What on earth are you talking about? Deserved what? Lord God, can't I go to a speakeasy with one of your best friends without your saying you had it coming to you, as though I were punishing you? Have some sense."

He got up and put on his tie and vest and coat. There was complete silence while he dressed. Then she said: "Listen, Buzz, if they fired you they must have given you a couple of weeks' pay, so give me a hundred dollars before you go out and spend it all, will you please? We'll need it."

He smiled broadly and went to her and kissed her. "Oh, I do love you, kid. You love me, don't you, really?"

"Look out for my cigarette," she said.

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S *new novel "Flowering Wilderness" begins in the September* SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. *The complete novel—the love story of Dinny Cherrell and Wilfrid Desert—will be published in three numbers.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in world affairs to-day

"YOU CAN'T CHANGE HUMAN NATURE"

By Robert Briffault

HUMAN nature has performed from immemorial time the convenient office of a universal scapegoat. Upon it have been cast all the sins of the world. Are people selfish and greedy? Alas, that is human nature. Are their prejudices invincible? Why, that is human nature. Is their behavior brutish? Such is human nature. Wars, it has been explained at some length, are due to an instinct of combativity which is a part of human nature. People will insist on fighting, and it is quite absurd to do anything about it. When a farmer in Oklahoma is suddenly seized with the desire to cross the ocean and thrust a bayonet into a German farmer, the administration and the bankers have no alternative but to bow before the will of the people, and an enlightened public press will come to the end of its grammar before it can hope to succeed in its efforts to soothe the popular passions. You can't alter human nature.

The plea is an embarrassing one to argue against, for it is notoriously hard to prove a negative, and whatever people may do, it is difficult to show that it is not in their nature to do it. That there is in human beings a deplorable disposition to fight when they are angry is undeniable. I will confess that there are one or two persons that I could name whom I should like to murder. But, for all that, I can be as soft as butter. When I am in that melting mood I could even fall into the arms of my favorite murderees and weep over the inconsistencies of human nature. If my bloodthirsty impulses arise from human nature, whence come those absurdly tender promptings? Presumably from human nature also. When appeal is made to an instinct of combativity, of acquisitiveness, or of rugged individualism, it can be countered by an equally valid appeal to an instinct of compassion, of generosity, of sociability. But a plea that can be used to blow either hot or cold lacks conclusiveness.

The term "instinct" has of late fallen into disuse in scientific parlance. It has become supplanted by the more pretentious expression "unconditioned reflexes." Linguistically that is not perhaps much of an improvement, but the phrase carries with it some notable implications. It is due to the Russian physiologist, Professor Pavlov. That worthy scientist, unperturbed by the drums and tramps of three revolutions, has devoted his long life to the study of the emotions of dogs. The interest of his researches lies in the fact that he has hit upon an ingenious method of observing, by measuring the secretion of the salivary and other glands, the emotional condition of his canine subjects. He has thus made it possible to investigate, without taking anybody's word for it, which emotional reactions belong to genuine canine nature, and which are but artificial effects of a bad education, so to speak.

From canine to human nature is but a step. Professor Pavlov's conclusions have, as was inevitable, been applied by psychologists to the human variety of unconditioned reflexes, with the result that it has become quite impossible for the old scapegoat to hold down his time-honored job of universal sin-bearer.

If by human nature we are to understand the set of unconditioned reflexes with which people are born, nothing that they do or think can be said to be the outcome of human nature. For no behavior of an adult man or woman is the result of unconditioned reflexes. From the moment that a child is born, with a quite unformed nervous system, his unconditioned reflexes are subjected to elaborate conditionings at the rate of some hundreds per minute. Not a single unconditioned reflex has a sporting chance of escaping the process. It goes on month after month and year after year, so that long before the child leaves the elementary school there is not a scrap of unconditioned human nature left in him.

Professor Pavlov, it may be mentioned in order to reassure the reader, is not a Bolshevik. Far from it. His views on the subject of Bolsheviks are vitriolic, and he omits no opportunity of shouting them from the housetops. There may be, after all, a trifling trace of human nature about the vigor of his vituperations. For those intolerant tyrants have the effrontery to retort to his abuses by showering emoluments and honors upon him, and it is always somewhat difficult to be quite fair to people to whom one is indebted. But although Professor Pavlov is not a Bolshevik, he is no less dangerous. Consider the situation in which, thanks to him, are placed the advocates of bloodthirsty combativity, predatory greed, rugged individualism, invincible prejudices, and all the other innate dispositions which have been so conveniently set down to human nature. Pavlov has done far worse than confiscate their property. He has robbed them of their scapegoat. No longer are they able to discharge those misdeeds upon unconditioned human nature. There is no unconditioned human nature.

We are compelled to look elsewhere for the culprit. And there is not one of our venerable social institutions that is not open to suspicion. The tragedy is in the best tradition of our popular detective stories. For it turns out that the criminals who are responsible for the misdeeds which they had sought to foist upon human nature are no others than the accusers themselves, who cunningly sought to put us off by playing the part of detectives. Human nature has been systematically slandered with a view to exculpating our social institutions. The atrocity of war has been blandly set down to the bloodthirsty proclivities of human nature. And, lo and behold! those proclivities turn out to be reflexes studiously conditioned at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the cost of much energy and public money by militant governments. Greed, selfishness, rugged predatory individualism have been represented as basic and immutable dispositions of human nature. But should any misguided person protest with all the human nature that is in him against that greed, selfishness, and predatory individualism upon which our social institutions are founded, he is denounced as an enemy of the human race, and runs a good chance of being clapped into jail. Who conditions those less amiable reflexes of human nature? Who are the culprits? Human nature's unconditioned reflexes or the social institutions which all good citizens are exhorted to honor?

Where provisions do not exist for the conditioning of human nature in harmony with those institutions, its manifestations are found to be entirely different. In rude and backward societies where nothing is known of the perfected business methods which are the pride of a great civilization, the rugged individualism of human nature is a miserably stunted affair. Herman Melville draws a picture of the crude state in which human nature is found in the Marquesas Islands. Padlocks, or anything answering the purpose of one, are unknown. Instead of depositing their most valued possessions in a bank, those savages leave them carelessly about and pick them up again after a day or two where they left them. "Everything," he says, "went on with a harmony and smoothness unparalleled, I venture to assert, in the most select, refined, and pious associations of mortals in Christendom. . . . They deal more kindly with each other and are more humane than many who study essays on virtue and benevolence. . . . I will frankly declare that after passing a few weeks in the valley of the Marquesas I formed a higher estimate of human nature than I had before entertained." There is, however, nothing exceptional about those savages. In no part of the world would it enter the head of any savage to eat a mouthful of food while any one else went hungry. It takes the elaborate conditioning of human nature by the perfected arrangements of a great civilization to enable people to enjoy without compunction a banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria while ten million of their fellow countrymen are on the brink of starvation.

Nowhere have we to deal with unconditioned human nature. What we have to do with is a human nature conditioned by social, cultural, traditional conditioning factors. Those factors operate, of course, upon a foundation of "natural," that is, unconditioned, dispositions. But those initial foundations are so varied and so manifold that they include every type of behavior and emotion which it is possible to imagine. Unconditioned human nature is selfish and it is generous and considerate, is cruel and tender, courageous and craven, vile and sublime, base and heroic, good and evil. What the conditioned result shall be depends entirely upon the conditioning social factors.

Hence, incidentally, the tragic futility of preaching. Preachers lament with sincere distress that they have in vain been trying for over two thousand years to make people good. They avow their miserable failure. That tragic failure comes, like most failures, from ignorance. It comes from radically mistaken methods, from a fallacious psychology, it comes from the delusion brought about by the myth of human nature. Human nature cannot be made good while every conditioning factor is expressly designed to make it ruggedly individualistic. The preacher proceeds upon the ancient fallacy that all that is needed to make the world good is to make people good. That is perhaps the most disastrous fallacy which has ever deluded humanity. It is all the more disastrous because of its specious plausibility. Were every one made good, the world would by unassailable logic be good. Unfortunately the only possible way to make people good is by first making the world good. When the opposite mode of procedure is adopted, when it is attempted to make people good in a world where their very existence depends upon their rugged individualism, the sole effect is to enhance their less amiably conditioned reflexes by the super-added vileness of a foul and nauseating hypocrisy and an even more fulsome complacency.

Multiform, inconsistent, infinitely varied human nature is not immutable. The unconditioned reflexes with which every little human animal is equipped on coming into the world include, of course, the primary urges common to all life. Unconditioned human nature is hungry, it is urged to wage life's battle against death, it is urged to perpetuate itself. Those are elementary, primal urges of all life. They are not peculiar to any form of human nature. No conditioning can avail to abolish them. When people attempt to stamp out biological urges, they come up against a stone wall, and the consequences of the collision are no less tragic than other results of psychological incompetence. But primary biological urges are not human nature; they are the premises of human nature.

No amendment to the Constitution can put a stop to hunger and love. But those characters which offer the possibility of alternatives are one and all conditioned by the social medium into which a person is born, reared, and nurtured. Human nature is exactly as mutable, plastic, and conditionable as is the social medium. It will be ruggedly individualistic in America—so long as the American people continue to be persuaded that rugged individualism pays. It will be patiently and meekly pacific in China—so long as traditional Chinese resignation is not driven to fury and desperation by intolerable conditioning factors. What are complacently termed national varieties of human nature have scarcely anything to do with race. They have to do with varieties of cultural and social conditionings.

In many respects human nature, it is urged, has remained substantially unchanged throughout the period of which we have detailed records, that is, throughout the duration of acquisitive civilizations. That is as one would expect, since social conditioning factors have also, in acquisitive civilizations, remained substantially unchanged. Human nature has shown itself to be acquisitive and predatory in civilizations that were acquisitive and predatory. It is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that the rugged individualism of the modern American does not greatly differ from that of the ancient Jew who made the epha small and the shekel great. But, as already noted, human nature differed notably as regards those traits previous to the establishment of acquisitive civilization. Intelligent American savages have declared that they were quite unable to comprehend the strange dispositions of civilized human nature. Why did civilized people want to acquire wealth? Why did they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

show respect for rich people and obey them? The intelligent savages were, in fact, almost as completely at sea when endeavoring to understand civilized human nature as modern anthropologists when trying to understand savage human nature.

Not only has human nature changed in the past. It is changing. The effects produced by conditioning factors may differ profoundly according to collateral circumstances. In the experiments made on animals, which have suggested the theory, a positive conditioning brought about by the association of a given stimulus with agreeable sensations may be abolished by abolishing the association. It may be completely reversed. In much the same manner the effects of given conditioning factors on human nature will be entirely different according to the manner in which they are regarded and the value which is assigned to them by the receptive mind. The conditioning factors which have been regarded with reverence, superstitious awe, devoted loyalty will have an entirely different effect upon human nature if they come to be regarded as mere delusions and impostures by minds conditioned by experience into keener intelligence. Professor Pavlov and other experimenters find that nothing gives them more trouble in obtaining uniform results than to get hold of an experienced and knowing dog. There is no doing anything with the brute when he knows that you are pulling his leg.

Between the intelligence of a number of people who are alive to the currents of contemporary thought and the human nature which survives from past ages there is an abyss of difference. It lies in the fact that the conditioning factors which still operate on minds marooned in dim remote periods, such as pre-war times, have lost for many 1932 people much of their conditioning power. They do not produce the same effects on minds which have been subjected to critical intellectual agitations as on minds whose intellectual slumbers have been undisturbed. Many conditioning factors have in the last few years disturbed the slumbers of American minds. The effects of conditioning factors have correspondingly changed. To an ever-increasing extent human nature is being reconditioned. It is not possible to set a limit to the transformation which the changing values of a world in the throes of new births may bring about. It was at one time supposed that the world was motionless. It was thought that human nature stood still. *Eppur si muove.* It nevertheless moves.

The discovery that human nature is not, as had for thousands of years been believed, something fixed and irremediable, may help to transform the world more profoundly than has been done by more marketable discoveries. Faith in the age-long myth of an immutable human nature, independent of social and cultural conditions, has paralyzed human effort. That false faith has drawn over the world a pall of pessimism which has darkened every outlook. The social and cultural factors which have brought misery and despair to mankind have, by casting upon an imaginary scapegoat the burden of their follies and misdeeds, escaped detection. Befouled and besmirched, human nature has been made answerable for barbarism, social injustice, obscurantism, the schemes and plots of spoilers. It has been grossly and foully maligned. Human nature is no less capable of good than of evil. If it has at times appeared vile, that is because vileness has been thrust upon it by a social anarchy that has made internecine strife its law and fostered the basest impulses. The pall of that age-long pessimism is lifting. A new faith in humanity is possible. We know that the way to amend human nature is not to profess high sentiments, but to amend the social and cultural factors that mould and fashion it.

WHO LIVES MY LIFE?

A MOTHER DECLARES HER INDEPENDENCE

By Grace Jones Morgan

It is a common belief, with long tradition behind it, that children draw a man and his wife closer together. I stoutly deny this fact. Except economically, which means the necessity of sharing everything with them and sacrificing one's own desires and comforts in a thousand ways, children do not bind a man and wife together; not even spiritually.

Marriage and having a family have been an adventure. I am considered a lucky mother because my son and daughter have gone along without greatly overstepping conventions or causing me any real sorrow. But of the many fine books on marriage I find none which touches the intimate problem which I am facing. What I contemplate is not the further preservation of the home, but its destruction.

My husband and I blundered through not too badly, not discreditably. At twenty-three and eighteen, we were married. At the ages of my son and daughter we had our family well started. Our parents were interested in our welfare, but we depended on them for nothing; and got just that. I feel now that our greatest accomplishment was in leaving their homes early and lifting the burden of ourselves from them. I wish youth nowadays felt the same responsibility to ease parents of their burden.

Perhaps the vast modern organization of pleasure and entertainment dulls their urge for the adventure of marriage. In our time we had so few ways of finding any new amusements that a boy and girl could share decently. Marriage was the one outlet for bubbling virility and sex. I hold no brief for and offer no criticism of either the past or present trend of youth. I know our parents worked harder and more laboriously to rear a family. But I know also they shifted the burden sooner. They had peace and each other. They deserved it, God knows. I wonder if present-day parents are not entitled to freedom from family cares while they are still able to enjoy it.

At forty-five I am tired of my children. I want to shift the burden. It was my own daughter who set the matter clearly before me.

We were talking about the wedding of a friend, and out of no sound reasoning I asked my daughter when she thought she would be married.

"Oh, I don't know," she said airily. "Why should I leave a good home to cater to George?" She hardly meant it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Apparently she adores George and he seems devoted to her.

"Want to get rid of me?" she continued.

"Of course I want you to marry," I said.

"Who is living my life?" she retorted with an angry tone.

It irritated me, this smug satisfaction. I have heard a great deal from the lips of young people about living their own lives, expressing their own individuality. I sympathize with them. We made endless mistakes in our parental stupidity. Yet children have always the opportunity to change their lives and modes of living and make of themselves what they will. Few parents interfere with a child after high school. Fewer of them find interference of any use after grammar school.

This "expressing one's individuality" and "living one's own life" is speech peculiar to the intolerant youths of today. I never heard it in my youth. I would never have dreamed that I was not "living my own life," or if dissatisfied and restless at home, I would not have thought of changing my mode of expressing myself in my parents' home. We got married very much for that reason. Marriage was the only change a girl of my era and intelligence expected. I was an expense to my father and mother just as our children are to my husband and me.

But the expense is little compared to the wear and tear on our dispositions and the interference with the freedom and pleasure which we parents would enjoy and must forego because of a grown son and daughter at home.

I must always consult their plans if I want to invite my friends here, because our house will not accommodate two such different groups as their friends and ours. My husband and I do not play games; we like to talk. We cannot talk in competition with a radio. Our young people want to play cards or dance. They must have the radio. Moreover when we are alone they must have jazz music which my husband abhors, and they are disgusted with other music which he enjoys.

What family possessing one automobile does not know the constant irritation over it? We paid for the home, the radio, and car, we pay for the upkeep of everything, gasoline, tires, repairs. But I find myself figuring always so that my plans will not intrude on those of the children.

We have a little summer cabin at some distance from town. Often my husband and I feel like jumping in the car and running down there for a day or a week-end. But we must always think first of my daughter. I do not feel like leaving her alone in the house when her sweetheart comes to take her out and bring her home. I am morally sure her brother will not stay home as a chaperon for her.

So, instead of going when the spirit seizes us, my husband and I must wait until my daughter will go with us and she waits until George is free to go along. Otherwise I must trouble some friend of mine to stay in the house overnight. This, being one of my "silly old-fashioned notions," irritates my daughter to frenzy. The result is unpleasantness all around. If she and George consent to go with us, I must cook and wash dishes for four again, which spoils all for which the trip stands to my husband and me. We miss the thing we seek, a carefree day alone together.

There are other things.

We have three bedrooms at home. My son has the smallest. My daughter has the largest, the best-furnished, and handiest. My husband and I share a room at the rear of the house, down a long hall. It is convenient to take women guests to the nearest and best-furnished bedroom. But my friends arrive early, as early as eight o'clock. My daughter's evening begins about nine. She is usually occupying her bedroom when my friends arrive and both she and I resent the result. It is a small thing but it adds one more faggot to the back of the burden-bearer.

The house itself is a source of controversy. My husband and I love it. We bought it in fear and trembling at assuming the debt it entailed. We sacrificed innumerable pleasures and conveniences to pay for it. We have decided preferences regarding our few pictures, our books, our easy-chairs, and trinkets which are nothing but junk to the children. They want changes we cannot afford and would not need if we were without them. They will not always be here of course, and we are fending off those changes with argument and persuasion, continuously. We try to do it peacefully. Sometimes we lose our tempers and there is the discomfort of pending wrath and biting silence which we must endure.

My husband and I have a weakness for kidney or steak pie, fried liver and bacon, stewed tomatoes, potato cakes. The children loathe such food. And the habit of years catering to them has presented on our table the usual roasts, steaks, chops, while we old folks go along for months until accident takes both young people out at the same dinner time. Then we stealthily, and fondly, feeling guilty at indulgence, have our kidney pie and stewed tomatoes.

I feel sure that nine of every ten households in our financial and social strata could tell the same story of constantly giving up their small indulgences for children of adult age.

Ours are not story children who love papa and mama regardless. They consider us pigheaded or amusing, if anything, until they want clothes pressed in a hurry or a loan of money. Then the child habit of dependence overcomes the urge to "live their own lives."

So on that day when my daughter asked "Who is living my life?" I answered: "What about your father and me living our lives?"

She seemed thunderstruck. But I had the bit in my teeth by that time. I recounted the above items briefly and felt like a brute. Each word was a lash stinging me. She wept and completed my unhappiness.

Yet when my husband came home I had the strangest sense of exaltation. At last I had struck a blow for him, instead of keeping him from demanding the consideration I bestowed on the children at the expense of his comfort. I had again the feeling of facing an adventure, a feeling akin to the adventurous plunge into marriage. But this time it was a finer feeling. I had drifted into marriage and child-bearing, carried along by well-defined biological forces and processes. But at last I had taken a step which for me necessitated courage and initiative.

For days that fighting fervor has abided with me. I know now that my husband had become discouraged by the cleavage which comes between husband and wife from the expanding demands of children old enough to have homes of their own. I know that Jim

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had regarded the future despairingly as years of increasing loneliness for himself.

The children clung to me, not because I was their mother, but because I had so little sense of justice that I was swayed by mother-indulgence into ways that cost both Jim and me our comforts.

In a flash my daughter's glib speech showed me the selfishness of children and what fools mothers can be. But now that is all changed. I can look forward again to those runaway trips with Jim as keenly as any young bride. I find that I am as much attracted to him as ever I was. He never fails to interest me, and we are mentally in key, spiritually in tune. It seems to me we could live ideally if we were free to live our own lives. I have resolved to do so.

If clearing the house of young folks seems hard-hearted and unmotherly, I have an analogy to support my actions. In animal life nature teaches that lesson thoroughly. No human mother excels the beast or bird mother in devotion to the welfare of its young so long as they require care. But when the nestlings are able to fend for themselves, the parents stir themselves and make the nest uncomfortable. The birds push the nestlings out and force them to fly. Animals destroy or abandon their nests. Immediately the parents set about mating again.

No one can live my life for me. My future is my own. My happiness is mine to make. It happens to lie in companionship with my husband. We still possess vitality enough to make that companionship more vital and joyous than in our early married life when we had to endure the burden of child rearing with its endless distractions and economies. Jim's salary will give us pleasures that we never dared take when we had the children to support.

So far they seem reluctant to strike out for themselves. They realize they cannot start where we leave off. Father earns more salary than either his son, or his daughter's George. They are not fools. They realize far more clearly than their father and I realized that marriage and leaving home will mean sacrifice of a great many comforts. So they hesitate to plunge.

They are average young people with better schooling and training than Jim and I had, and accustomed to comforts we never had until we earned them. I am sorry for what lies before them but we faced greater deprivations and survived. We tried to make a warm nest for them and it is so comfortable they won't leave it. Yet only by trying their wings will they fly.

So I am turning to Jim. I am ousting them from his easy-chair. I am going to take daughter's bedroom for our own and let her have the one at the end of the hall. I am going to find on the radio music that Jim likes and yell if they turn on jazz. I am having kidney pie for dinner, and I shall gloat as Jim enjoys it and they sit in reproachful silence refusing to eat a bite. I am having company tomorrow night and have told daughter she cannot ask her young people in. I am using the car tonight although it is son's night for taking his girl out in it.

It isn't easy. It is hard to go against my years of training in conventions and conscience. This week-end I am going with Jim to the cabin. Daughter can invite an elderly friend to stay here with her. I insist upon that. Perhaps in time I may not even do that. If the worst happens, and disgustedly the children clear out and treat me with contumely, I shall survive to exclaim:

"Who is living my life?"

SKETCH OF A LITERARY CAREER

By Harry Salpeter

A YOUNG man with a fresh-water college degree comes on to New York, a little tipsy with the self-fermentation of youth, determined to make a literary career for himself. He comes to New York because he confuses what is in himself—the material for art and the means with which to shape it—with what lies outside of himself, in New York—the so-called literary world, publishers, editors, critics, the venders of the nation's reading matter and the arbiters of its taste. He believes that what he has in himself will be precipitated into expression the more readily because he is in New York instead of in the native community from the despised soil of which he has torn up his roots.

His mind seethes with indefinite plans, an indefinite book among them. He comes with slender means. He goes hungry for a time, not poetically in a garret, but with pangs no less acute in a rooming house. He grits his teeth; he will not write home for return fare. It takes him some time in which to orient himself. Each letter of introduction serves as the first link of a chain, of introductions, tips, suggestions, "ideas." When, after a time, an editor gives him his first books to review, he feels like a besieger whose battering-rams have breached the outer wall of a beleaguered town. He gives to each of these anonymous paragraph reviews the painstaking thought that he may never again bestow on a review. The first thin trickle of checks starts; he is emboldened. He makes the rounds of the publishers now, with clippings of the anonymous reviews as proof of his literary acumen and copies also of those issues of the college paper which contain signed stories, or essays, or poems even. He asks for a job, manuscripts to read, or for foreign works on which opinions are desired.

The landmarks and the faces along the literary highway are becoming less unfamiliar. Our young friend has no job, but he is less often hungry and less keenly hungry when he is hungry. He's on his own. Almost does he resent the necessity of taking the five and ten dollar bills which a fond mother smuggles into her letters for him. He has no job, no expectation of a job; indeed all the probabilities are against his having a job for a long time to come, but he is discovering—and delighting in the discovery—that the sum of his reviewing activities, manuscript readings, reportings on foreign works, synopsizings of novels and plays for several moving-picture firms, the sale of an occasional brief article to a penny-a-word publisher's trade paper constitute the equivalent of a hazardous weekly wage.

He finds it great fun—this constant demand of himself by himself to be on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his toes, aware of things about him, this cudgelling of wits, the daily rediscovery of trifling capacities and adaptabilities, the reading of new books and unpublished manuscripts, meeting fully the contradicting necessities of contradicting assignments. He is thoroughly confused and taken in by the noise of the unimportant. Perhaps he is at home in the unimportant; the possibility never occurs to him.

Of course he hasn't any time to do any of his "own" writing or even to think about "that novel." Such obligations seem remote now. He is tricked into complacency even by his own worst alibis. His wits, his awareness of things as they are, his flair for writing, his critical faculties as a reviewer—these belong entirely to the necessity for survival. Besides, he has not been in New York quite long enough to be able to regard his non-New York past in the perspective which would enable him to draw from it as a source for any kind of "creative" writing. Although he is managing to make a living in New York without a job, he is still so definitely suspended between his past and his future that he can yet claim neither. He is, and will for a long time remain, an American expatriate within the city limits of New York.

What is the complexion of a day in the career of our literary free-lance to whom, hereafter, we shall refer as Mr. Jones? He rises early. He begins his official day at the mail-box—small check for a brief review, a new book to be reviewed, a rejected script, a note from an editor asking if he is prepared to do 375 words, about, on such and such a work, a tip from a friend on a job: "Good idea to drop in on . . . ," naming a publisher, a literary editor, a well-placed acquaintance. The daily gossip column provides the sauce for a sketchy breakfast. He spends an hour in several ante-rooms and picks off two books where he had been given expectation only of one. He drops in on a yet unseasoned friend at a publishing house. A casual remark suggests an opportunity. The friend telephones an introduction for him to the possibly useful person and he runs over. Afterward, he returns "home" to read, or race, through a book and while the impression is fresh types a review, never longer than twice the length requested. He starts another book before retiring and if it is exciting reads on, leaving the last fifty pages for the next day so that the finishing of the book and the writing of the review will impinge on each other.

He is learning. He is an outsider in the process of becoming an insider. He knows by this time that he's going to stick it. His desire to express opinion is as strong as is his delight in seeing that opinion in print, even anonymously. He is accommodating; he has nothing to gain by intransigence. He is learning to accept the cordiality of those with irons in the fire at face value, because such cordiality is an evidence of the good-will item in his capitalization. When some one whose name he didn't catch asks him to be "nice" to a certain book should it come his way and, maybe, ask for it, he is pleased rather than offended. He discovers, by trial and error, which editors would prefer the reviewer not to be acquainted with the authors of the books they are to review and which editors, on the contrary, prefer to be relieved by such acquaintances of the burden of reviewing themselves the work of authors with whom they also are acquainted.

Not only does he continue to add just such special items of information to the items of his technic for making a living, but, increasingly, he tends to regard them, unconsciously that is, as items governing his conduct and limiting his horizon. Our Mr. Jones marks the smallest triumphs in his so-called progress with the elation that most men reserve for the passing of milestones and hundred-milestones. He marks as steps in his progress the regular signing of his reviews, the occasional assignment of a book of the week, the publication of several "nice" articles in more or less literary magazines, not to mention the trade papers. Publishers are becoming aware of his existence to the extent of sending him their publicity notes and, sometimes, a book, which latter courtesy he gratefully acknowledges that the springs of generosity shall not go dry. He receives his first invitation to a literary tea, which he appreciates the more as he realizes that fewer teas are being given now than were given when he first began reading the New York literary gossip columns.

He contrives to be introduced to the few publishers and editors with whom he had not previously been acquainted. He tries to mail home any favorable impression he may have made. Perhaps to-morrow he will drop notes to the editors. He overhears an author complaining of his latest publisher and thinks that's strange. He overhears an exchange of somewhat extravagant mutual compliments. On the margin of his consciousness he is aware that most of these people are nondescript, shabby hangers-on, but because he knows his own place is not yet consolidated, he suppresses the disloyal notion. The tea and things conveniently spoil his appetite for dinner. The punch lifts his spirits to a somewhat higher level of excitement than he had known in a long time. One of the most lyrical poets—by his reputation—introduces himself with the most unexpected cordiality and insists: "We must have lunch together soon, Jones." (His second or third book of verse is coming out and he is conducting a campaign by means of which he hopes to win the next Pulitzer prize for poetry.) The publicity people at the tea are particularly nice too. They all seem to be saying: "We must have lunch together soon, Jones; we really must get together." Although he offers not the slightest objection, they drift toward others who cannot be ignored. He catches sight of a newspaper man having the equivalent of his day's meals in "tea and things" and walks over for another one of those caviare sandwiches. The whole business is pleasantly confusing. In any event the advance is forward.

Editors are learning to rely on Jones because he completes his assignments within the specifications and time-limit. There are reviewers more capable than he who refuse to do certain types of books, who are sincere in their exclusions but who seem, compared to the steady Jones, to be troublesome prima donnas to editors fighting against publication dates. Jones is helpful and convenient, being neither erratic nor brilliant. He has no desire to overshadow anybody who may be useful to him. He is sensitive to the fact that editors of well-entrenched papers are strong enough to be independent in their re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

views and he takes delight in the derivative independence which these editors allow, without insisting upon. He is sensitive also to the fact that editors of papers not so well entrenched act at times as if they were the editorial outposts of publishing houses. Jones can learn with the experience of others; it is a capacity belonging to his assimilative nature. He knows that a hostile review by a colleague cost the paper in which it appeared a large amount in withdrawn advertising and that, in another case, the publisher of the attacked book called on the business office of the newspaper, which summoned the literary editor who suggested to the reviewer that, hereafter, he had better not review any other books of that author. Jones has discovered also that authors neither forget nor forgive hostile reviews, however much they may take flattery as a matter of course. And since he cannot afford that luxury, the cultivation of enemies, he prefers to have his courageous reviews published anonymously.

Jones is getting about now. He has an acquaintance at almost every publishing house. Gossip that is intended for publication is seasoned for him with gossip that *is* gossip. Several of the publishers' press agents confide in him their troubles with authors who want to pig it at the publicity trough. Distressed with their distress, he attempts to "sell" one of the papers for which he writes an interview with one of the troublesome authors who is not too obscure, and when he has, he has gained, in addition to space rates, an item on his list of intangibles—the gratitude of a press agent. He becomes aware of the intrusion of the publicity racketeer, the fixer and the stunter, the chief items of whose capital seem to be "ideas" and an acquaintance among literary editors, city editors, reviewers, reporters, columnists, and free lances. Being human, Jones enjoys their flattery, which, when offered, is a token that he looks useful to them. One of these "idea men," Jones observes, works on the general supposition that if he supplies twenty reporters, editors, and free lances with highballs, sandwiches, cakes, and flattery that, within the week, from ten to thirteen of them will have contrived to give his "account" from a paragraph to a column of proper publicity.

Jones goes deeper and deeper into the waters of the literary life. The salt is not yet out of it. The visit of an old-fashioned uncle or aunt, or parent, upsets him a little because it reveals his true origin. He had been pretending that he was a sophisticate, which is a pleasant way of being nothing and going nowhere. So far, there has been no precipitation in him toward self-expression. He salves his conscience with a surlily given promise to write a novel some day, when he can get away for a vacation somewhere, to Southern France maybe, but he has a sinking fear of the test. He fears also that he is not yet so well entrenched that he can afford not to be seen, not to be heard, nor to be within reach of telephone and door-bell. During a moment or two of honest envy, engendered by the news that a person of no great consequence has completed "a swell novel," he declares a resolution or makes a gesture, but it fizzles away. Too much to do and of course he can't deny himself to the good friends who find his room—he has moved into a nicer place since the early boarding-house days—such a convenient place for exhilarating chats, with drink, chats that make him feel as light as a blown-out toy balloon, and as limp when the air is out of them.

It is during the morning backwash that follows one of these exhilarating evenings that he mentally casts up accounts. He has been keeping afloat by the exercise of his wits. First rate! except that others who live by their wits live in a style less cramped. His name means something to a number of persons of consequence. He has quite a number of manuscripts, long and short, on the way to publication, and a number of commissions, and many printed reviews and articles to his credit. He is surprised at the large number of papers and magazines in which his work has been appearing; pleased also, but, he reflects, it might have been better had these reviews and articles been published at frequent—and stated—intervals in only a few organs. Still, he's on the way, and then there are those pleasing intangibles—reputation, good will, scattered acquaintance in "the literary game," an acquaintance rising to a higher level; knowledge of the inside, awareness of the "low-down." What does he know, what does he think he knows?

He knows who's who, who's where, who's what to whom, next season's titles, to-morrow's gossip. He's been tipped off on the forthcoming book most likely to draw the fire of reformers and instructed to put away a copy of the first edition. He is acquainted with the originals of the satiric portraits in the latest novels, and is acquainted not only with the novelists who acknowledge their works, but with those also who have published anonymously or under a nom de plume. His name was published as one of "the New York critics" in "Ex-Husband," of which he is acquainted with two of the several collaborators. Our friend Mr. Jones knows how many of his best-sellers a certain publisher was ready to reject—until prevented by his staff. He is familiar with the piquant circumstances which led a lady poet to leave a publisher who presumed too much, in private, on an official relationship. Having observed a certain author lunch a certain critic, he believes he knows the primary motivation in that critic's flattering comment on that author's latest opus which appeared a week later. He recalls, with more pleasure than the incident deserves, that at a recent gathering some one who was presented with a question of gossip he could not answer raised a laugh with: "Ask Jones, he knows." He knows about stunts, promotion campaigns, intrigues, back-scratchings, and log-rollings. He enjoys expansive glows at his ability to set non-literary persons right about this or that twisted item of gossip. He will command a hush when he says, "The last time I saw Dreiser, he explained his side of it in this way . . ." and so on. He will be amazed at how much "inside dope" has accumulated in his memory reservoir. He is vaguely aware that the degree of satisfaction he feels in the possession of the "low-down" measures, to some extent, the degree of his departure from the naïve college ambitions to be a writer that once he professed.

Is this the end of Mr. Jones? Not necessarily. That depends on how much unprecipitated matter there is in him, beneath the layer of book reviewing and gossip accumulation, matter awaiting either an opportunity for expression in leisure, or a catalytic agent in, say, a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

love affair. He may end in a publishing office, with the luxuries of salary and leisure, which latter luxury he may use either for "that book" or for the writing of reviews for the now necessary extras. He may perhaps "sell" a publisher on an idea for a novel or biography and obtain an advance large enough for leisure on a Spartan diet. He may write "that book" and others after it. Or he may become a literary editor himself, eventually, or the writer of a literary gossip column. He enjoys being part of "the literary game" too much to want to give it up entirely; he has too sincere a delight in that factitious sense of knowledge of the practice of letters which being "in the game" gives him. He may become like one free-lance reviewer whose boast is that during his prize month he read and reviewed one hundred books, most of them second and third rate novels and who, when hacking is good, has time for nothing else and, when hacking is bad, has resilience for nothing else. Or he may become like another free-lance reviewer, an abler one, who points with pride in his reviews of second-rate books to the phrases and sentences he had set aside in his mind for the stories and essays he had once hoped to be able to do.

These men, and Mr. Jones, play the literary game, so called because it is neither literary nor a game. They know none other. The literary game may be defined as that which has the most exciting possibilities for young Mr. Jones fresh from college, but becomes a drab way of making a living for the middle-aged Mr. Jones.

CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS STAND GUARD

By Raymond S. Tompkins

Neither Yankees nor Westerners ever think of the "Old South" any more, because they read only of the "New South." They know only that Birmingham, Ala., has as big a steel district as Pittsburgh; that Atlanta, Ga., has a regular Metropolitan Grand Opera season, and is the centre of the Bobby Jones industry; that Richmond, Va., has the world's biggest cigar factory. What they do not know is that the South is likewise the centre of an amazing industry engaged in the preservation of a tradition which involves the causes, theories, and memories of the War of the Rebellion—the war that for so long has been "forgotten."

As recently as 1930, despatches from Cincinnati indicated that our programme for forgetting the Civil War was not going along as serenely as most people thought. In Cincinnati the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic were having a reunion, and some idealist conceived a plan for the biggest and best reunion of all—a union of the veterans of the Confederate Army and the veterans of the Union Army. The aged Yanks, it appears, were more or less for it, and the invitation went forth to the grandsires in gray—the members of the United Confederate Veterans, which is the G. A. R. of the South, who promptly sent back word that they were for it, too, if they could carry the Stars and Bars, the Confederate battle-flag, in the parade. The outbursts on both sides were tremendous, but they probably got more notice in the South than in the North, for in the North people said it was just a childish squabble amongst a lot of old dodos in their second childhood; and that after all, if anything were left of the Old South, it was only this handful of Confederate veterans and their foolish flag.

But let no one be misled into thinking that the gallant cries of the old Confederates about their flag went unapplauded in the South, or even that young Southerners simply smiled knowingly and tapped their skulls. They cheered. At least one Southern newspaper likened King's and Willett's tirades to Sherman's and Sheridan's "war on women." Far-sighted, cool-headed, calculating, the Southerners who to-day regard their campaign to vindicate and ennoble the Confederacy and its war as a cause only less holy than the cause their grandmothers suffered for, were not disturbed by the attack from Cincinnati. As an aid to campaigns for more members, drives for contributions, and solidarity of organization and purpose, it was almost as good as physical martyrdom. Here, exposed, was the unrelenting Yankee spirit that persisted after seventy years in calling Southern heroes "rebels." They felt that "the cause" was getting on.

It is getting on. There was more of the real South in the defiance the rebel veterans flung northward that summer than in the steel factories, grand operas, rich newspapers, millionaires' country clubs, and chambers of commerce of some of their grandchildren. You will find young Southerners, college people, business men who weigh everything in terms of its effect on business, belittling the idea that the Old South and Civil War tradition is worth clinging to; who will insist that it all went out of the window sixty years ago. Nevertheless, it remains true that the careful observer cannot go into the South to-day and come out without the strong impression that the old spirit is there, not only rooted in the instincts of the people, but deliberately fostered and preserved.

This is all to the good. It is one of our finest possessions. We can get along without a lot of things better than we can get along without the soul of the Confederacy. It makes the country a saltier place to live in. After all, in this country there *was* a Robert E. Lee, as mighty a man at arms and as complete an American gentleman as this or any other nation will ever see; and there was an austere Jeff Davis, a splendid Stonewall Jackson, a dashing Jeb Stuart, a battle-flag called "The Stars and Bars," a Cause considered holy by a million men and more, and thousands of them died for it.

To-day the busy tillers of tradition's soil in the South are the Daughters of the Confederacy, and their achievements are amazing. They have made Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, more famous with monuments, highways, plaques, and memorials than virtually any President of the United States except Washington and Lincoln. They have Divisions and Chapters in thirty-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

five States and they function as industriously (though less noisily) on loyal Yankee soil as they do in the heart of the South. Their rosters are said to contain the names of between 60,000 and 100,000 women, and 2,338 delegates from a majority of States of the Union voted at their 1929 convention in Biloxi, Miss. Their "Crosses of Service" are worn to-day by seven generals of the military forces of the United States, three rear admirals of the United States navy and one President, Woodrow Wilson, who received it posthumously through his daughter, Mrs. Francis B. Sayre, from the Boston chapter of United Daughters. At all their conventions Jeff Davis is spoken of officially as "President Davis," as though he were still alive and hurling thunderbolts from his peripatetic Executive Mansion. Tireless at the work of raising money for an almost endless list of Hero, Memorial, Scholarship, and Prize Funds, they had last year assets amounting to $163,817.94 according to report of the Treasurer-General.

They have at last succeeded in junking the humble bust portrait of General Lee in the Military Academy at West Point, and have proudly appropriated $2,000 for a portrait as big and as gaudy as that of any other superintendent on the Academy walls. They have bought for $200,000 the Lee home in Stratford, Va.—Confederate Daughters in Connecticut, the heart of Yankee Nutmeggery, turned that trick—and propose to make it as famous a shrine as Mount Vernon or Monticello. They have started a "Jefferson Davis Highway," paralleling the Lincoln Highway in every respect, except that the Daughters plan to make Jeff's highway more beautiful than Abe's.

They are even getting back things the villainous Yankees stole seventy years ago. In Boston the Daughters have discovered "repentant Northern veterans and children of Northern soldiers who wish to return articles carried off on Sherman's march," according to the latest report of the Historian-General. A valuable old book filched from a plantation library in South Carolina has been returned to the owner's nephew; a piece of silver—owner's name beclouded by the mists of years—is awaiting a claimant in the hands of the Boston Daughters. A Union soldier who swiped a copy of the Ordinance of Secession from Richmond and took it home to demonstrate to horrified New Englanders the depths of rebel perfidy, has given it up to the Boston Daughters, who have solemnly returned it to the Governor of Virginia. Two hundred letters written to the home folks by Confederate prisoners at Camp Chase, Ohio, and never mailed, are being delivered after more than sixty-five years at Uncle Sam's expense through the unremitting labors of Ohio's Division of Daughters.

Down in Memphis, Tenn., the town turned out to celebrate the home-coming of two old Confederate flags. One had been the battle-flag of the Second Tennessee regiment and an Illinois outfit had captured it in the fighting around the old State Female Seminary in August, 1864. The other had been the garrison flag of Memphis, whisked away to the North by Indiana Yankees when Memphis fell, June 6, 1862. Age, time, and that feeling, peculiar to the North, that the war was, indeed, over, prompted the Union veterans to send the flags back. Memphis rose to the occasion with the entire membership of the United Daughters, two poets laureate (virtually every chapter has at least one), a big luncheon at the Gayoso Hotel, a parade of veterans, soldiers, city and State officials and school children, presentation ceremonies, flag escorts, girls in white, speeches, and requiems by a male chorus.

Eager to get back the lost loot, the Daughters of the South are just as eager to keep sanctified relics of the Confederacy newly discovered from falling into irreverent Northern hands.

They are raising the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation fund of $30,000, to see that Southern records stay in the South. One recent rare find was a collection of Acts of the Confederate Congress in original manuscript form, signed by Jeff Davis himself. The papers were reported for sale at the 1929 convention, and the Historian-General of the Daughters has requested the holder of the option "not to sell to Northern parties," until she has a chance to drum up some loyal Southern customers. To undo, in a measure, the negligence of the past the Daughters seek photostat copies of the precious papers that have already been sold up the river, and there is joy over the fact that a lock of Mr. Davis's hair, miraculously escaping Yankee scalping knives, reposes to-day in a glass case in the museum of the Louisiana Division.

The tendency of thoughtless persons to speak of the "Civil War" plagues all the waking hours of loyal Daughters of the South, and to the job of changing the habit they have pledged a good deal of their inexhaustible energy and ingenuity. They are sticklers for correct terminology. The President-General in her 1929 address at Biloxi declared that "the Daughters are on guard to see that the men of the South are not called 'rebels' but 'heroes.'" Oily-tongued orators who think they are doing Southern audiences a favor by declaiming, boldly, "They thought they were right!" fall into a lather of confusion when they learn that the audience's version is, "They *knew* they were right!" As for the term "War between the States," nothing will satisfy them but its official adoption by Congress, and they are ready with a bill on the subject. "When the new bill is presented," declared the chairman of the committee of Daughters who have this matter in hand, "we will expect every Daughter to use her utmost influence to aid in its passage. For the present let us continue to dare, love, live, pray, think!"

The domain of the Daughters of the Confederacy extends from the bedding-down of faithful slaves who return to Confederate Reunions, to bearding the President of the United States in the White House. Nothing but the fact that President Hoover had some unforeseen out-of-town business saved him in October, 1929, when a delegation of determined Daughters called on him to keep an official engagement and ask for a show-down on the question of entombing the bodies of Lee, Davis, Jackson, et al., in the Arlington Amphitheatre. Secretary George Akerson was left holding the bag, and to-day, while the late Confederate leaders are still outside the Amphitheatre, all the damning correspondence, including the alibis, is spread on the minutes of the Daughters' 1929 convention.

They are taking care of future generations through the "Children of the Confederacy." Its affairs are administered by the Third Vice-President-Gen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eral of the Daughters, and at last reports it had 20,884 little members, virtually all of whom knew "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and Father Ryan's "The Conquered Banner" by heart. Father Abram J. Ryan, priest, chaplain in the Confederate army, and poet, has been the especial patron of the Children of the Confederacy, and in the spring of 1929 a stained-glass window bought with their pennies was unveiled to his memory in St. Mary's Church, Mobile, Ala., with appropriate exercises. Down in Louisiana, in the same year, Confederacy's Daughters were asking New Orleans mothers to keep their children out of Lincoln's birthday celebrations. It seems some little rascals had been caught taking part in Lincoln Day exercises in school, and reciting the "Gettysburg Address"!

As for songs, if the Yankee schoolmasters persist in mangling them, there is no dearth of poetesses amongst the Daughters to replace the casualties. A poetess of Sally Tompkins Chapter, Gloucester, Va., named after a rebel heroine who is said to have refused to stand up when "America" was sung because all the glory had been given to the Pilgrims and none to the Cavaliers, has written a new stanza to the nation's anthem:

"Land of the Cavaliers,
Brave hearts that know no fears,
Loyal to right,
Who first in days of yore
Set foot on virgin shore
Bearing thy cross before,
Great God—our might!"

Some of these things seem childish, but not all stirrings of a great spirit are prodigious ones. Yet all of them disclose the life and vigor that is growing in this body of American tradition. As the old people drop it the young ones catch it up. A school trustee, vice-president of a bank in an Alabama city, stands at attention at a public-school entertainment when the orchestra plays "The Bonnie Blue Flag." Southern girls, marrying and going north to live, yearn to recapture something of the atmosphere of home and organize chapters of the Daughters, and more than a few of their Northern neighbors scramble around looking for enough Southern ancestors to get admission to membership. There is a "Confederate Flag Day" in North Carolina and the streets of all the towns are full of pretty girls industriously pinning Confederate battle-flags on everybody and collecting dimes and quarters for them. A Confederate munitions factory in Selma, Ala., is immortalized by an "Arsenal Memorial," erected after thirteen years of money-raising. Year after year the land is alive with luncheons and teas in honor of the birthdays of Lee and Davis; with pilgrimages to Confederate shrines and cemeteries. In Richmond, Lee, in marble, is to stand beside the Houdon Washington.

Veterans of the Southern armies pass away, but their annual reunions grow greater. The registration list of veterans at the 1930 encampment at Biloxi in June contained the names of only 1,948 out of the tens of thousands who followed Lee, Jackson, Early, and the rest seventy years ago, but there were 30,000 visitors in town, twelve brass bands, including the United States Marine Band, shipped southward by special Act of Congress at a cost of $7,500; $110,000 worth of United States Government equipment lent on the personal bond of the business manager of the reunion, and the whole thing cost the State of Mississippi and the Gulf-coast merchants that supported it the neat sum of $53,000.

Obviously all this is not helping anybody to forget the War of the Sixties. From the standpoint of the patriots assembled at Cincinnati, the memory of it is a baneful influence in our country and something we must guard against. All right, let us guard against it with one hand and support it with the other, for that is what we did in '61, and the uproar of emotions within ourselves made us greater and stronger. To observe but one Memorial Day to only one departed host, canonize one line of heroes only, condemn all displays of the Confederate battle-flag, lift all embargoes on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and make the "Gettysburg Address" compulsory reading for the great-grandchildren of the Louisiana Tigers may delight Yankee 100-per-centers. But it is not trying to preserve the best of America's past; it is trying to kill it. If a strong man profits by smothering the memories of his soul's greatest tumults, then let this nation try to smother the Old South with the factory fumes of the New South. I say let it "try." There will be little chance of it while the Old South stays on guard.

EVE

By Luella Boynton

Still with my feet unsandalled I shall go
Across the grass where your bright length has trailed.
This garden, violated, shall not know,
From any coward's cry, I am assailed.
Now that each newly planted tree and vine
May hold your coiling danger, you will wait
A long, long while before a word of mine
Betrays me to my terror and my hate.
Neither to stoop and offer you my death
Nor fling one stone I am resolved. What gain
I shall achieve is by the even breath,
The steady hand acknowledging no pain.
Come if you will, assured of no defense
More than the tissue of this insolence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROTC—Torchbearers of Patriotism

By Lieutenant-Colonel John W. Lang

The following article is a reply to Robert Wohlforth's "Warriors of the Campus," an attack on the ROTC which created such a furor in the April number. Colonel Lang is commandant of cadets at The Citadel, military college, Charleston, S. C.

West Point is the principal source of supply of officer personnel for our small Regular Army. The Reserve Officers' Training Corps is the principal source of supply of officers for the Organized Reserves which, inactive today, may be called to the colors in the event of a major emergency.

Destructive critics wage an unceasing attack upon this ROTC, asserting that the training imparted is inordinately expensive, contributes but negligible results to the National Defense, and makes sabre-rattlers of our educated youth. Fantastic amounts ranging up to $106,000,000 have been claimed to be the cost of the ROTC during the past ten years.

The annual reports of the Secretary of War show as a matter of fact that for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1930, the amount appropriated for the training of our 114,364 ROTC students was considerably less than three and a quarter millions; for the year ending June 30, 1931, the amount appropriated for training 117,423 students was considerably less than four millions. While these appropriations do not include the pay of Regular officers and enlisted men on ROTC duty, it must be realized that the officers and men so serving would otherwise have been on troop duty, where they are greatly needed, and from which they are drawn solely because of the national necessity for trained reserve officers.

It can readily be seen that the real cost of the ROTC does not reach an excessive total. As I hope to show, the results more than justify the cost. I maintain that it is a cheap premium for national insurance against finding ourselves without a sufficient number of trained leaders of combat units when the exigencies of some situation demand officers at any cost. While no one would claim for the ROTC system that it alone prevents an attack upon us, nevertheless, it is certain that it helps in a great measure to insure the respect to which we are justly entitled. No less an authority than the late Marshal Foch remarked, on his visit to the United States after the War, that the element of our National Defense which impressed him most favorably was the military training in our schools and colleges.

Graduates of the ROTC courses are not thoroughly qualified to lead troops in battle—who is, for the matter of that? Not even the graduate of West Point, who has for a century been extolled by military critics the world over for his high professional quality, is upon graduation thoroughly qualified as a leader of combat troops.

There is a decided difference between the objectives of West Point and of the ROTC. At the former institution the cadet is given a broad general training in things military with a view to fitting him to be a second lieutenant in *any* of the arms and services of the Army. The particular tactics and technique of any one arm or service will be acquired after he has graduated and entered such an arm, by actual service in a company, battery, or troop, by attendance at garrison schools, and at the special service school of his arm.

On the other hand, in the ROTC the student is trained to become a second lieutenant of some special arm, selected or designated when he commences the course. For three hours a week during his first two years, and for five hours a week during his last two years, plus six weeks in camp at the conclusion of his third year, he is given theoretical and practical instruction which prepares him to lead in combat a platoon of his arm. As expressed by Doctor C. S. Fox, Professor of Romance Languages at Lehigh University, "He is taught to think by a procedure somewhat different from that employed in other courses. He is presented with problems which are to be solved on the spot in a manner similar to that in which he is to meet the problems of every-day life. He must use his head and is not given a mass of material to store up for possible future use."

The ROTC training is of tremendous value to the individual as well as to the nation. A young man who has had but one year's experience as a member of a squad, as a squad leader, chief of section, platoon leader or company commander, is in some sort of position to take hold when, or if, an emergency arises. To a how much greater degree is this true when he has had two years' progressive training, as must be the case in every recognized ROTC unit, with the possibility of four years' training for the advanced student in such organizations.

The charge, direct or implied, that the training, as an asset to National Defense, is negligible, cannot be ignored. The ROTC institutions are rated by results alone, adjudged through visits of inspection during the college year, and by a thorough annual inspection in the spring. Besides this, students of the advanced courses are rated in proficiency during their period at summer camp. It should be clearly understood that these inspections are made by Regular Army officers of a number of years' service,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who are in close touch with current developments in training and in material. To be selected as inspectors they must have given proof of ability. They entertain, it goes without saying, no personal bias in favor of one institution as compared with another, nor are they encouraged to rate a school or college as proficient when it is not. Such an insult to their intelligence or integrity is unthinkable.

With the above facts in mind it will be realized that in the matter of military training trifling cannot be condoned. Let an institution fail to pass the test, and not show definite and prompt improvement, and the recommendation goes forward that its ROTC status be cancelled; government funds, equipment and personnel are withdrawn, to be re-allocated to one or more of the scores of institutions, which, having requested the establishment of an ROTC unit, are at present on the War Department's waiting list.

Perhaps the charge that only negligible results are attained will be abandoned for the moment, and the old one that the ROTC is making militarists of our youth be substituted for it. History ought to demonstrate to the most fearful among us that Americans will never be militarists. I do not hesitate to use the conclusive word *never*. We, like our forebears the English, are primarily interested in other things; in business, agriculture, science, pioneering. We have never sought war in the past; to us a uniform has none of the glamour it possesses for a continental European. We like to see how a gun works; to perfect its mechanism, perhaps, but scarcely with the expectation of using it against a real enemy.

Certainly we have no designs upon the territory of our neighbors. The late Viscount James Bryce said of us, "There is in America no military caste thinking of war and regarding war as its natural occupation—America is the only great country in which the fighting services are exempt from all that is expressed in the single word 'Militarist.'"

But that an irreducible minimum of young men should be trained to defend their country in an emergency, or should, by virtue of the fact that they are known to be so trained, prevent this very emergency from arising, is a different matter. Keep them peaceably minded, yes. Teach them that participation by our country in a war is unlikely, by all means. But that it cannot occur, can never be forced upon us; that the moral spectacle of a virtuous unarmed nation will disarm all invaders—what folly!

And so, we teach them what we can of the art of war so that if war does occur they are in a position to aid the man power of the country to bring it to a speedy termination. This is because we realize that exactly to the degree that our leaders are untrained, just so much strength is given to the enemy. We teach them the rudiments of many elements of the subject. The basis of the teaching is disciplinary infantry drill, for discipline, which is the habit of *cheerful, instant* and *intelligent* obedience to the lawful orders of a properly constituted authority, is secured largely through frequent, but not lengthy, periods of close order drill.

The first year ROTC student is taught the duties of a private soldier of his arm as well as certain of the duties of the corporal or squad leader. In his second year, he learns the further duties of the corporal and is prepared to receive instruction in the more advanced duties of the sergeant or section leader, which is imparted in greater detail during his third year. In the last year, emphasis is placed upon the development of the qualities requisite for successful platoon and company leadership.

To take once again the Infantry arm for typical examples of what is taught, one finds that practical and theoretical training is given in the Rifle, Pistol, Automatic Rifle, 37mm Gun and 3-inch Trench Mortar, the mechanism, firing, and powers and limitations of these weapons being taught. There are also courses in Military Map Reading and Sketching, Interpretation of Aerial Photographs, Military History, Military Law, Field Engineering, Sanitation, Hygiene and First Aid, Tactical Problems, Scouting and Patrolling, Musketry, Company Administration, and Signal Communications.

We do not pretend that upon graduation a student possesses a complete knowledge of all of these any more than a professor of chemistry, physics, or other subject pretends that his graduates know all there is to know of his particular subject. However, the student certainly should know a good deal about them in their elementary aspects. It will be objected that the list is too long for a two-year ROTC man to have done more than skim through. True, perhaps; but the complete list applies only to those taking the four-year course.

In spite of claims to the contrary, a course in Citizenship does not lie within the scope of the ROTC. The War Department does not consider that its province at the schools and colleges includes more than has been touched upon above, namely, instruction in the fundamentals of leadership, Administration, and Training of Troops in the event of an emergency. This is instruction as to *how* one of the manifold duties of a citizen, and one only, may be performed, that of doing his share in providing for the common defense. It is left entirely to the college authorities to tell the student, if they choose to do so, what his duties as a citizen comprise.

Even such physical training as is imparted under the supervision of the War Department is a by-product. There is no attempt to use the musket as a means of physical development. It is not the desire of the military personnel to substitute a different system of physical training for that provided by the college. Indeed, to take this on would involve the loss of valuable time of which, as it is, there is too little.

Least of all would any modern army instructor attempt to inculcate habits of blind and stupid obedience to arbitrary orders. What we would like to achieve, as far as discipline is concerned, would be a condition similar to that described by the late Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe Ingelfingen, who, as long ago as the Franco-Prussian War, perceived with clarity facts now recognized the world over by military students:

"The systematic training of the infantry soldier, and the care given to each individual man, even in his musketry course and in his work in the open country after he has finished his drill as a recruit, was one of the principal causes of our grand success in the last great war (Franco-Prussian). The soldier endured all hardships, not from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fear of punishment, but through confidence in his officers; he looked upon his toil as something unavoidable, as his fate, for he knew that if it had been possible he would have been spared it; he followed his officer in battle out of sheer trust; he was not discouraged even when he found the enemy in superior strength; he never suffered from panic, for he knew the value of mental support and held to it, not because he was obliged, but from love for his regiment, in which everything had always gone well with him."

While this quotation applies to the training of the enlisted man, it is applicable to all grades. It amplifies the definition of discipline which I have already given.

In my twenty-nine years' experience in the army, I have seen no loss of independence of character as a result of military training such as is often adduced by the opponents of the disciplinary idea. On the contrary, I have observed, as a result of a healthy disciplinary system, a decided gain in every phase of character and of individual initiative. In any large organization, whether industrial, financial, political, clerical or military, subordinates must obey the mandates of the heads of the enterprise. Military training fits a man for membership in the team. Because a half-back carries out the signals of the quarter-back, he does not thereby lose his individual initiative nor his independence of character. He will surely, however, lose his place on the team if he does not submerge self on certain occasions for the sake of playing the game.

It is hoped that the reader's patience has not been tried by too many quotations, for I propose, in closing, to make one more, believing as I do, that it comprises the best obtainable evidence, first-hand evidence from highly credible witnesses, as to the value of the ROTC to the student. It is taken from the returns from a questionnaire distributed by the United States Commissioner of Education among 16,416 graduates of the ROTC of the classes of 1920 to 1930 inclusive, from 54 colleges and universities in 39 States and in the District of Columbia.

The questionnaire is as follows:

1. In your opinion, has the ROTC military course of study a definite educational value of its own?

Answers: Yes, 97.1; No, 2.9.

2. Did the ROTC contribute anything important or unique to your education?

Answers: Yes, 94.9; No, 5.1.

3. How did the quality of the ROTC courses, in respect to content and organization, compare with other courses given at your institution? Below average in quality? Average in quality? Above average in quality?

4. From your own experience was the time you spent on the training justified by the results obtained?

Answers: Yes, 94.9; No, 5.1.

5. In your opinion, did military training aid or make easier the development in your own life of one or more of the qualities or characteristics listed below:

Leadership
Initiative
Oderliness
Disciplinary value
Others (Please indicate).

6. In what way, if any, has the military education you have received been of economic value to you since graduation? (More than one item may be checked.)

In improving physical development.
In helping to obtain first employment.
Give any other reason if you have one.

7. In your opinion does the ROTC course of instruction tend to produce a militaristic attitude inimical to world peace?

Answers: Yes, 6.4; No, 93.6.

8. Judging by your own experience:

a. Do you favor the ROTC as a required subject for the first two years of college?

Answers: Yes, 81.0; No, 19.0.

b. Would you make the entire course optional?

Answers: Yes, 26.8; No, 73.2.

c. Would you abolish the ROTC from collegiate institutions?

Answers: Yes, 1.5; No, 98.5.

Replying to question 3, 11.7 per cent believed the ROTC courses to be below average in quality, 68.0 per cent believed them to be average, and 20.3 per cent above average.

Replying to question 5, 79.1 per cent found that the military training made easier the development in their lives of the quality of Leadership, 55.6 per cent benefited in Initiative, 66.5 per cent in Orderliness, and 81.6 per cent in Discipline. Other qualities most frequently mentioned in reply to this question were Confidence, Decision, Health, and Patriotism. Improvement in physical development as a result of military training was experienced by 49.3 per cent in answering question 6, and under the same question number, 12.4 per cent were helped as a result of such training, in obtaining first employment.

From those in the best position to judge, therefore, the evidence is decidedly and preponderantly that:

The ROTC has a definite educational value of its own.

It contributes something important and unique to education.

The time spent on it is justified by results.

It does not create an attitude inimical to world peace.

It should be continued.

Its quality is as good as or better than the average.

As to the military value of the ROTC, it is my firm conviction that the colleges and universities are producing second lieutenants competent to train and administer their appropriate commands and to lead them successfully in battle. I base this conviction upon the World War record of graduates of The Citadel, V. M. I., Vermont, Minnesota, and other colleges conducting military training, and upon my observations of the work of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps at many institutions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AS I LIKE IT – *William Lyon Phelps*

ONE HUNDRED BOOKS OF THE YEAR

In looking over books of various kinds that have appeared since July, 1931, I find it comparatively easy to make a list of one hundred that I can recommend to the average intelligent reader, although some are included merely for the purpose of diversion. Many books we read to remember, while some we read to forget.

BIOGRAPHY

W. Graham Robertson, "Life Was Worth Living." Harpers. $5.
Matthew Josephson, "Rousseau." Harcourt Brace. $5.
Marcia Davenport, "Mozart." Scribners. $3.50.
Walter Phelps Hall, "Mr. Gladstone." Norton. $3.
H. W. Nevinson, "Goethe." Harcourt Brace. $3.
P. C. Drown, "Mrs. Bell." Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.
Townsend Scudder, 3d, ed., "Letters of J. W. Carlyle to Joseph Neuberg." Oxford. $3.50.
Philip Guedalla, "Wellington." Harpers. $5.
Countess Warwick, "Discretions." Scribners. $3.50.
Joseph Hergesheimer, "Sheridan." Houghton Mifflin. $4.
Hamlin Garland, "Companions on the Trail." Macmillan. $3.50.
J. E. Lloyd, "Glendower." Oxford. $3.50.
Halvdan Koht, "Life of Ibsen." 2 vols. Norton. $7.50.
Clara Clemens, "My Father, Mark Twain." Harpers. $5.
Keats, "Letters." ed. Forman. 2 vols. Oxford. $14.
Emil Ludwig, "Schliemann." Little Brown. $3.50.
F. R. G. Duckworth, "Browning—Background and Conflict." Dutton. $3.
Lincoln Steffens, "Autobiography." Harcourt Brace. $3.75.
Frank Archer, "William Archer." Yale. $5.

NOVELS

V. Sackville-West, "All Passion Spent." Doubleday Doran. $2.50.
Younghill Kang, "The Grass Roof." Scribners. $3.
Edna Ferber, "American Beauty." Doubleday Doran. $2.50.
Willa Cather, "Shadows on the Rock." Knopf. $2.50.
Pearl S. Buck, "The Good Earth." John Day. $2.50.
George Davis, "The Opening of a Door." Harpers. $2.50.
H. W. Morrow, "Black Daniel." Morrow. $2.50.
John Galsworthy, "Maid in Waiting." Scribners. $2.50.
Margaret Kennedy, "Return I Dare Not." Doubleday Doran. $2.50.
Mazo de la Roche, "Finch's Fortune." Little Brown. $2.50.
Clemence Dane, "Broome Stages." Doubleday Doran. $3.
R. E. Spencer, "The Lady Who Came to Stay." Knopf. $2.
Margaret Ayer Barnes, "Westward Passage." Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
John Erskine, "Unfinished Business." Bobbs Merrill. $2.50.
Booth Tarkington, "Mary's Neck." Doubleday Doran. $2.
F. B. Young, "Mr. and Mrs. Pennington." Harpers. $2.50.
Adrian Bell, "Silver Ley." Dodd Mead. $3.

VERSE

E. A. Robinson, "Matthias at the Door." Macmillan. $1.75.
Alan Porter, "The Signature of Pain." John Day. $2.50.
Dorothy Parker, "Death and Taxes." Viking. $1.75.
Alice Duer Miller, "Forsaking All Others." Simon and Schuster. $2.
F. P. Adams, "Christopher Columbus." Viking. $2.
Mary Britton Miller, "Swords and Scimitars."
Harold Cooper, "Westward." Athens Press, Iowa City, Iowa. 50 cents.
Reginald Pole, "Nights and Hours." Primavera Press, Los Angeles, Calif. $1.
Geoffrey Scott, "Poems." Oxford. $1.75.
Louis Untermeyer, "Collected Parodies." Harcourt Brace. $2.75.
Robert Norwood, "Issa." Scribners. $2.50.
James Stephens, "Strict Joy." Macmillan. $1.50.
"Selected Poems" of James Whitcomb Riley. Bobbs Merrill. $3.75.

MISCELLANEOUS

Nicholas Murray Butler, "Looking Forward." Scribners. $3.50.
H. V. Morton, "In Search of Ireland." Dodd Mead. $2.
Winston Churchill, "The Unknown War." Scribners. $5.
Lawton Mackail, "Portugal for Two." Dodd Mead. $3.50.
Fred. Lewis Allen, "Only Yesterday." Harpers. $3.75.
Paul Cohen-Portheim, "Time Stood Still." Dutton. $3.
Michael Pupin. (Introduction), "Science and Religion." Scribners. $1.75.
John A. Scott, "Luke." Northwestern University Press. 50 cents.
Philo M. Buck, "The Golden Thread." Macmillan. $5.
E. Weekley, "Cruelty to Words." Dutton. $1.
Barton W. Currie, "Fishers of Books." Little Brown. $4.
Joel E. Spingarn, "Creative Criticism." (new ed.) Harcourt Brace. $2.
Mary Lee Davis, "We Are Alaskans." W. A. Wilde. $3.50.
A. H. Kober, "Circus Nights and Circus Days." Macmillan. $3.50.
Madame Ponafidine, "Russia My Home." Bobbs Merrill. $3.50.
Fellows of Wadham College, "Englishmen at Rest and Play." Oxford. $4.25.
Thornton Wilder, "The Long Christmas Dinner." Yale. $2.50.
Margaret Bourke-White, "Eyes on Russia." (Illustrated). Simon and Schuster. $5.
Sir J. Cumming, editor, "Modern India." Oxford. $2.
Ellery Walter, "High Hats and Low Bows." Putnam. $3.50.
R. Dana Skinner, "Our Changing Theatre." Dial. $3.
T. W. Stevens, "The Theatre from Athens to Broadway." Appleton. $2.50.
Alan Bott, "This Was England." (Illustrated). Doubleday Doran. $3.50.
Count Corti, "A History of Smoking." Harcourt Brace. $3.50.
Olin Downes, "Symphonic Broadcasts." Dial. $2.50.
John Gibbons, "Afoot in Italy." Dutton. $2.50.
Elsie Janis, "So Far So Good." Dutton. $4.
Gerald Stanley Lee, "Heathen Rage." R. R. Smith. $2.50.
F. J. Steinhardt, "Sailor's Progress." Dial. $3.50.
L. Abercrombie, G. K. Chesterton, etc., "Revaluations." Oxford. $2.50.

THRILLERS

John Hawk, "Murder at Arondale Farm." Farrar and Rinehart. $2.
Aubrey Boyd, "Smoky Pass." Dutton. $2.
Ben Ames Williams, "Pirate's Purchase." Dutton. $2.50.
Burton E. Stevenson, "The House Next Door." Dodd Mead. $2.
Q. Patrick, "Cottage Sinister." Roland Swain. $2.
E. P. Oppenheim, "The Man from Sing Sing." Little Brown. $2.
J. H. Wallis, "The Capital City Mystery." Dutton. $2.
Dornford Yates, "Safe Custody." Minton Balch. $2.
A. Abbott, "About the Murder of the Night Club Lady." Covici-Friede. $2.
Arthur M. Chase, "The Party at the Pent-House." Dodd Mead. $2.
Austin Moore, "Birds of the Night." R. R. Smith. $2.
Julius King, "The Indian Nugget" (juvenile). Nelson. $1.75.
A. Livingstone, "In Cold Blood." Bobbs Merrill. $2.
J. R. Crawford, "The Philosopher's Murder Case." Sears. $2.
Sydney Horler, "The Man Who Walked with Death." Knopf. $2.
M. N. A. Messer, "Mouse Trap." Putnams. $2.
F. G. Parke, "First Night Murder." Dial. $2.
Agatha Christie, "The Murder at Hazelmoor." Dodd Mead. $2.
D. L. Teilhet, "Murder in the Air." Morrow. $2.
Anthony Wynne, "The Silver Scale Mystery." Lippincott. $2.
Percival Christopher Wren, "Sowing Glory." Stokes. $2.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Among the latest novels, I recommend first and foremost "Silver Ley," by Adrian Bell. This is the story of a young English university man, whose mind was in that bewilderment so characteristic of adolescence. He belonged half-heartedly to a group of "arty" Bohemians who wanted to write and paint. Their sole qualification for an artistic career was a dislike for honest and useful work. This particular young man escaped from his collection of impotents by being apprenticed for one year to a farmer. To his surprise, he discovered that farming was both a science and an art; requiring for its successful prosecution immense knowledge, patience, industry, courage, and skill.

I myself have often wondered at the humorous contempt displayed by citified folks for countrymen. This has always been a stock subject in books, plays, and cartoons. The bewhiskered country gawk in a metropolitan environment is no doubt a comic figure, but he is not so ridiculous as a city exquisite in a farming community. The latter is as absurd and indeed as tragic as a landlubber in a forecastle. The reason why we regard countrified men and women as absurd is because both pen and pencil are wielded mainly by the citified. Agricultural folk are not trained in the art of expression, either verbally or graphically. For one thing, they are too busy. If they spoke their thoughts, what would they say of summer visitors? Booth Tarkington is one of the few novelists who have stated their case.

For the same reason we have all through mediæval literature and a few centuries later, constant jokes at the expense of women. The men wrote them. But if those mediæval females could have uttered their thoughts on the lords of creation, what a literature we should have had! To-day indeed May Sinclair, Mary Beard, V. Sackville-West, Virginia Woolf and many others have punctured the pompous and pretentious male. As the Frenchman said, "The great appear to us great because we are kneeling—let us rise."

Farmers have never been so badly off as fishers. But they have had to work hard for very little money. And their fate is in the hands of the most capricious of all gods—the weather. They have also suffered, as only producers can suffer, from the middleman, the packer, and the manufacturer.

Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats.
Who fished the murex up?
What porridge had John Keats?

But in times of depression, and I do not need to specify what times, the farmer is more fortunate than the vast majority. He has his house, his food, his clothes, his work. Compare his state with that of the city crowd—homeless, foodless, workless. I have never envied the idle rich; but what shall we say of the idle poor?

Now in Adrian Bell's novel, the young university graduate was so impressed by the useful, healthy, productive daily life of the farmer, that after one year of apprenticeship he gladly chose farming as his profession. He discovered that farmers had an absolute knowledge of an immense number of facts of which he had been ignorant. Very interesting facts. They lived close to nature and read the face of the earth and the face of the sky like an open book.

Furthermore this admirable novel is what I call genuine realism as distinguished from the abominations that wear the mask of reality. In the hands of many of our modern novelists the farming community would have been represented as sordid, disgusting, degenerate. Adrian Bell represents his men and women as unfamiliar with book-learning; but they are honorable, sincere, industrious, acquainted with the earth, kindly, sympathetic, generous. They understand nature and human nature. They deserve the consideration and respect they receive in this novel.

The farmer does not go "back to nature" in the silly fashion urged by Rousseau; he controls nature because he understands her. Nature is a terrible wild beast to those who do not understand her. Incompetence is always a pitiable spectacle; but of all specimens of incompetence, perhaps the incompetent farmer is the most pitiable.

Among the new biographies, I recommend "Mozart" by Marcia Davenport. It is a novelized biography; yet founded throughout on fact. I do not know where we shall find a better portrait of the man, with his virtues and his weaknesses. There never was a clearer case of absolute genius; never a better illustration of Schopenhauer's assertion that the music composer is more passive than active. Outside of his astounding and mysterious gift of musical expression, Mozart was ordinary—there was little general intelligence, his conversation and letters were extremely unimportant. His practical judgment of men and affairs was that of a child. But in music he could not be deceived; he knew what the highest standards of music were because of his divine intuition. One of the most ridiculous of definitions is the definition of genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains. Mozart wrote immortal music because he could not help writing it. Like Schubert, he wrote under appalling conditions of poverty, illness, and the torture of chronic worry. And out of this daily mess of confusion, surrounded by gadflies, came his transporting melodies. He resolved the perpetual discords of his daily life into the noblest harmony. Most of his compositions are not only cheerful; they are gay. He made gayety sublime. I like his symphonies and his instrumental music better than his operas. I certainly do not agree with the oft-repeated statement that "Don Giovanni" is the greatest piece of music ever written. Yet it, like most of his operas, has a fascination all its own. The libretto of "Don Giovanni," like the librettos of his other operas, is silly, even contemptible. And to these trivial texts he gave immortality.

Let me urge all my readers to go to Munich this summer and hear his operas in their ideal setting, the little Residenz Theatre in Munich, where Mozart himself conducted.

Both for children who are learning the piano or any other instrument, and for the millions who love music without knowing anything about it, let me recommend the best elementary books that I have seen. They are by Leslie Fairchild, and are published at a very low price by Foster, Music Publisher, Chicago. "A Jolly Trip to Music Land" and "The Second Piano Book." They explain with abundant illustrations exactly what most of us want to know. I cannot praise them too highly.

From Thomas J. Keenan, South Orange, N. J.

(I have discussed the word *galingale* or *gallingall* found in Chaucer and Tennyson, and heard by me from a hawker of patent medicines.)

"Anent 'gallin-gall' and 'galingale,'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may I say that this is the rhizone of the plant known to botanists as *Alpinia officinarum*. Hence, I was familiar with it as a boy in Scotland where I was born and raised. It is a common domestic remedy in the old country where it is sold as 'galangal root.' It was at one time an official drug of the German Pharmacopœia. A good illustrated description of it will be found in the 'National Standard Dispensato' (Lee Bros., Phila.) under *Galanga*. It is used for its carminative, stomachic, and aromatic properties. It belongs to the ginger family and is indigenous to Southern China. It is sometimes called Chinese Ginger."

From George H. Cox, M.D., New Glasgow, Nova Scotia:

"Your 'quaddle' puzzle is merely our old friend 'coddle.' . . . Don't you like your breakfast-egg 'coddled'? . . . not boiled, not even simmered, but covered with boiling water and put in a place where it will *not quite* simmer, and in 7 or 8 minutes it is just right! Now, for a boy—you coddle *him* by pampering him, and if it make a 'girley-boy' out of him and call him *'Molly'* you have a *molly-coddle*. Probably the Latin *'Calidus'* is at the bottom of it all."

And here is another letter, about hating, from Battell Loomis, Long Beach, Calif.:

"I can tell you how to hate. . . . Just enlist under an Irish sea captain and take his ignorant cursing of you without reply. Then, as I didn't, don't shove him over the rail some dark night when a sudden shift of wind give you such a good chance as I had. I hated for 55 out of 60 days—and have been ashamed of myself ever since that my sense of humor hadn't been deep enough to buoy me over the billings-gate. All I did to him in retaliation was to steal a quarter that rolled from his pocket while he lay stupefied drunk across the companion-way as we came out from Acapulco after a wet Christmas. I meant to keep it as a souvenir; but no good thing comes of theft—I lost it."

From Melvin R. Gilmore, Curator of Ethnology in the Museum of Anthropology at the University of Michigan, enclosing cat stories:

"I am enclosing some cuttings which I have saved for you as I thought they might be of interest to you as a philailourist, or shall we say philogater like philosopher, or philogatist like philologist, or philogat like philomath. Here should be latitude enough in the choice of a term to characterize lovers of cats. . . . I was delighted in the reading of your account some years ago (SCRIBNER'S August, 1923) of a visit you made to Aberdeen, South Dakota. As a native of the western prairie . . . I was pleased by your appreciation of the prairie and of the city of Aberdeen. Aberdeen is a charming town. If you like the prairie I wish you would examine the book 'Prairie Smoke' (Columbia University Press, 1929)."

It will interest Doctor Gilmore, who knows modern Greek, that I am making a special study at this moment of contemporary Athenian cats. Nearly every shop has one, and they seem to be well treated; although the shopkeepers are a little surprised by the attention I give them. They purr in modern Greek.

And now that I have accomplished the main object of my journey to Europe and am looking with longing eyes toward my dear native land, now that I have beheld Athens, the Hellespont, Constantinople, Troy, Delos, Crete, Delphi, Sunium, Marathon, Corinth, Eleusis, Mycenae, Olympia, and other wonders of immortal Hellas, let me implore all my readers who can possibly spare the time and the money to see these glories as I saw them—in the easiest, completest, and cheapest way; namely, by taking one of the four annual cruises of the English Hellenic Society. It is not necessary to be a member; if you write to the Secretary, Miss Crowdy, Hellenic Travellers Club, 3 Albany Courtyard, Piccadilly, London, and mention my name which serves as your introduction, you will receive full details of every one of the four cruises. The ship sails from Venice and after a voyage of about eighteen days, returns to the same port. She is a remarkably steady steamer—her name *Kraljica Marija,* Jugo-slav for "Queen Mary." Accommodations vary from forty guineas to one hundred. The passengers are mainly British, although we had about fifteen Americans. Every evening on shipboard a lecture is given by a distinguished scholar, explaining exactly what will be seen ashore the next day. I earnestly recommend this voyage to readers of SCRIBNERS, because it is interesting only to intelligent people. One does not need to be familiar with Greek literature or history, for these matters are clearly set forth in the daily lecture. The only persons who would not enjoy these voyages are the stupid, the flashy, and the vulgar—and there were none such on our ship. When I was a child, I felt sorry for the vast number of people who were going to hell; and I asked my mother if they could not possibly get into heaven. And my mother replied, "You know, Willie, that wicked persons would be very unhappy in heaven."

These expeditions are under the management and supervision of Sir Henry Lunn, who has often lectured in America, and who is very proud of the Phi Beta Kappa key given him by William and Mary College. He has been conducting these voyages for twenty-five years, and the management is now perfect. The price includes all the shore expeditions, whether by automobile or by train. I have been on many voyages, but never on any so successful and so rewarding as this.

Walter R. Spofford, the distinguished librarian of Chicago, sends me the following item in the catalogue of a London bookseller. He says, "Your well known enthusiasm for Browning is my excuse for sending you this astonishing statement about Miller's literary fame in England. Miller had a picturesque career, no doubt, but the brief record in the encyclopædia does not connect him with the boom days of Oklahoma, as suggested by the reference to 'Cimarron.'" Here is the item.

"Miller (Joaquin) American poet, Indian fighter, gold seeker and attorney-at-law—Placed by leading English critics as the equal of Robert Browning. No wonder the early works of this California Poet, who figures as the hero of Furber's (*sic!*) Cimarron, are now sought after, etc. etc."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEB OF EARTH - - *Continued from page 5*

made me sad to listen to it (that was the year just after Sally died) and I sat there at the wheel spinning away, and I can see it all, I remember just the way it was —when here they came along the river road, and you could hear them shout and holler out "Hurrah! hurrah!" I reckon they'd all been in to town to vote. "Hurrah!" they cried: "Hurrah for Hayes!" one crowd would cry and, "Hurrah for Tilden!" cried the other.

Lord God! do I remember! I reckon that I do! I remember things you never dreamed or heard of, boy.

"But what about those voices that you heard?"

"Well, now, I say—that's what I'm telling you:

"Two-two," the first voice said, and "twenty-twenty," said the other. "What say?" I said. Says, "two-two," says, "twenty-twenty." "Hah? What say?" Says, "two-two," the first voice said, says "twenty-twenty," said the other.

Well, then—say! what about it!—I was thinking about it the other day. . . . I don't know . . . but it's pretty strange when you come to think about it, isn't it? Why, that very day, you know, the twenty-seventh of September, I remember because it was on the twenty-fifth, just two days before, that I had the talk with Ambrose Radiker, that's exactly when it was all right, about eleven o'clock in the morning, your papa was back there in his work room lettering a tombstone he was getting ready to set up for a man out there in Beaverdam whose wife had died, when here he came, Mel Porter. Your papa said he marched right back into the work room, sir, and stood there looking at him without sayin' a word: he just stood there shakin' his head and your papa said he certainly looked blue and depressed as if some awful calamity had befallen him, so your papa said, "What's the matter, Mel? I never saw you look so sad," he says.

"Oh, Will, Will," he says, and he just stood there shakin' his head at your papa, "if you only knew how I envy you! Here you are with a good trade you can work at and nothing to worry you: I'd give up everything I have in the world if I could just change places with you!" "Why what on earth are you talking about!" your papa said, "You're a first-class lawyer with a good practice and here you want to swap places with a stone-cutter who's got to work with his hands and never knows where his next job's comin' from," your papa said. "It's a curse and a care," your papa said, that's exactly the way he talked to him, you know the way he had of talkin', he'd come right out with a thing without mincin' words, "It's a curse and a care," he said, "and it was a bitter day for me when I first took it up: You've got to wait until they die to get a job and then their families, ingrates that they are, will give the work to one of your competitors: if I'd done the thing I was cut out for, I'd studied law like you did and gone into practice." Well, of course, they all said that, they said that Mr. Hawke would certainly have made a fine lawyer with his fluent command of language and all. "Oh, Will, Will," he said, "you can just go down on your knees and thank God that you didn't," he said. "At least you have enough to eat," he said, "and when you go home at night you can go to bed and sleep."

"Why, Mel," your papa said. "What on earth is wrong with you? Something is worryin' you, that's one thing sure." "Oh, Will," he said, shakin' his head, "it's those men. I can't sleep at night for thinkin' about them!" Well, he hadn't said *what* men, he hadn't mentioned their names, but your papa knew right away who he was talkin' about, it flashed over him all at once that he was referrin' to Ed Mears and Lawrence Wayne and those other three murderers down there in the county jail he had defended. And he had been down there to see them, he'd just come away from there, your papa said he knew exactly where he'd been the moment he looked at him, said his shoes and the bottoms of his trousers were coated with that old red-clay Niggertown dust, that's all in the world it was.

"Why, yes, Mel," your papa said, "I reckon it is pretty hard, but you've got nothin' to blame yourself for," he said. "You did all any one could expect you to do," he said; says, "You did the best you could for them," he says; says, "I don't see what you got to blame yourself about now," he says.

"Oh, Will," he says, "it's the strain, the awful strain of it," he says. "Here I've done all I could to save them," he says, "and it looks as if there's nothing else I can do," he says; says, "It looks to me as if they've got to hang," he says, "and here are their wives and childern and all of their kinfolk beggin' me to save them and," he says, "Will, I just don't know what else there is I can do," he says; says, "I've racked my brain lookin' for a way out," he says, "and it looks to me as if they've *got to swing*. I tell you what," he says, shakin' his head, and your papa said he looked mighty blue, says, "it's an awful thing when you come to think of it! What about it!" he says. "Here they've got all those little childern dependent on them who have got to grow up now with that awful stigma attached to their name of knowin' they're the childern of men who were hanged for murder. Why, it's awful, that's what it is, Will," he says; says, "I can't sleep at night for thinkin' about it."

Well, when your papa came home to dinner that day he told me all about it, says, "I tell you what, it's pretty hard on him, isn't it? I reckon he's done all he can but he feels like he's in some way responsible for it, that maybe there's somethin' he failed to do that might have saved their lives," he says; says, "I couldn't help feelin' sorry for him," says "he was pale as a ghost: he looked as if he hadn't been able to sleep for a week." "Hm!" I says. "Now you listen to me: there's *something mighty funny* about this *somewheres*. I've never known a lawyer yet," I says, "who wasn't able to sleep because a client was goin' to be hanged, and you can just bet your bottom dollar," I says, "that Melvin Porter isn't losin' sleep on *that* account. The only reason they'll lose sleep," I says, "is because they're afraid they're not goin' to get paid or because they're stayin' awake figgerin' how they can get the best of some one, and if he told you *any such story* as that," I says, "you can depend upon it that he wasn't tellin' you the truth—there's a nigger in the woodpile somewheres: that story *just won't wash*."

"No," your papa says, "I believe you're wrong," says, "I think you're doin' him an injustice."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why, pshaw, Mr. Hawke!" I says. "I wouldn't be such a goose! There's not a word of truth in that story, all they've got to do is to appeal to your sympathies and you'll believe anything they tell you."

And of course that was just exactly how he was: he'd curse and rave and carry on, and then they'd tell him some big lie to get on his good side and he'd give them everything he had. Why! didn't Mel Porter's own brother, that miserable old rip, Rufus Porter—as the sayin' goes, if there's a just God in heaven he's getting today the punishment he deserves—with his old red face all stewed down like a persimmon with all the licker he'd drunk—why yes! when I was a girl didn't I see him myself march right down the aisle as big as you please, sir, that night at the meeting of the Sons of Temperance arm in arm with Jeter Alexander to sign the pledge and Lord! as I said later if you took all the rotten old licker they'd poured down their throats since then you'd have enough to float a battleship—come to your papa and got him to sign his note and stand security for him at the bank for fourteen hundred dollars. Pshaw! when I think of it! . . . I said to your papa, *"He's* the one who ought to be hanged! I could spring the trap myself!" I said; says to your papa, in that mealy voice he had, you know, says, "Oh, it will be all right, Will." Says, "You know I wouldn't let you lose a penny," when he didn't have a dollar to his name! "I'll vow, Mr. Hawke!" I said at the time. "How on earth were you ever such a fool as to do such a thing!"

"Well," he said, "he swore it was all right—said he'd go down and dig ditches before he'd let me lose a penny."

"Yes," I said, "and you were *just* fool enough to believe him, weren't you!"

"Well," your papa said, "I've learned my lesson. There's one thing sure: I'll never get stung that way again," he said.

"All right," I said, "we'll wait and see."

Well, it wasn't two years before Rufe Porter tried the very same trick on him again: he had the gall to walk right into your papa's office, sir, as big as you please, and ask him to go his note for five hundred dollars. Your papa was so mad he took him by the collar and pitched him all the way out into the square and says, "If you ever come back here again, you God-damned mountain grill," that's just the way your papa talked to him, you know the way he talked, he didn't mince words when he was mad, "I'll kill you." Why yes! wasn't old Bill Smathers the chief of police at the time standin' right there on the steps of the City Hall and saw the whole thing? and he hollered right out to your papa, "Yes, and if I'm here when he does come back, Mr. Hawke, I'll help you to do it," he says; says, "You did exactly the right thing," says, "The only pity is you didn't kill him now."

When your papa came home and told me about it, I said, "Yes, and he was *exactly right!* You should have finished the job then and there. That's exactly what you should have done. It would have been good riddance," I said, you know, I reckon I was pretty bitter, to think of it—here we were with six childern to support and to think that he would go flingin' his money away on that miserable old toper: I could a wrung his neck for being such a fool. "Now, you look a-here," I said, "Let this be a lesson to you: don't you ever let him have a penny again, and don't you go lendin' money out to any one without consultin' me first. You're a married man with a family of little childern to support and your first duty is to them." Well, he promised, of course—he said he'd never do such a thing again, and I suppose I believed him.

Well, sir, it wasn't three days before he went off on a big spree, he came home roaring drunk, I remember they sent word to us from Ambrose Radiker's saloon that he was up there and that we'd better come and get him: of course, they said they couldn't do anything with him and they thought they'd better let us know. So I went myself. *Oh!* Lord! . . . Why, child! you never knew him till later when he was getting old and tired—I reckon you thought he was bad enough then but child! child! You don't know, you don't know. You never *saw* him! . . . That nigger of Radiker's *told me*. . . . You know that big old pock-marked yellow nigger that they had—*told me* that he could drink more licker than any *four* men he ever saw. . . . He *told me,* mind you, that he'd seen him stand right up at the bar and drink two quart bottles of that old rye licker without stoppin'. "Yes," I said to Ambrose Radiker, "and *you let him! You,"* I said, you know I looked him right in the eye when I said it and he looked pretty sheepish, I tell you he did! "Here you are," I said, "a man with a wife and childern of your own, and you've got no more pride nor honor than to take money out of the pocket of a man who needs it to support his family. Why, they ought to tar and feather a man like you and ride him out of town on a rail," I said. I reckon I was pretty bitter but that's just exactly the way I talked to him.

Well. . . . I reckon it stung him. He didn't say anything for a minute, but, I tell you what, his face was a study. . . . Oh! that mortified look, you know, looked as if he'd a been glad if the earth had opened and swallered him up at that moment. Then, of course, he said: "Why, Delia! *We* don't want his money! We don't need it that bad. Why, your good will would be worth more to me than that," he says. "There are plenty of people who will come in here and drink and behave themselves," he said. "You know we don't try to lure him on to get him to come in here. Why," he said, "I'd be the happiest man alive if Mr. Hawke took a solemn oath never to touch another drop of licker as long as he lived— Yes and lived up to it, too. Because he's one man," he says, "that ought never to touch a drop! If he'd take one drink and then go on," he said, "why, he'd be all right, but one drink's no more use to him than a drop in the eye," he says, that's just the way he put it, "he's got to drink up half a bottle before he even feels it and then," he says, oh, shaking his head, "I tell you what, he is a caution. It's just a problem to know what to do with him. You never know what he's going to do next," he says; says, "we've had some terrible times with him.

"Ah, you don't know," he says. "He can get the queerest notions in his head of any man *I* ever saw," he said, "you never know what's comin' next. Why, one night," he said, "he began to holler and rave about Lydia. Why," Ambrose says, "he swore that she'd come back from the grave to haunt him because of the life he'd led. 'There she is,'" he hollers, " 'There! . . . there! . . . Don't you see her?'—he kept a-pointin' round

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the room and then he said she was looking at him over my shoulder. 'Why, no,' I says, 'there's no one there, Will, you're just imaginin' all that.' 'Yes she is,' he says, 'and damn you, you're trying to shield her. Get out of the way, or I'll kill you,' he says, and with that he ups and throws a quart bottle half full of licker right at my head—why, it's a wonder," he says, "that it didn't kill me: I saw it comin'," he says, "an ducked my head just in the nick of time but it smashed up a whole row of glasses we had settin' back behind the bar, and then," says Ambrose, "he got down on his knees and began prayin' to her and saying, 'Oh, Lydia, Lydia, say that you forgive me, baby,' and then he started talking about her eyes— 'There! . . . there!' he says, 'they're glarin' at me—don't you see them?—Oh, God have mercy on me!' he hollers, 'she's come back from the grave to curse me!' It was enough to curdle your blood to hear him," Ambrose says. "Why, that nigger Dan of mine," he says, "was so scared that he lit right out of here: I didn't see hide nor hair of him for two days," he says, "you know how superstitious a nigger is," he says, "a thing like that would frighten the life out of him." "Why, of course," I says, "and let me tell you something: I'm not so sure it's nothin' but superstition, after all."

Well, he gave me a mighty funny look, I tell you what, he did, and he says, "Why Delia! Surely you don't think there was anything in all that?" "I wouldn't be so sure," I says. "I could tell you some mighty strange things, I could tell you of things I've seen myself," I said, "and I don't know how you're goin' to account for them unless there is, sure enough, as the saying goes, a voice beyond the grave." Well, his face was a study, I can tell you. In a moment he looked me straight in the eyes and said: "*Who* was Lydia? Did he ever know any one by that name?" "Yes," I said, "he did. That was before you knew him," I said. "Was it his other wife—the one that died?" he said. "That's who," I said. "Yes, that's exactly who it was. And he's got a lot to remember and be sorry for, too," I said. Well, I didn't say any more, I didn't tell him your papa had had two other wives, I didn't tell him that he had been married and divorced from one woman way down in the eastern part of the state before he married Lydia, of course, Lydia was the only one the folks at home knew about. I reckon I was too proud to let any one know about Maggie Efird, it was considered a disgrace in those days to have anything to do with a divorced man and as for a divorced *woman,* why, of course, she wasn't considered much better than a chippy. If I'd known about it before I married him I don't reckon I'd a had anything more to do with him: I'd a been too mortified at the thought of lowerin' myself in that way. But, of course, he didn't tell me! Law, no! I'd been married to him almost a year before I knew anything about it.

Of course, he told it then, he had to admit it.

Why, yes! didn't old Mrs. Mason—child! I've often thought of her, that poor old woman, to think what she went through! Here she was, of course, livin' with us about a year after we got married, just to see that he got settled once again and tryin' to restore peace in her own family: tryin' to bring John and Eller Beals together again—of course John and Lydia were her children by her first marriage, she married a man named Beals the first time, says: "Oh, Delia, I'll help you any way I can. He'll be all right now if she just keeps away from him. If I can just keep them apart now, if I can just persuade her to go back to John and lead a decent life, I'll consider that my work in life is finished. I'll be able to die in peace," she said, oh, cryin', you know. "You don't know, you don't know," she says, "what I've lived through."

And then she told the whole story, you know, how they came to know him first, how they met him that first time down there in Sidney when he came to their house to live. Of course, he'd just come South to live: here he was workin' for John Arthur as a stonecutter, doin' all that work there on the State Penitentiary and I reckon at first he didn't have many friends; of course, he was a Yankee, and it was back in Reconstruction Days, and the feeling was still bitter.

Why, yes! Didn't he tell it himself about how bitter he was against us when he came south from Baltimore. "But my comin' was an accident," he said, "I firmly intended to go west. That was my boyhood ambition, and I'd have gone if John Arthur hadn't written me and told me to come on, that there was work to do," but, oh! he considered us nothing but a set of damned rebels and hangin' too good for us. Why! didn't they want to try Lee and Jefferson Davis as traitors—of course, his oldest brother George had been killed at Gettysburg and here he was all up in arms against us, sir—until he saw it all—and then he changed right over and cursed the government for allowin' it—why the black legislatures—there in Sidney and at that time he helped John Arthur build the penitentiary at Columbia, South Carolina—oh! some of the *blackest* niggers you ever laid your eye on, drinkin' and carousin' and squanderin' the taxpayers' money, dressed in the finest broadcloth, with big cigars in their mouth, if you please, and their feet stuck up on fine mahogany desks, the nasty stinking things—why didn't we see it all in that picture, "The Birth of the Nation" based upon Tom Dixon's book, "Yes," your papa says, "and every bit of it is true. I saw worse things than that myself." But that's the way he came, all right!

Well, he came there to their house, and they took him in, you know, as a boarder, Lydia and old Mrs. Mason. Of course, the old woman said, she admitted it, says, "Well, we were glad to have him. We were livin' there all alone," she said, "and we needed a man around the house. We felt safer havin' him," she said. "And I tell you what," she said, "Will was certainly a good man to have about the house. I've never known his equal," she said. Well, of course, I had to admit it: you've got to give the devil his due—with all his wanderin' and goin' away, he was as good a family man as ever lived. Now, boy, I want to tell you: he could do anything about a house, he could repair and fix anything, he could make anything with his hands, and let me tell you, sir: when you went downstairs in the morning you always found a good fire burning in the range; now, you didn't have to *wait,* you didn't have to go pokin' around to get a fire. Now, he liked to *eat,* and he always had a hot stove waitin' for you. Why, Lord! as I said to him, "The way you make a fire, no wonder. Why any one could make a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fire the way you do," I said, "pourin' half a can of kerosene oil on it every time. Why, mercy, man!" I cried, "you'll burn us all up some day, as sure as you're born!"—child! child! that awful waste! that awful extravagance! Oh, roaring up the chimney till the whole house shook with it, you know.

Now, boy, here's another thing: we've got to be fair, we've got to be just, and he wasn't *all the way* to blame! It wasn't *all* his fault: of course, the old woman admitted it, I said to her: "But Mrs. Mason, see here! You *must* have known something about him before he came to your house to live. Now, he'd been livin' right there in the same town with you, and surely you must have heard about him and Maggie Efird before he came to your house. Now, livin' in a little town like that, I don't see how it could have been otherwise. *You must have known!*" Well, she had to admit it then, said: "Yes, we knew about it." Said, "Of course, the story was he had to marry her, her father and brothers made him, and I reckon he hated her for it ever after. I guess that's why they got the divorce," she said.

I looked her straight in the eye: "Now," I said, "knowing that, you let me marry him, *a divorced man,* without sayin' a word! Now, why didn't you tell me about it?" I said—of course, she'd never said a word about it, if I'd waited for *her* to tell me I would never have found out. Here it was, you know, months after we got married, and it all came to light by accident. I was cleanin' out the bottom drawer of that old walnut bureau, lookin' for a place to put his shirts, and there it was—a stack of old letters and papers, you know, that he'd put away there, I reckon meaning to destroy them. Well, I picked them up, I didn't intend to look at them, I was goin' to put them in the stove and burn them up. "Now he's left them there," I said, "intendin' to destroy them," but I had a premonition —I don't know what else you'd call it— it flashed over me all of a sudden, I reckon some providence left them there for me to read, here it was, the final papers of his divorce from Maggie Efird, and I could see it, I could read it! There it was! a-starin' me in the face.

Well, I waited for him to come home, you know, I had them in my hand, said: "Here are some old letters I came across cleanin' out your bureau drawer today. Do you want them?" I didn't let on, you know, I just looked at him as innocent as you please. Well, his face was a study, I tell you what, it was. "Give me those papers," he said, and made a snatch for them. "Did you read them?" he said. I didn't say a word, I just looked at him: "Well," he said, and his face had a mighty sheepish look, I tell you what, it did, "I intended to tell you about it, but I was afraid you might not understand."

"Understand," I said, "why what is there to understand? It's all written down there as plain as the nose on your face: you are *a divorced man* and you never told me a thing about it. You let me marry you believin' you were a widower, that Lydia was the only woman you were ever married to. I understand *that* much all right!"

"Well," he said, "that first marriage was a great mistake. I was led into it against my better judgment," he said. "I didn't want to worry you by tellin' you about it," he said. "Now," I said, "I'm going to ask you: I want to know. What was the trouble? Why were you divorced?" "Why," he said, "the decree was granted on grounds of incompatibility. She refused to live with me as my wife. She was in love with another man," he said, "and married me just to spite him. But from the moment we were married she never had anything to do with me. We never lived together for a moment as man and wife." "*Who* got the divorce?" I said, "You or her?" He spoke right up quick as a flash, "I did," he said. "The decree was granted in my favor."

Well, I didn't let-on, I didn't say a word, but I knew, I *knew,* that he was lying. I had read that paper from beginning to end and the divorce had been given to *her.* Maggie Efird got the divorce, all right: I saw *that* much with my own eyes! But I didn't say anything, I just let him go on, "And you mean to say that she never lived with you as your wife?" I said.

"Not for a minute," he said, "I swear it."

Well, it was too much; that story was too fishy—here they told it on her, you know, old Mrs. Mason told me, that she was a good-lookin' girl, a high-stepper with lots of beaux before she married him, and, of course, they said that was the trouble—he had to marry her. I looked at him, you know, and shook my head: "No, sir," I said, "I don't believe you. There's something mighty queer about this somewhere. That story just won't work. Now, you can't tell me that you lived with that woman eighteen months and never had anything to do with her. Now, I know *you,*" I said —you know I looked him straight in the eye—"I know *you,* and I know you couldn't have kept away from her. You'd a got at her somehow," I said, "if you had to bore a hole through the wall!" Well, it was too much for him: he couldn't face me, he had to look away, you know, with a sort of sheepish grin.

"Well, now," I said, "what are you going to do with these old papers? Now, surely you don't want them any more," I said. "They're no use to you that I can see." "No," he said, "I hate the sight of them. They're a curse and a care and I never want to look at them again. I'm going to burn them up."

"Yes," I said, "that's what I think, all they do is bring up memories you ought to try to forget. You ought to destroy them."

"That's what I'll do," he said. "By God, I will!"

"But still" (I said)—as I was goin' on to say, you know, I said to the old woman, Mrs. Mason—"but still, you must have known all about him when he came there to your house to live. Now, Mrs. Mason, you must have known he'd been married to Maggie Efird and divorced from her. Surely, you must have known that," I said.

"Well, yes," she said, "I guess we did"—admitted it, you know.

"Well now, I'm going to tell you how it was," she said—and then, of course, she told the story: it all came out. Now, boy, I want to tell you: I want to show you that it wasn't *all* your daddy's fault.

Now, I'm not sayin' a word against Lydia—of course, I knew *her* before I did *him,* when they first came there to live and she opened up a little millinery shop there on that corner of Academy street where the Greenwood hotel now stands. I reckon the first real "store" hat I ever owned I bought from her out of my savin's as a schoolteacher that time I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taught all winter way back there in Yancey county, I got paid twenty dollars a month and my board and room and let me tell you something: I considered myself *rich*. Why, Lord, yes! didn't I save up enough out of it to make the first payment on the first piece of property I ever owned, that corner lot there on the south side of the square where your daddy built his shop after we got married, that's exactly where it was, sir, why yes, wasn't I only twenty-two years old at that time I bought it, and Lord! I thought I'd done something *big*, you know! Here I was a property-owner and a tax-payer like Cap'n Bob Patton and old General Alexander, and all the rest of 'em (child, child! we were so poor, we'd gone through so much hardship since the war that I reckon that's what led me on, I reckon that's what got me into it: I was determined to own something of my own); why, yes: Don't I remember how I ran all the way to town the day I got my first tax-statement, $1.83, that's all in the world it was then, and the money just a-burning a hole in my pocket! Lord! what a goose I must have been! afraid they'd try to take it away from me and sell me out under the sheriff's hammer before I got there.

Well, then, as I say, I got to know Lydia before I got to know your daddy. Here she was, you know, runnin' this little millinery store there on that northeast corner, and, as I say, the first "store" hat I ever owned I got from her. That's where it was, all right. Now, boy, I'm not saying a word against Lydia: for all I know she was a good, honest, hard-working woman and till she met your daddy she was all right. Of course, she was more than ten years older than he was, and that's exactly what the trouble was, that's where the shoe pinched, all right, that was the rub. Now your daddy was not *all the way* to blame: when he came there to their house to live he was only a young man in his early twenties and Lydia was thirty-six years old. Now, if it had been some young girl he led astray you could blame him more, but you can say what you please, Lydia was old enough to know better. Of course, he was a strong fine-lookin' man and all the women were right out after him, but she should have known, a woman that age should have had too much pride and self-respect—why I'd a died before I did a thing like that!—to have follered and thrown herself at him the way *she* did! Why, of course! Didn't old Mrs. Mason admit it? Didn't she tell *me*? "Oh, Lydia!" she said, "Lydia!" shakin' her head, you know. "She went clean out of her head about him."

Here she'd been a decent respectable woman all her life, runnin' a little millinery shop down there, you know, and well thought of by every one in town—and, of course, I reckon, considered sort of an old maid, and to think she'd go and behave herself like that. "Oh, it was awful," the old woman said; says, "She never gave him a moment's peace, she kept after him all the time," and, of course, that's just what happened. You know your daddy; as the sayin' goes, he didn't stop to say his prayers when there was a woman around. It was the same old story: within a year's time he'd gone and got himself all mixed up again, that woman was goin' to have a child and sayin' he'd ruined her and would have to marry her.

Well, he didn't know what to do. Told me himself, you know, admitted it, said: "I didn't want to marry her. I wasn't in love with her," he said. Well, he studied it all over and at last he decided to send her to Washington to see a doctor. So he wrote to Gil: of course Gil and your Aunt Mary were livin' there at the time—that was before Gil had follered him down South. Gil was workin' there in Washington as a plasterer, and they were brothers and he knew he could depend on him.

She went, he sent her, and I don't know just what happened, Gil never said and I didn't like to ask, but I guess it came before its time: they were riding in the day coach of a train comin' South again, some little town down there in the eastern part of the State, the conductor stopped the train and helped Gil carry her out into the station, and the next day she got up again and went on home. Now, give her her due, that woman had lots of grit: I reckon that's the way it was, all right.

Well, of course, the whole thing got found out. The story got known and your daddy had to marry her. And, I reckon, the feeling against him in the town was pretty bitter: here he was, you see, a Yankee, as the sayin' went, a dam Yankee, who'd come down there and ruined *two* of their women; of course, if there'd only been *one* it might have been different, but I reckon *two* of them was more than they could stomach. It got too hot for him; he had to leave. That was the time he decided to come to Altamont: of course Lydia had consumption and he thought the mountain air might do her good and I reckon he was afraid he had it, too—he'd been livin' with her and I guess he thought he had contracted it from her. When I first saw him he looked like a dead man, oh! as thin as a rail and that saller complection, you know, from all the trouble and the worry he'd been through, I reckon. Well, then, Lydia sold out her stock—what little that she had—and closed her shop, and he sent her on ahead with old Mrs. Mason. Your daddy stayed behind down there a little bit, tryin' to close out what stock he had left in his marble yard, and to get what money he could, and then he came on, too, and that's how I came to know them first: when she was running that millinery shop on the corner there and he'd set up business in an old shack on the east side of the square. That's when it was, all right.

Now, boy, I was going on to tell you about that woman, Eller Beals. Up to this time, mind you, up to the time he moved up there from Sidney, she'd never had a thing to do with him. Of course, she had known him down there—she was the wife, you know, of Lydia's brother, John—but law! they were too *fine*, you know, too *fine*, to have anything to do with your daddy, a common stone cutter who'd gone and disgraced the family like he had. Oh, they stormed and carried on about it, you know, when he got Lydia into this trouble. They wouldn't speak to him or have anything to do with him: he told me they hated the sight of him and that he hated them. And here within six months she had no more pride than to foller them all up there. Of course, she came because she had to come, I reckon: this John Beals was a shiftless good-for-nothin' sort of feller, and he couldn't support her, so she wrote Lydia and old Mrs. Mason and they told her to come on. Your daddy didn't know she was coming: they were afraid to tell him, and they thought they'd let her come and win him over afterwards. And that's just what happened: he came

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home one day to dinner and there she was—oh! the fine lady, if you please, all primped and powdered up and dressed to kill—that was the first he knew about it. Well, I guess it brought back bitter memories: he hated her so much he wouldn't speak to her, he picked up his hat and started to leave the house again, but she came up to him—oh, with her fine bonnet and the Langtry bang, and all: that was the way she fixed her hair, and put her arms around him, saying in that sugary voice: "Aren't you going to kiss me, Will?"— Oh! (as I said later) to think of it! the villain! he should have wrung her neck for her then and there, it'd been a good riddance! Says, "Can't we be friends, Will?"—after the way she'd acted, if you please—honeying up to him and takin' him in right there before his own wife and his wife's mother. "Can't we let bygones be bygones?" she says, getting him to kiss her, and all— "Why it served you right," I said, "for being such a fool! A man with no better sense than that deserves anything that happens to him!" And he agreed, admitted it, you know: "You're right," he said. So that's the way she came to be there with him.

This Eller Beals was a little dark black and white sort of a woman: she had this white skin, and hair as black as a raven's and coal-black eyes. She had this easy sugary sleepy way of talkin', all soft and drawly—like she'd just waked up out of a good long sleep. I could a-told him the first time I laid eyes on her that she was no good: she was a bad egg if ever I saw one, a charmer out to get the men and lead them on, you know, and bleed them out of everything they owned. Of course, she was a good-looking woman, there's no denying that, she had a good figger and this creamy-white complection without a blemish on it. "Why, yes," I said to him later when he'd begin to brag about how pretty she was to look at. "Why, yes, I reckon so, that's true, but then," I said, "a whole lot of us could be pretty if we never lifted a finger to do a lick of work. Some of the rest of us could look real nice," I said, "if we didn't have to cook and wash and bring up childern." Well, he admitted it then, of course, said, "Yes, you're right."

And, here, to think of it! this villain misbehaving herself with him right under his wife's nose, sitting there primping herself and fixin' herself up pretty to entice him day after day, just livin' for him to come home and Lydia dying in that room upstairs, coughing her lungs out with every breath she took, and knowing about it all. Why, didn't he admit it! didn't he tell himself how Lydia said to him—of course, the poor thing knew that she was dying, says, "Will, I'm sick. I know I'm no good for you any more. I know I haven't got long to live and, Will," she said, "you can go where you like. You can do as you please," says, "I don't care, I'm dying, but Will," and then he told it how she looked him in the eye, "there's one thing I can't stand. In my *own* house! My *own* house!" Says, "Will, *you've got to leave my brother's wife alone!*"— Oh! he told it, admitted it, you know, says: "Ah, Lord! It's a crime upon my soul. I reckon if there's a just God in heaven I'll be punished for it."—And that poor old woman doing all the work, cooking and drudging for them all, with this little powdered-up trollop, that's all in the world she was, laying up waitin' for him and never liftin' a hand to help, why, they should have tarred and feathered her.

Well, as I say, when Lydia died, Eller kept right on livin' there: she wouldn't budge. And, of course, by that time he had lost his head about her, he was infatuated, you know, and he wanted her to stay. And that was the time John Beals came up to visit her, and I reckon he sized the situation up, he saw the way things were, and I suppose it went against the grain, it was a little more than he could stomach. Now, I always considered him a pretty poor sort of man: a man who would wink at a thing like that and let his wife run wild —but, give him his due, I reckon he had some spunk left in him, after all: he was out of work but he went down to Johnson City, Tennessee, and got him a job there as a hotel clerk. And then he wrote back for her, telling her to come on.

Well, she wouldn't go. She wrote him and told him she didn't love him and would never live with him again, said she was going to stay right where she was. Oh! she had it all fixed up in her mind, sir, she was going to get a divorce and marry your daddy—and him agreeing to it, if you please, like a moonstruck fool, just a-lavishin' gifts and money on her, with that poor old woman working like a nigger and weepin' and beggin' her to go on back to her husband where she belonged. But you couldn't reason with her, you couldn't budge her, oh! crazy in love with him, mind you, determined to have him.

Well, sir, John Beals wrote to her again, and this time he meant business, he'd reached the end of the rope. "Now you can make up your mind in a hurry what you're going to do," he said, "for I'm not going to put up with you any longer. You can decide now whether you're coming by yourself or whether I'm going to have to come and take you, but I want you to understand right now that if I have to come and take you from him, I'll come prepared, and I'm going to leave a damned dead Yankee behind me in the house when I do."

Well, she didn't answer him, and let me tell you, sir, he *came:* he got on a train and came to get her. And oh! old Mrs. Mason said when she told me about it, shakin' and tremblin', you know. "Oh, I tell you, Delia, it was awful. Here she'd locked herself in upstairs and wouldn't move, and here was John with a loaded pistol in his pocket, walkin' up and down the dining-room floor and saying, 'If she's not ready to go in half an hour I'll blow his brains out if it's the last thing I ever do,' and Will, pale as a ghost," the old woman said, "walkin' back and forth across the front porch, wringin' his hands, and her up there refusin' to go with John."

Well, they persuaded her somehow: I reckon she saw she'd have to go or there'd be bloodshed, and so she went along with him to Tennessee—but child! child! she hated it, she didn't want to go, she was bitter about it, she cursed them all. Well, that's the way it was, all right, before I married him.

And then, after we were married she kept on writing to him: the letters kept a-coming to him until finally I considered it my duty to write John Beals and inform him that his wife was misconductin' herself by writing letters to a married man, and that it was his business as her husband to stop her. Well, then, the letter came: she wrote him, you know, and I've never seen the like of it. She told him that I had written to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her husband, she cursed him with every name she could think of, and she said: "If I had known you were going to marry her I'd have told her all I know about you, and you can be certain, no woman would have you if I told her all I know. Now she can have you and welcome to you; for no matter how much I may have hated her, her punishment will be greater than anything I ever wished for her."

Well, he brought it home and flung it in my face: "There you are, damn you," he said. "That's your work. Now, I want to tell you that you're setting in her place here at my table because she left me, for you can rest assured if she had never gone, you would not be here —and I want you always to remember it!"

Child! Child—I reckon I was young and proud, and it made me bitter to hear him talk that way. I got up and went out onto the porch and I wanted to go out and leave him then and there, but I was carrying my first baby around inside me, and it had rained and I could smell the flowers, the roses, and the lilies, and the honeysuckle vines, and all of the grapes a-gettin' ripe, and it was growing dark, and I could hear the people talking on their porches, and I had nowhere to go, I could not leave him, and "Lord God!" I said. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Well, then, of course, as I was tellin' you, he'd go up there to Ambrose Radiker's saloon, and he'd get to drinkin' and Ambrose told it on him how he'd imagine he was seeing Lydia again, and how she'd come back from the grave to haunt him. "Yes," I said, "and maybe he's not far wrong about it."

"And then," says Ambrose, "that's not all, that's not the only thing. He came in here one time and accused Dan here of being a Chinaman,"—of course, you remember that big yellow nigger Dan with all those small-pox splotches, and, of course, I reckon your daddy in his drunken way just took the notion into his head that Dan was a Chinaman. "Why, yes," says Ambrose, "he accused Dan of being a Chinaman and said he'd been sent here by somebody or other to kill him, and all such stuff as that. 'Damn you!' he says, 'I know what you're here for and I'll make an end of us both right now: God damn you!' he says, that's just the way he talked, you know. 'I'll cut your heart out,' he says, oh, laughin'," says Ambrose, "in a crazy blood-curdlin' manner, and then," he says, "he grabbed up a carving knife off the lunch counter and started round the bar to get the nigger. Why, it was awful!" he says. "It almost scared the poor darkey to death," he says; says, "Dan hadn't done anything to him," he says, "you *know,* Dan never done no harm to any one. Well, we had to do something, so we got the knife away from him, and then," he says, "I tried to reason with him. 'Why, Will,' I said, 'what have you got against Dan? Dan never did no harm to you,' I said.

"So he says, 'He's a Chinaman and I hate the sight of him'—oh, you know, he was crazy, you couldn't reason with him at all. 'Why, no, he's not,' I said. 'Now, Will, you know better than that,' I said. 'You've been comin' in here for years,' I said, 'and you know Dan, and you *certainly* know by now that he's no Chinaman,' I said.

" 'Why, no, sah, Mistah Hawke,' says Dan, you know nigger-like, he wanted to have *his* say, 'why you know me,' he says, 'and you know I ain't no Chinaman.'

" 'Yes, he is,' he says, 'and by God I'm going to kill him.'

" 'Why, Will,' I says, 'he's not any Chinaman, and besides,' I said, 'even if he was, that wouldn't be any reason for you wanting to kill him. Now, just use your reason a little about this,' I said. 'A Chinaman's a man like any one else,' I said. 'There's one thing sure, they were put here for some purpose,' I said, 'like every one else, or they wouldn't be here. Now it wouldn't be right to go and kill a man that never did you any harm,' I said, 'just because you think he's a Chinaman, would it?'

" 'Yes, by God,' he said, 'for they're a set of fiends out of hell, they have drunk my heart's blood and now they sit there gloatin' upon my deathrattle,' he said.

"And that's not the *only* time either," said Ambrose Radiker, "that he's been that way." "What!" I said—of course, you know, I didn't let-on to Ambrose I knew anything about it at all—"Do you mean he's carried on that way before?" "Many's the time," he said, "I tell you what, it's a mighty peculiar thing: there's something mighty strange about it somewheres," he says. "He's got some grievance against Chinamen, at some time or other he's had trouble with them."

"No," I said, "you're wrong." I looked him straight in the eye. "Not in *this* life," I said. "Why, what do you mean?" he says, and, let me tell you, he gave me a mighty queer look.

"I can't say no more," I said, "but there are things you don't understand," I said. "Have *you* heard him talk like that?" he said.

"Yes," I said. But I wouldn't tell him any more.

I could have told him, but I got to studying it all over and "I thought I'd better not," I told your papa; says, "No, I'm glad you didn't: you did right. I'm glad you said no more." "But what is it, man? What's the reason for it?"—I tried to reason with him about it—child, child, he always had it, that awful hatred, that bitterness—"Now see here, Mr. Hawke, surely you must have some reason that you should feel that way against them. People don't feel that way without some cause: did one of them ever do you an injury? Did you ever know one of them?" He shook his head, says, "No. I never knew one in my life, but I've always hated the sight of them since the first time I ever saw one in my boyhood days in the streets of Baltimore. The first thing that I saw when I came out of the ferry house at San Francisco was a Chinaman—that awful yellow skin," he said, "and I hated the place from that time on! But I don't know what the reason is—by God, I don't! It's a pretty strange thing when you come to think of it—unless," he said, and he looked at me, "I may have known them, as the saying goes, in some former life, some different re-incarnation." I looked him straight in the eye: *"Yes,"* I said, "that's what I think it was, you've hit the nail on the head, all right. That's exactly what it was, it never came out of *this* world," and he looked at me, and let me tell you, sir, his face was a study.

And yes! why long years after that you know, at the time of that Boxer Rebellion, didn't he come home one day all excited with the news, "It's come at last," he said, "as I predicted long ago: the pitcher went to the well once too

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

often. They've declared war on China, and I'm going to enlist, by God, I will!" Oh! all up in arms against them, sir, and wantin' to leave everything, his family and business, to go out there and fight them. "No, sir, you will not!" I said. "You're a married man with a family of little childern to support and you're not going. If they need troops you let the others volunteer: your place is here. Besides," I said, "they wouldn't take you noway: they wouldn't have you, you're too old. They want the young men."

Well, I reckon it stung him, callin' him an old man like that: he flared right up, says, "I'm a better man than nine-tenths of them this minute, for we are livin' in a degenerate age, and if you think I'm not the equal of these nonentities an' nincompoops you see hangin' around the poolrooms with a cigarette stuck out of the corner of their mouth, the miserable degenerates that they are, then God help you, woman, for the truth is not in you and you are like the bird that fouls its own nest!" Says, "I can do more work right now than any four of them!"

Well, when he put it that way I had to admit he was tellin' the truth: of course, your papa was an awful strong man. Why, Lord! haven't I heard them tell it on him how they'd go back there in his shop and find him liftin' up one end of an eight hundred pound stone like it was nothin' with two big black niggers sweatin' and strainin' at the other end of it that they could hardly budge, and "Yes," I said to Wade Eliot that first time that we took him up to Hopkins, "I'll give you *my* theory now. I'll tell you what *my* diagnosis is," —and then, of course I told him, "Now my opinion is he helped to bring this trouble on by just such things as that," —("Why, what on earth do you mean, Mr. Hawke, by doin' such a thing! You're apt to strain and rupture yourself first thing you know: let the niggers do that kind of work, that's what you're paying them for." "Why, Lord," he said, "You know I couldn't do a thing like that: if I depended on those niggers I'd never get anything done!") "But that was it, all right," I said to Doctor Eliot. "He was hastenin' his own end by just such stuff as that." "Yes," he said, "I agree with you, I think you're right. That's it exactly," he said — "But *you*," I said, "you have your family to consider, and *you're not goin'*." I put my foot right down, you know, and then, of course, he admitted I was right, he gave in, but *oh!*—child, child, you don't know what it was like —California, China, anywheres! He'd have been up and gone if I'd a-let him: a strange man.

Lord God! I never saw a man like that for wanderin'. I'll vow! a rollin' stone, a wanderer—that's all that he'd a-been, oh! California, China, anywheres—forever wantin' to be up and gone, who'd never have accumulated a stick of property if I hadn't married him. Here Truman wrote to him that time from California, this same Perfessor Truman (why, yes! the father-in-law of these two murderers I'm telling you about, and how that night I got the warning, boy: "Two . . . Two—and Twenty . . . Twenty"), Ed Mears and Lawrence Wayne, who married sisters, Truman's daughters, why, yes!—but *oh!* the scholar and the gentleman, you know, no murderer to *him*, I can assure you—oh! too *fine*, too *fine*, oh! too *honorable*, you know: he wouldn't soil his hands with blood, always the finest broadcloth and the patent-leather shoes, wrote to him of course, to come on out there. Says, "The Lord has rained his blessings on this country with a prodigal hand,"—oh, the cultured gentleman with all that beautiful English and the flowery command of language, and all —says, "Come on out. This is the Wonderland of Nature, there's riches and abundance here beyond the dreams of avarice, and as yet," he says, "it's hardly been touched. If you come out now you'll be a rich man in fifteen years,"— he says—urgin' him to come, you know, says, "Sell out now. Sell everything you got and come on out." "Hm!" I says, "he's mighty anxious to get you out there, isn't he?" "Yes," says your daddy, "a new country and by God I'll do it." Then, worried-like, "What do you mean?" he says.

I didn't tell him: I just looked at him, I didn't speak. I just said, "Says come on out? And what about your wife and childern? What's to become of them?" I said. Says, "Oh, that part's all right," your papa said. "Says bring them with you, 'Sell out at once, bring Delia and the childern with you,'" your papa said. "That's what he said, all right." "I *thought* so! That's what I *thought*," I said. "What do you mean?" he said. I looked at him. I didn't tell him.

I could have told him but I didn't want to worry him. Child! I didn't tell him but I *knew*, I *knew*—that man—now, boy, I want to tell you—"I've come to say good-bye," he says—and let me tell you, boy, his face was a study—why! "Oh, we're sorry to see you go!" I said, "we'll miss you." "Yes," he said, and he looked me straight in the eye—Oh! that *look*, you know, "and I'll miss *you!*" He looked straight at me when he said it. "Well, now," I said, you know I thought I'd turn it off, "we'll miss you too, both Mr. Hawke and I—we'll both miss you. Now," I said, you know I thought I'd jolly him along to cheer him up, "when you get out there, I hope you won't forget us. I hope you'll write us. Why, yes," I said, "if it's the wonderful place they say it is, if you can pick gold up right off the streets *I'd* like to know about it, too," I said. "Why, yes, if that's the sort of place it is, I'd like to live there too—we might pack right up and come on out," I said. "Well, now," he said, "I wish you would, there's nothin' I'd like better," and I could see, child, I could tell—why, yes! now—long years after when your papa made that trip out there. (Now, boy, that was a wild goose chase—what did he do *that* for? Why did he go out there? Why did he waste that money?) "Oh," I said, "did you see Perfessor Truman?" the first question that I asked him, you know. "Yes," he says, "I saw him," and his face was a study, I can tell you. "Well, how is he? what's he doin'?" Of course, I wanted to find out, you know. I wanted to hear the news. "Say," your papa says, "what about it?" and his face was a study. "You know he did nothin' but talk about you all the time I was there. Why," he says, "I believe the damned old fool was in love with you, by God I do." Well, I didn't say anything, I didn't want to worry him, but child, I had seen it in his eyes and I *knew*, I *knew!*

I'll vow! I never saw such a man for wantin' to wander around. Pshaw! I reckon maybe old Amanda Stevens was right about them. That's what she said, you know; of course, they told it on her when all her sons went off to the Civil War—she had eight, and every last one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of them went to war, sir! And, of course, all of the people were comin' around to congratulate her for sendin' them, sayin' how proud she must be, and so on. "Send nothing!" she said. "They all lit out of here in the middle of the night without sayin' a word to me about it. If I had my way I'd bring every last one of them back here where they belong, helpin' me to run this place!" "Yes," they said, "but aren't you proud of them?" they said. "Proud," she says, "why, Lord God"—of course, you know, Amanda had an awful rough way of talkin'—"what's there to be proud of? They're all alike! I never saw a man yet that could stay where he was five minutes. Why!" she says, "all of them act as if their tails were full of turpentine," she said. Of course, she was bitter to think they should all light out that way to leave her alone to run the farm without tellin' her about it.

But, I tell you what, that was *certainly* a remarkable woman; lived to be eighty-seven and hale and hearty, sir, right up to the end. Yes! and would go anywheres, you know, in the dead of winter to help out any one that was sick, and all! Of course, they told it on her at the time— Whew-w! what about it?—I remember sayin', "Oh, surely she didn't say a thing like that! you must be mistaken," I said—to think that a woman would talk that way to her own daughter—"if that don't beat all!" I said: why, they told it, you know, how her daughter Clarissy that married John Burgin, this same John Burgin I've been tellin' you about all along, boy, your own distant cousin on my mother's side of the house that Ed Mears killed, as I said to your papa at the time when he came home that day tellin' me what Melvin Porter had said, I said to him: "Let them hang! they killed that man in cold-blood," I said, "a good upright man with a family of little childern that never did any harm to any one," I said, "as wicked and cold-blooded a murder as I ever heard of, and hangin's too good for them," I said. Why, they told it of course how Clarissy's first baby came seven months after she was married. Well, it was all right, of course, nobody was blamin' the girl, it never entered their minds that she had done anything wrong, but she began to scream and holler like she'd lost her mind.

"Well," the doctor says, "the baby's all right, there's nothing wrong with the baby, but if something isn't done to stop that girl from cryin' this child won't have any mother before long."

"Well, I'll stop her," Amanda says, "or know the reason why," so she marches right into the bedroom and sits right down beside the girl: "Now you look a-here," she said, "there's nothing wrong with you and I'm not going to put up with your foolishness any longer." "Oh," the girl says, "I shall die of shame! I'll never be able to hold my head up again!"—weepin' and goin' on, you know. "Why, what's the matter?" Amanda says, "what have you done," she says, "that you should feel like that?" "Oh," the girl says, "I haven't done anything but my baby came before its time!" "Why, Lord God!" the old woman says—she came right out coarse with it, you know—"is that all that's troublin' you? I thought you had more sense than to let a thing like that bother you," she said. "Oh," the girl said, "they'll all be sayin' now that I misbehaved myself before I married John!" "Why, Lord God, let them say it, then," Amanda said, "what if they do? Tell 'em your—is your own and you can do as you please with it!" That's exactly what she said, you know, and of course they told it on her. I know when I told your papa about it, he said, "Lord! you know she didn't say a thing like that!" But that's the story that they told.

Well, I said to him, "You're *not* going." I put my foot down, you know, and when he saw I meant it, he had to give in, of course. But as I say he always had it in him, that desire to go off somewheres, California, China—why, yes, say! what about it, as long as he lived he never got over that feeling he had against them. That time, you know, long after—why yes! you must remember, you were right there with us—no, I guess that's so. You must have been away at college. That was the year before the war ended, and we all went up there with him—Lee and Ed—I tell you what, I've often thought of it, that poor child: here we were all lookin' for Mr. Hawke to die at any minute when he had five more years to live, and *Ed*—*Ed* was the one! We never *thought*, we never *dreamed* that *he* would be the one, would be dead and buried in the grave within a year! And to think that your daddy would behave as he did—here he was, you know, eaten up with that awful cancer—Lord! how he ever did it! with that rotten old thing consumin' him, sending out its roots, you know, all through his blood.

Wade Eliot said to me, "I don't know what's holdin' him up," he says, "I never thought I'd see him again when he went away the last time," he says; says, "it is certainly a remarkable case," he says; says, "in all my life," he says, "I've never seen the beat of it." "Well," I says, "you must have some opinion," I says. "A great doctor like you who has operated on thousands of people must know all the signs and symptoms," I says—of course, you know, I wanted to draw him out and get him to tell me what *his* theory was. "Now," I said, "surely you've some sort of notion about it, Doctor Eliot, and if you have," I said, *"I want to know!* His family has a right to know," I said, "and I want to *know the worst.* How much longer has he got to live?" I said. I looked him square in the eye.

Well, sir, he just threw back his head and laughed. "Live!" he says, "why, probably, till both you and I are in our graves," he said—and, let me tell you, he didn't miss it much! That man, here he was a fine-looking man in the prime of life, why he'd be the last one any one would expect to go, the doctor they called in for Woodrow Wilson, and all. . . . Said he'd saved thousands of lives, and here when his time comes he couldn't save his own! They did everything on earth they could to save him—as the sayin' goes, I reckon they exhausted all the resources of medical science but to no avail!—was dead and in his grave, sir, within two years after your papa died. I remember sayin' to McGuire when I read the news, "Well, it only goes to show," I said, "that when your time comes there is nothing that can save you. . . . I don't know what you'd call it," I said, "but there is some higher power, as sure as you're born, and when it calls us," I said, "we've got to go, doctors and all." "Yes," he said, "you are exactly right. There's something there," he said, "that we know nothing of"—and here he had only a year longer to live himself, drinkin' himself to death, you know, just grievin' over the way that woman had acted. Of course, that nigger at the hospital told Lee he'd

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come in there late at night so drunk he'd have to get down on all-fours an' crawl upstairs like some big old bear when he had to operate the first thing in the morning, said he'd get him to put him in a tub of cold water with chunks of ice in it, said he'd seen him that way many a time and put him to bed.

"Well," says Eliot, "I don't pretend to know anything about it any more. I don't know what is keepin' him alive," he says, "but there he is, and I don't want to make any more predictions. He's not a man," he says, "he's four men, and right now," he says, "he's got more real vitality than the rest of us put together"—and of course, it was true: right up to the end he could eat a meal that would put most people in the grave, two dozen raw oysters, a whole fried chicken, an apple pie, and two or three pots of coffee, sir. Why I've seen him do it time and again! with all sorts of vegetables, corn on the cob and sweet pertaters, string beans and spinach and all such as that. Of course Eliot was honest about it: he came right out and admitted he couldn't say. "Now here," he said, "I want you to look after him until he enters the hospital. I want him to be ready for us when he comes in here," he said, "and you see to it that he behaves himself." "Well," I said, "I think he is going to be all right. He has promised, you know, and of course we are all going to do our best. Now," I said, "what can he eat? Do we have to put him on a diet? Can he have some oysters?" I said. Well, he laughed, you know, says, "Look here, I'd call that a pretty strange diet to put a sick man on." "Well," I said, "you know he's been lookin' forward to it. He's always loved oysters," I said, "he's always remembered how he could eat them by the dozen on the half shell in his boyhood here. He's looked forward to it so much," I said, "that I hate to disappoint him." "Oh, all right," Wade Eliot says, laughin', you know, "let him have them then. You couldn't kill him noway," he said, "but look a-here!" he said, and he looked me square in the eye, "I'm not worryin' about what he eats so much as what he drinks. Now," he says, "you keep him sober. I don't want to have to get him over a drunk when he gets in here," he says. "You put the fear of God into him," he says, "I know you, and you can do it. Now, you tell him," he said, "that if he goes off on another big spree he'll never live to get home. Tell him I said so."

Well, I told him what Wade Eliot had said. "You can have the oysters," I said, "he said that would be all right, but he says you're not to touch a drop of anything to drink, or they may have to send you home in a box." "Why, Lord! Mrs. Hawke," your papa said, "you know I wouldn't do a thing like that in my condition. If any one offered me a drink I'd throw it out the window. Why the very sight of the stuff makes me sick at my stomach!" Well, he promised, of course, and I reckon we all believed him.

Well, sir, it wasn't twenty-four hours before he went off on a big spree and came home at two o'clock in the morning roaring drunk—I tell you what, I certainly felt sorry for that woman. Why! here we were all stayin' there just across from the hospital at Mrs. Barrett's, a good religious woman, you know, a big churchgoer, and all, with her livin' to make and that grown-up daughter to support whose husband ran off with some other woman—and here he comes in the dead of night howlin' and hollerin' that it was nothing but a bawdy house he was in and to bring on the women. Why, of course, you might know he waked the whole house up, they all got up to see what the trouble was, and she knocked at the door tremblin', in her night gown and wringin' her hands. "Oh, Mrs. Hawke," she says, "you'll have to get that man quiet or he'll ruin me," she says; "get him out of here," she says, "I've never had anything like that in *my* house before," she says, "and if it gets out I'm disgraced" —and her children, you know, those two little boys she had, she sent them out on the roof and there they were perchin' up there like monkeys, and all of the people whisperin' together in the halls. Ed was so mortified and bitter to think he would behave himself like that. "By God," he said, "it'd serve him right if he did die. After the way he's acted I wouldn't care."

Well, I got hold of the bottle, I found a bottle of licker about a third full in one of his pockets, and pretty soon he began beggin' for a drink: "No, sir," I said. "Not another drop! Now you listen to me," I said. "You're a sick man: if you keep this up you'll never get home alive," I said. Well, he said he didn't care. "I'd as soon get it over with now," he says, "as go through all the torment and the agony." Well, he kept yelling for a drink, but we wouldn't let him have it—I took it and poured it out, anyway—and at last he got off to sleep. Then I took his clothes and locked them up in my trunk so he couldn't get out again.

We let him sleep it off. He slept right through until ten o'clock next morning and when he woke up he seemed to be all right, he wouldn't eat any breakfast, said it would make him sick, but I got him to drink some good hot coffee Mrs. Barrett brought up to him. She was certainly a kind, good-hearted Christian woman and your papa told her he was sorry for the way he had acted. Well, we tried to get him to get up and come with us then, none of us had had any breakfast, and we were going down the street to a lunchroom. "No," he said, "I don't feel like getting up, you go on: I want you to go on and get something to eat," he said.

Well, I knew he didn't have any more licker because I'd poured it out, and I knew he couldn't go out for any because his clothes were all locked up, so I thought it'd be all right if we left him alone for a little. Well, we went out and ate and we couldn't have been gone more than an hour, but when we came back he'd been drinkin' again, layin' up in the bed, you know, crazy-like, singin' a song to himself. "Why, mama," Ed says, "I thought you told us you took his licker away from him and poured it out." "Why, I did," I said. "Well, he must have had another bottle that you didn't find," he said. "There's one thing sure, he's had plenty since we left him." "Well, now," I said, "if he's had anything to drink he's got it while we were away. It wasn't there in his room when we left," I said, "because I searched that place from top to bottom with a fine-tooth comb and you can just bet your bottom dollar there was no licker there." "Well, he's getting it from some one," Ed said, "and I'm going to find out who it is that's giving it to him. Let's ask Mrs. Barrett if any one has been here to see him." "Why, yes," I said, "that's the very thing."

So we all trooped downstairs and asked her if any one had been there for him. "No," she said, "no one has set

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foot in this house since you left it," she said, "I was on the look-out for just such a thing to happen," she said, "and if any one had been here I'd have known it." "Now there's something mighty strange about this somewheres," I said, "and I mean to get to the bottom of it. You childern come on," I said to Lee and Ed, "we're going to find out where this mystery is or know the reason why."

Well, when we got back upstairs to his room there he was, you know—and you could see it, you could tell it—he'd had something else to drink since we'd been downstairs. He was drunk as a lord. I marched right up to him: "Look a-here," I said, "you've been getting licker somewheres and I want to know who's been giving it to you." "Why, who-o? Me?" he says, in that drunken voice, "why, baby," he says, "you know me, I wouldn't touch a drop," he says —trying to hug and kiss me, you know, and all that. Well, we looked again, the childern and I, we searched that place high and low, but it was no use—there was certainly nothing there, or we'd a found it.

Well, I got to studyin' about it, and it flashed over me all of a sudden—I don't know why I'd never thought of it before— "Come on, children," I said to the boys, winkin' at them, you know; "come on, we'll go downtown and see the sights. Mr. Hawke, we'll be back in an hour or so," I said, "you be ready when we come," I said. "We're going to take you to the hospital at three o'clock."

Well, that just suited him, that was just what he wanted, he said, "Yes, go on,"—of course he wanted to be left alone so he could get more to drink. Well, we left him, we went right down the hall to my room and I took the childern in there and closed the door, easy-like, behind me. "Why, mama," Lee says, "what are you talking about? We can't go off downtown and leave him alone like this while he's drinking. No," he says, "he's been getting it somewhere and I'm going to see to it that he gets no more if I have to sit there and watch him," he says. "No," I said, "you wait." "Why," he says, "what do you mean?" "Why, don't you see?" I said—pshaw! I was so mad to think I hadn't thought of it before, that miserable old toper Ben Tolly from Seneca, South Carolina, that used to stop at our house,—here, he had the room right next to your papa and was waitin' to be admitted over at Hopkins with the same trouble your papa had and here the two of them were layin' up together a-swillin' it down as hard as they could —"it's that rotten old Ben Tolly," I said, "who's been lettin' him have it." "Why, damn him," says Lee, "I'll go wring his neck for him," and he starts for the door. "No, you don't," I said, "you wait a minute. I'll fix him."

Well, we waited, and sure enough, it wasn't five minutes before your papa's door opened easy-like and he came creeping out into the hall, and then we heard him knockin' at Ben Tolly's door. Well, we heard Ben Tolly say, "Have they gone yet?" and we waited a moment longer until we heard the door shut again, and then we started. I marched right up and knocked and in a moment Ben Tolly says, "Who's there?" "You open the door," I said, "and you'll find out." Well, he opened it, and his face had a mighty sheepish look, I tell you. "Why, Mrs. Hawke," he says, "is that you? Why, I thought you'd all gone to town," he says. "Well, now, didn't you get fooled that time?" I said. "Mr. Hawke is in here," he says in that mealy voice, stickin' his old red nose out that was all covered with warts like a pickle, "we were just having a little talk together," he says. "Yes," I said, "and it looks to me you've been havin' something else besides. If it's only talk," I said, "I'd call it mighty strong talk that gets on people's breath and smells up the place till you can't bear to come near them." Oh! you know, awful, that old rank odor of rye licker, you could a cut it with a knife. "Now," I says, "I've been talkin' all my life and it never had no such effect as that on me." "Yes," says Lee, "and I see you've got a whole bottle of that talk right there on the table before you."

Well, we marched right in on him then, and there he was, sir, sitting right up at the table, if you please, with a whole quart bottle of licker before him fixin' to pour himself out a drink. Well, I reckon if looks could kill we'd have all been dead, for he gave us one of the blackest and bitterest looks you ever saw, and then he began to curse and rave. Well, I got hold of the bottle and then he began to beg me to give him just one drink. "No, sir," I said, "you're going into that hospital, and what's more you're going *now*. We're not going to wait a minute longer." Of course, I knew that was the only way to handle him; I'd seen him too many times before, and I knew if we didn't take him he'd get licker somehow if he had to drill a tunnel to get to it. "Yes," said Lee, "you're going now if I have to drag you over there, and Ed will help me do it." "No," said Ed, "I'll just be damned if I do! I don't want to have anything more to do with him. He can do as he likes." "Well," said Lee, "if we let him stay here he'll drink himself to death." "Well, I don't give a damn if he does," said Ed, "if that's what he wants to do let him go right ahead. Maybe the rest of us would get some peace then if he did. He's always had his own way," he said, "he's never thought of any one but himself and I don't care what happens to him. I was lookin' forward to this trip," he said, "I thought we might all get a chance to enjoy ourselves a little and here he's gone and disgraced us all and ruined it for us. Now you can look after him if you like, but I'm done." Of course, the child was bitter: he'd been lookin' forward to comin', he'd saved up the money for the trip and had a nice new suit of clothes made before we left home, and here to think your papa would act this way, of course it was a bitter disappointment to us all. We *thought,* you know, we'd get him in the hospital and then have a little time to look around and see things for ourselves but *Law!* the way *he'd* been actin' it would have taken a whole regiment of men to look after him.

Well, he didn't want to go, of course, but he saw we meant business and he'd have to, so he went along back to his room with Lee and I got his clothes out, and we dressed him. Well, I began packin' away a few things I thought he'd need in the hospital, some nightshirts, and his bathrobe and slippers and so forth, and then I saw he had no clean shirts: the one he had on was filthy, I was ashamed to let him go in that, and I knew he'd need some clean ones after he'd begun to sit up again. "Why, where on earth are your shirts?" I said, "what have you done with them? I know that I put in six, you couldn't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have lost 'em," I said, "where are they?" "Oh, they've got 'em, they've got 'em," he said in that maudlin tone, beginning to rave and carry on, you know, said, "Let 'em have them! Fiends that they are, they have impoverished and ruined me, they have drunk my heartsblood, now they can take what's left." "Why, what are you talking about?" I said, "who do you mean?" "Why, mama," Lee said, "it's those Chinamen that run that laundry down there. They've got his shirts," he said, "why, I took them there myself," he said, "but *that* was a week ago," he said; said, "I thought he'd gone and got them by this time." "Well, we'll march right down there and get them now," I said, "he can't go to the hospital wearing that thing he's got on. We'd all be disgraced!"

Of course, that just suited him: he said, yes, go on, he'd be all ready when we came back—of course, he wanted to get rid of us so he could drink some more. I said, "No, sir, when we leave this house you're coming with us."

So we started out. He went on ahead with Lee, and Ed stayed behind to go with me. Of course, Ed was proud and he refused to help him. "I'll carry his valise and come along with mama," he said, "but I won't be seen with him." "What's the matter?" Lee said, "he's your father as much as mine," he said, "you're not ashamed to be seen with him, are you?" "Yes, by God, I am!" said Ed—that was just the way he put it. "I don't want any one to think I know him," he said. "Now you needn't expect me to help you," he said, "I'm no damned nurse maid," says, "I've done all I intend to do."

Well, then, we went on down the street to this laundry; it was down there a block or two below the hospital on the corner in a little old brick building and, of course, when we got there we could see them, these two Chinamen inside, just a-ironing away for all they were worth. "Well, this must be it," I said. "Yes, this is it, all right," said Lee, "this is the place." So, we all went in, and this Chinaman asked him, says, "What do you want?" "Why, God damn it," your papa says, "I want my shirt." "Well," the Chinaman says, "tickee, tickee"—kept sayin' "tickee," you know. Well, of course, Mr. Hawke had been drinkin' and he didn't understand him. He got excited, you know, says, "Tickee hell! I don't want any tickee. I want my shirt!" "Well, now, you wait," I said to your papa, "now don't you worry," I says, *"I'll* talk to him. If your shirts are here, I'll get them for you." Of course, I knew I could talk to the Chinaman and reason with him about it. "Now," I said to him, winkin', you know, easy-like, "you tell *me* about it. What is it you want?" I says. "Why," he says, "tickee, tickee." Now, I thought to myself, the man's all right—I could see it, you know—he's tryin' to say something, he's tryin' to explain something to us with this tickee. "Now," I says, "do you mean you're not finished with them yet?" I thought, of course, he might not have them done—but no, I thought, that can't be, he's had a whole *week's* time to do them in. Surely, I thought, he's had time enough. "No," he said, "tickee, tickee," and then, of course, he began jabberin' to the other feller, and then they both came and they both began to shout and holler at us in that awful outlandish tongue. "Well," your papa says, "I'll make an end of it all now, by God I will! Little did I reck," he says, "that it would come to this." "Now, Mr. Hawke," I said, "you be quiet and I'll get to the bottom of this. If your shirts are here I'll get them." Well, these two Chinamen had been arguin' about it together and I reckon the other one had told him that we didn't understand because he got one of those slips of paper then that they used—as I said to Lee later, it looked exactly like it was covered by old hen tracks—and he pointed to it, you know, and said, "Tickee, tickee."

"Oh!" I cried—of course, I caught on then, it flashed over me all of a sudden, I don't know why I'd never thought of it before! "Why, of course!" I said, "he means *ticket,* that's what he's trying to say." "Yes," he says, beginning to smile and grin, you know, *he* understood that much all right. "tickee, tickee." "Why, yes," I said, winkin' at him, "that's just it—tickee." Of course, I suppose, with your papa hollerin' and goin' on I'd got confused, and that was the reason I hadn't understood before. "Why, Mr. Hawke," I said, "he says he gave you a laundry ticket and he wants to see it." "No, I haven't got any ticket," he says, "I want my shirt." "Why, surely, you've got a ticket," I said, "what have you done with it? Surely you haven't gone and lost it." "I never had one," he said, you know—drunken-like. "Why, yes, he has," Lee said, "I remember giving it to him now. What did you do with the laundry ticket I gave you?" he said, "where is it? Speak, speak!" he says, shakin' him—the child was excited and upset, you know, to think he'd go and do a thing like that. "Don't stand there mumbling like an idiot! God damn it, where's the ticket?" Well, sir, we searched his pockets, we went through everything he had, and there was no ticket to be found, it wasn't *there!* "Well, now," I said to the Chinaman, "Mr. Hawke has mislaid that ticket somewheres but I tell you what you do: you just let us have his shirts anyway and as soon as I find the ticket I'll bring it to you myself"—you know, tryin' to humor him along. "Oh, *no!*" he says, he couldn't do anything like that, and he began to jabber away, I reckon tryin' to tell us he didn't know where the shirts were and couldn't let us have them noway until we brought the ticket. Well, sir, the trouble started then and there: Your papa grabbed him by the neck and says, "God damn you, I'm goin' to kill you," hittin' at him over the counter, you know, says, "fiend that you are, you have impoverished and ruined me, you have hounded me to the gates of death," he said, "but I'll make an end of you now before I go," says, "I'll take you with me."

Well, Ed and Lee got hold of him and pulled him off, but the damage was done: the other feller had gone screamin' and hollerin' out the door and he came back now with a policeman. "What's the meaning of all this?" the policeman says, "what's going on here?" he says, sizin' us all up, you know. "They have robbed me," your papa says, "and now, fearful, awful and blood-thirsty fiends that they are, they stand there plottin' my destruction." Why, he'd a ruined us all, if he'd gone on: Lee shook him, you know, says, "Now you be quiet or you'll land in jail. You've made trouble enough." "No, now, officer," I said to the policeman—of course, I knew I had to be diplomatic—"there's been a little misunderstanding, but everything's all right." "Why," he says, "what happened?" "We're takin' my husband here to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hospital," I said—of course, I thought I'd let him know your papa was a sick man—"and we just came by to get some shirts we left here to be laundered." "Why, what's the matter?" he says, "won't they let you have them?" "Well," I said, "it seems they gave Mr. Hawke a laundry ticket and I reckon he's mislaid it. At least, we haven't been able to find it yet. But the shirts are here," I said, "they're bound to have them: my son here brought them himself a week ago."

Well, he began to eye Lee then, and I tell you what! That child certainly made a good appearance. Of course, he was all dressed up nice in his sailor clothes—you know he'd got leave of absence to come up there from Norfolk and as Mrs. Barrett said, says, "That is certainly a fine-looking boy. I tell you," she says, "it does you good to look at him—makes you feel that no harm can come to a country as long as it's got boys like that to defend it," she says.

"Why, yes, Captain," Lee says—you know, callin' him that, I reckon, to make him feel good—"it's all right. The shirts are here all right," he says, "because I brought them myself but I guess my father accidently mislaid the ticket." "Well," the policeman says to me, "would *you* know the shirts if you saw them?" "Why, Lord!" I said, "you know I would! I'd know them in the dark, I'd be able to pick them out by the size of them. Why, you *know*," I said, lookin' him straight in the eye, "you can use your own reason," I said, "they wouldn't have another shirt in the house that would fit a man like that," I said. Well, he took one look at your papa, and then he began to laugh. "No," he said, "I reckon you're right. Well, I tell you what you do," he said, "you go around there yourself and pick 'em out," he said, "and I'll stay right here until you find them."

And that's exactly what he did. I marched right around behind the counter and that man stayed there until I found them. "Here they are!" I sang right out—way down at the bottom of a pile, you know, why I must have opened up fifty packages before I came to them and I tell you what! those two Chinamen didn't like it either, the looks that they gave us were oh! bitter, bitter. If that policeman hadn't been there to pertect us, I tell you what, I'd been alarmed, of course, there's no telling what people like that might do, especially with your papa ravin' and stormin' at them the way he did. I know I said to Lee later, after we'd taken him up and put him in the hospital, "I tell you what," I said, "I was glad to get out of that place. There was a look in the eye of those men I didn't like; it made my flesh crawl." "Yes," he said, "I felt the same way. Damned if I don't believe papa was right about them: I wouldn't trust one of them as far as I could throw an elephant," he said. "Well, child," I said, "he's had it a long time, that feelin', you know, and you may rest assured there's something there, something we can't understand," I said.

And, of course, that's just what I told Ambrose Radiker, that day in his saloon long, long ago! "It's something," he said, "sure enough—and he's a terror when he has it. I don't know what to do with him when he gets that way." "Well, I tell you what to do," I said, "don't sell him any licker when he asks for it. Now, the best way to keep out of trouble," I said, "is to avoid it." "That's right," he said. "Well, what do you want to put up with it for?" I said. "Now, surely, you've got strength of mind enough not to be forced into a thing against your better judgment. You've got more sense than that," I said. "Why, what can I do?" he said. "Why, you can refuse him the next time he comes here after licker," I said, "that's exactly what you can do." "Why, Delia," he said, "what good would that do? He'd only give that old Rufe Porter the money and send him in here to buy a bottle, and I'd rather see him spend his money on himself," he says, "than squander it on that old toper." "Why, you don't mean to tell me he ever did that," I said. "Yes," says Ambrose, "that's exactly what he's done, many a time. Rufe comes and buys the licker for him and they drink it up together over at the shop." "Well, that explains it then!" I said. "The cat's out of the bag at last!" Of course, I knew then—I could see—just how that villain had got him into his power, gettin' him to go his note, and all: he'd get him drunk, of course, an' then your daddy would do anything he told him to.

"Yes!" I said, that day he came home and told it how Mel Porter had been in to see him and was so upset because those men were going to hang. "Let them hang—and I wish that miserable old brother of his was going to be hanged with 'em." "Oh, you mustn't talk like that," he said, "I hate to hear you say such things." Of course, I was bitter against him. "Well," your papa says, "I couldn't help feeling sorry for Mel. I reckon he's been under a great strain and now he's all worried and grieved to think that all of them have got to hang." "Not a bit of it," I said, "if you swallowed any such story as that you're more gullible than I am, you don't know Mel Porter as well as I do. Now you can mark my words," I said, "it's something else that's troublin' him." "No," he says, "I think you're wrong." "All right," I said, "you wait and see."

Well, he didn't have to wait long, either. That very night, sir, they made that break from jail. They got away scot-free, all five of them, and none of them was ever caught. "Ah-hah," I said to him, "what did I tell you? And you were just fool enough to think Mel Porter was worryin' about their bein' hanged, weren't you? You see, don't you?" "Well," he said, "I reckon you're right! I guess that's what was troublin' him. He knew about it!" "Knew about it! Why, of course!" I said. "That's just it!"—of course, we could see then that he'd known about it all along, he knew they were going to make the break that night, and in his heart he was dreadin' it—he was afraid something would go wrong and there'd be more bloodshed, for they were a set of desperate bloody men and they wouldn't have hesitated to kill any one who got in their way, and so, of course, the thought of it was weighin' on Mel Porter's conscience. "Well," your papa says, "it's an awful thing and I hate to think about it."

"What about it?" says Mr. Hawke. "Dock Hensley came in to see me the other day and tried to give me two tickets for you and me to see it. To think of it!" he says, "here they were all boon companions six months ago, and now Dock is just waitin' for the moment when he springs the trap on them." "Why, yes," I said, "they were all thick as thieves together"—and, of course, that was true. Ed Mears and Lawrence Wayne and Dock Hensley had been bosom friends for twenty years—"and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

let me tell you something," I said, "I don't know that any of them are any worse than he is. Now," I said, "they're all tarred with the same brush: they are all violent men, and Dock Hensley has shed as much blood as any of them, and I reckon he knows it. The only difference," I said, "is that he has worn a badge and has always had the authority of the law to pertect him." Why, of course! didn't they tell it on him that time he was being tried for the murder of Reese McLendon—of course they freed him on grounds of self-defense and an officer in the performance of his duty, but I said at the time to your papa: "Now, you know as well as I do that that was nothing but a deliberate cold-blooded murder if ever there was one." Of course, Reese was an awfully strong man, and when he got drunk he was a holy terror—and, I guess, he'd killed plenty, too—but here he and Hensley were close friends, you know, had always got along fine together, and then they arrested him for bein' drunk and disturbin' the peace. Well, the story goes that he got to making so much noise that they had to take him out of the cell. Oh! they said you could hear him howlin' and hollerin' the whole way across the square, and they put him downstairs in what they called the dungeon; of course, it was nothing but an old cellar basement with a dirt floor that the city had used one time as a stable. Well, that was Hensley's defense: he said he went down there to see if he couldn't reason with him and do something to quiet him down, and, of course, his story was that McLendon had picked up an old horseshoe that he'd found laying around down there and when he came in, he said, McLendon jumped on him and tried to brain him with the horseshoe.

So his claim was that it was either his life or McLendon's and he got the horseshoe out of his hand and gave him a lick across the forehead with it that killed him. Well, the rest of them told it when they tried him that he came back upstairs all covered with blood and said: "You'd better get a doctor for Reese. I'm afraid I've killed him." Well, of course, when the doctor got there he saw there was nothing he could do, said McLendon was dead, you know. Why, the doctor said it looked as if he'd hit him a hundred times with the thing, said the whole side of his head was bashed into jelly and he lay there welterin' in his blood. Oh, they said it was awful!

Your papa went to that trial and he came home and told about it: "I tell you what," he said, "in all my life I've never heard anything to equal Zeb Woodsend's address to the jury today" —of course, your cousin Zeb was prosecutin' him— "It was a masterly effort," your papa says, "I wish you could have heard it." "Well," I said, "what are they going to do? Will they convict him?" "Why, Lord, no!" your papa said, "he'll go free. He'll get off on grounds of self-defense, but I tell you what," he said, "I wouldn't have been standing in his shoes today for a million dollars. You can mark my words," he said, "he'll never be able to forget what Woodsend said to him as long as he lives. His face turned pale as he listened," he said, "and I reckon he'll carry it with him to his grave." Of course, it came out in the trial—Zeb Woodsend proved it—how Dock Hensley had shot down and killed eighteen men since he had been an officer of the law, and your papa says he turned to the jury and told them, "You have given a policeman's badge, you have armed with the full authority and pertection of the law a man without mercy and without pity, to whom the shedding of human blood means no more than the killing of a fly, you have given him a loaded pistol and yet some of you," he said, "would set this mad dog free again to ravin' and destroy, and take the lives of innocent and defenseless people. Look at him as he sits there before you!" he said, "cowerin' and tremblin' with the mark of Cain upon his brow and with his hands red with the blood of all his victims! The accusing fingers of dead men are pointed at him from the grave," he said, "and their blood, could it have a tongue, would cry aloud for his conviction as do the tongues of all the widows and orphans he has made—" Well, Mr. Hawke said it was a powerful effort, said Hensley turned pale and trembled as if the spirits of the dead had come back to accuse him, sure enough. But of course they acquitted him like every one predicted.

But, Lord! as I said to your papa I could never stand to go near the man after that time they had us to their house for dinner and here he was, sir—he had it on the table right where every one was going to eat!—to think of it, I said!—why, the skull of a nigger he had shot and killed—that he should have no more refinement I said to your papa than to do a thing like that right there with guests comin' to his house for dinner and before his own childern, usin' it, mind you, as a sugar bowl! Oh, braggin' about it, you know, like he'd done something big, with the top of the skull sawed off to make a lid and a place in the forehead for the sugar to pour out where the bullet hole was. Why it was enough to turn your stomach, I couldn't touch a bite, when we got out your papa said, "Well that's the last time I'll ever go to *his* house," he said, "I don't want to have anything to do with a man who's got no more mercy in him than that. It's enough to curdle your blood," he said, and from that day on he never set foot in his house again. Oh! he couldn't endure him, you know. But they say that's exactly why he killed himself in the end—I know Gilmer who was stayin' at the house brought me the news, came right back to the kitchen, you know, says, "Well, it was a terrible sight." Says, "I was the first one there. I heard the explosion," he says, "right behind the new court house and when I got there—there he was," he says, "all sprawled out behind a pile of brick," says, "they couldn't tell who it was for a while, the whole top of his head blown off so they couldn't identify him. Oh, *awful*, you know."

"Well," I said, "I'm not surprised. Those who live by the sword will perish by the sword," and, of course, that's just what happened, I reckon his conscience got too much for him, he couldn't face it any longer. Why didn't Amy tell Jenny way back there when they were both in high school together, "Oh, daddy!" she says—the child came right out with it, you know—"oh, we don't know what to do with him. We're afraid he's goin' to lose his mind," she says. "He wakes up in the middle of the night screamin' and hollerin' and we think he's goin' crazy," she said. "Ah-hah!" I said to your papa when I heard it, "you see, don't you? The guilty fleeth when no man pursueth." "Well," he said, "I reckon he's got a lot to forget. He's got all those crimes upon his soul and he can't forget them. It's the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

torment of a guilty conscience as sure as you're born. It wouldn't surprise me if he committed suicide some day," he said.

But, or course, for a long time there he seemed to get all right. He quit the force and became a sort of religious fanatic, a pillar of the Methodist Church, and all, right down there among them in the amen corner every Sunday and yes! what about it! in the real estate business, if you please, swellin' it around town in a big car, promotin' *Hensley Heights,* and all such stuff as that, and of course I reckon for a time there like all the rest of us he made some money or *thought* he did.

I know when I bought those lots from W. J. Bryan he told me Hensley had acted as agent in a couple of deals for him, and I reckon Bryan was feelin' pretty good about it, he began to brag about him, says: "I tell you what: Hensley is certainly a fine upright sort of man," he says. "In all my dealin's with him," he says, "I don't think I've ever heard him make use of a coarse expression, or utter a word that couldn't be spoken in the presence of a lady." Hm! I thought to myself, times have certainly changed, I thought, but, of course, I didn't say anything, I just let him go on. "Yes," he says, "I've found him honest and upright in all my dealings with him and what's more, you'll find him right in his seat in church every Sunday morning. And for a man who says he never had any schoolin'," he says, "his knowledge of the Scriptures is profound," says, "I've tried him out myself on texts from all parts of the Bible and I haven't managed to trip him up yet." Says, "It's a rare thing that you'll find a business man in this day and time with so much interest in spiritual matters," says, "he is certainly a credit to the community." "Why, yes," I said, "I reckon you're right but then there are a whole lot of things about this community you don't know, Mr. Bryan. Of course," I said, "you're a recent comer and there may have been a time when Dock Hensley wasn't such a credit as he is now." "Why, when was that?" he said. "Well," I said, of course I wasn't going to tell him anything, winkin' at him, you know, "maybe we'd better let dead dogs lie. I reckon it was a long time ago, for a fact," I said, "about the time you first began to run for President."

Well, sir, he just threw back his head and hah-hahed. "Why, yes!" he said, "I reckon that was a long time ago, sure enough. Well, maybe you'd better say no more," he said; says, "but I'll bet you if there was anything I *did* want to know," he said, "you'd remember it." "Why, yes," I said, "of course, I don't believe in any one braggin' on themselves, but I've always been considered to have a pretty good memory," I said. "Well, I should say you have," he said, "I was tellin' my wife the other day," he says, "that it was remarkable to find a person who took as keen an interest in all that's goin' on as you do. Why," he says, "I said to her I believe you remember everything that ever happened to you." "Well, no," I said, "I wouldn't go so far as that. There may be a few things that I don't remember very well before I was two years old, but there hasn't been much I've missed out on since then." "Well, I just bet there's not," he said, laughin', you know, as big as you please. But, of course, then, I said to him—you know I didn't want to do the man an injury, I thought I would give him credit for his good points—said, "Well, Mr. Bryan, there are things we could say against any one," I said, "for there is no one alive that hasn't got his faults. Judge not lest ye be judged," I said. "That is certainly true," he said. "We must all be charitable." "And I suppose if I wanted to," I said, "that I coul tell you things about Dock Hensley that might not be exactly to his credit, but," I said, "you may rest assured on one score: he has certainly been a home-lovin' man and he has stuck to his wife and childern: no matter what else he has done he has never been guilty of no immorality or licentiousness, no one has ever been able to say that about him," and of course, that was true: they tried to prove *something* like that on him in that trial in order to discredit his character, they tried to show that he'd gone running around after other women besides his wife, but they couldn't do it, sir—they had to give the devil his due—his morals were pure.

"Why, Dock," your papa said, "you've been good friends with those men for twenty years," says, "I don't see how you've got the heart to do it." "Yes, I know," he says, "it's an awful thing, but some one's got to do it. That's part of my job, that's what the people elected me for," he says, "and besides I believe Ed and Lawrence would rather have me do it anyway. I've talked it all over with 'em," he says—of course, they told it that he'd been goin' down there to the jail to see them, and that they were all as thick as thieves, sir, laughin' and carryin' on together—says, "they'd rather have me do it than some stranger." "Yes," Mr. Hawke said, "but I should think it would trouble your conscience. I don't see how you'd be able to sleep at night after doin' such a thing." "Why, pshaw! Mr. Hawke," he said, "it wouldn't bother me at all. I've done it many a time," he said, "all I've got to do is spring the trap. Why, I think no more of it than I would of wringin' a chicken's neck," he said. "What about it!" your papa says to me, "did you ever hear of such a man? Why it seems that all human feeling and mercy has been left out of him," he says.

Well, we never could find out if Dock Hensley was in on it or not—if he knew they were goin' to make that break—but if he did it looked mighty funny that— "I tell you what," says Mr. Hawke a day or two after it happened, "I believe we misjudged Dock Hensley," he says, "I believe he knew they were goin' to make that break all along and that's the reason," he says, "he was takin' it so easy." "Well, now," I said, "there's something mighty funny about it somewhere. If he knew about it why did he come to your office with those passes? Why was he so anxious to have us come and see it?" "Well," he says, "I reckon he did it in order to turn suspicion away from him." "No, sir," I said, "I don't believe a word of it. He was just waitin' his chance to hang 'em—yes, and gloatin' about it." Well, of course, Mr. Hawke didn't want to believe it of him, said he didn't like to think that any man could be so callous.

Of course, they said later that the whole thing had been arranged for weeks: that was the story, you know, that John Rand, the jailer, had been fixed, as the sayin' goes, to let them make their getaway. Now they weren't able to prove anything on the man and he *may* have been an honest all-right sort of feller—but there was something mighty queer about it somewhere: here

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they found him, you know, in Ed's cell all trussed up as slick as a whistle and without a mark upon him, sir, to indicate he'd ever made the least resistance. Well, the story he told was that he'd gone in there to take Ed and Lawrence their supper and that they overpowered him and tied him up as soon as he came in, said they took his keys and unlocked the other three and skipped right out. Of course, those other three had nothing to do with Ed and Lawrence, they were just plain ordinary murderers, mountain grills, as your papa called them, down there waitin' to be hanged, and the story goes that Ed said to Lawrence, "well, we'll just turn them loose, too, while we are about it."

Well, there was something funny about John Rand's story. People didn't like the look of it. And then, within six months' time John Rand goes into business for himself, opens up a great big plumbing shop on South Main street with a stock that must have cost him thousands of dollars. "Look here," your papa said, "do you know what they're saying? They're saying that John Rand was bribed to let those men escape." "Well," I said, "they may be right. It's mighty funny," I said, "that a man who never earned over fifty dollars a month in his life gets money enough all of a sudden to start up a big business of his own. Now *where* did all that money come from: you've got to admit it looks fishy." "Yes," your daddy says, "but who bribed him? Where did the money come from?" he said. "Why," I said, "it came from Yancey County where all their kinfolk and relations live—that's exactly where it came from." "Why," he says, "are their people well-to-do?" "They've got *plenty,*" I said, "plenty—and they'd a spent every last penny they had to see those men go free." Of course, I knew what I was talkin' about, "Look here," I said, "I've lived here all my life and I know those people better than you do. I grew up among them," I said, "and I want to tell you they'd a stopped at nothing." Why, they said the money poured in there like water, said thousands of dollars were spent in their defense, why, yes! didn't they tell it that old Judge Truman alone—the brother of this same Perfessor Truman, of course, Ed Mears and Lawrence Wayne married Perfessor Truman's daughters, they both married sisters—didn't they tell it that Judge Truman alone, one of the biggest lawyers that they had in Yancey, spent over ten thousand dollars in defendin' them, "and you can rest assured," I told your papa, "that that wasn't a drop in the bucket. Wherever they are today they're well provided for," I said, "and you needn't waste your pity on them." "Well," he said, "I'm glad they got away. There's been enough blood shed already. I don't see any use in adding to it."

I shook my head, "No," I said, "you're wrong. They should have been hanged and I'm sorry they didn't get what was comin' to them, but," I said, "I'm glad *we* acted as we did. I shouldn't have cared if they'd been caught, but I don't want the blood of any man, guilty or innocent, on my conscience." "No," he said, "nor do I." "But *you know,*" I said, *"you know* as well as you're standin' there that those men were guilty as hell"—that's just the way I put it—why, *murder,* of course, as deliberate and cold-blooded murder as any one was ever guilty of. Here they told it at the trial that both of them walked in to that mica mine on Saturday afternoon when they were payin' off, and they were spoilin' for a fight—that's all in the world it was. Why! I said to your papa at the time, if it had been money they were after, if they'd wanted to hold up the place, you might have seen some reason for it—but no! they were out to start a row, and they'd come ready for it. Of course, they'd both been drinkin' and when they drank they were always up to devilment. And here, of course, they began to abuse that paymaster—a decent law-abidin' man, they said—and to hinder him from payin' off and, of course, that was when John Burgin stepped into the office. "Now, boys," he said, "I don't like to see you act like this. Why don't you go on off now," he says, tryin' to reason with them, you know, "before you get yourselves in trouble?" "Why, damn you," says Lawrence Wayne, "what business is it of yours what we do?" "Why, it's no business at all," John Burgin says, "only I don't like to see you act this way. I don't want to see you get into any trouble," he said, "and I know when you wake up tomorrow morning you're goin' to regret this thing." "Well, now," says Lawrence Wayne, "don't you worry how we're goin' to feel tomorrow morning. You worry about yourself. It's people like you," he says, "who don't wake up at all. Why, damn you," he says, "I never did like your face noway. Now you'd better go on," he says, "while you're still able to walk." "All right," John said, "I'll go. I don't want to have no trouble with you. I was just tryin' to reason with you to behave yourselves for the sake of your wives and childern, but if that's the way you feel about it, I'll go on." And they said he turned his back on them and was walkin' away when Ed Mears shot him, turned to Lawrence, they said, with a kind of a drunken grin, says, "Lawrence, do you reckon I can hit him?" and he shot that man down that never did him no harm through the back of his head—and then, of course, they both cut loose on the paymaster and that man he had assistin' him—killed them all, and then skipped out. "But to think of it!" I said to your papa, "there was no excuse, no provocation as far as I can see—they were *simply out to kill,*" I said, "and hangin's the only treatment they deserve." "Yes," he said, "but I'm glad we acted as we did."

Now, boy, I want to tell you:

"Two . . . Two," the first voice said, and "Twenty . . . Twenty," said the other.

I know exactly when it was—I'm goin' to tell you now: it was on the twenty-seventh day of September, sir, at twenty minutes to ten o'clock in the evening. The reason I know is—well, that's what I'm goin' to tell you—but it was just two days before that on the twenty-fifth day of the month, sir—that I'd had that talk with Ambrose Radiker in his saloon, that's exactly when it was. That was just after Mr. Hawke had been off on that spree and they'd had to send for us to get him and bring him home. Now, I thought, I've had as much as I can stand, I won't put up with it any longer, and I marched right in there by myself to have it out with him.

Well, I could see that Ambrose was telling me the truth—that was the time of course he told me how your daddy raved and carried on in his delirium against the Chinese and how much

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trouble they'd had with him—give the devil his due, of course—saloon keeper though he may have been, I believe he told the truth and was being honest with me. "Now," he said, "I've done everything I can but if there's anything more I can do to persuade him to stop drinkin' you tell me what it is and," he says, *"I'll* do it!"—and yes! didn't he stop in to see us that very evening on his way home, we were sitting there after supper, you know, your daddy reading the paper to me, and all, and says, "Will, I want you to promise me that you'll try to cut out drinkin'. I hate to see you do it," he said, "a man with your mind and your command of language and all—why there's nothing you couldn't accomplish if you set yourself to it!" "Why, yes," I said, "he's smart enough, all right. I don't believe there's a man in the community with half his natural ability," I said, "and he could go far if it wasn't for that accursed cravin' for licker. There's one thing sure," I said, "he never learned it from any of my people—you know, my father, Major Woodsend," I said, "never touched a drop in his life and never allowed any one to come inside his house if he thought he drank." "Yes, I know," says Ambrose, "he is certainly a fine man and a credit to the community," he says, "and, Will," he says, "here you are with everything it takes to make a man happy—with a fine wife and a family of childern and a good business and, Will, for *their* sakes," he said, "you oughtn't to do it, you ought to cut out drinkin'." Well, your papa admitted he was right and he promised, you know, said he'd never touch another drop and Ambrose went on then—that was the very night it was, all right, the twenty-seventh of September.

Well, then, I heard it! "Two . . . Two," said one, and "Twenty . . . Twenty," said the other. "Why, Lord, woman!" says Mr. Hawke, "there's no one there!"—went to the window and looked out, you know, says, "It's something you imagined. You don't hear anything," he said.

"Oh, yes, I do!" I said—of course, I was as sure of it as I was sitting there—"there it is again!" I said, and of course I heard it just as plain, "Two . . . Two," the first one over by the window said, and "Twenty . . . Twenty," the other one kept whispering in my ear.

And that was the time the bell began to ring—that court-house bell, you know, banging it out as hard and fast as it could go. "Oh, Lord!" I said, "something's happened. What do you reckon it can be?" You could hear them the whole way to the square shoutin' and hollerin' and smashing in the windows of Curtis Black's hardware store to get the guns, that's what they did, all right, and then man-like, of course, your papa wanted to be up and gone, grabs his hat, you know, says "I think I'll go and see!"

"Oh, don't go!" I said, "don't go! I wish you wouldn't go. You oughtn't to leave me while I'm in this condition," I said. "Why, Lord," he said, "I'll be back in half an hour. Why you're all right," he said, "there's nothing can happen to you." I shook my head—I had a premonition, I don't know what else you'd call it—but something *awful, awful,* some approachin' calamity. "I wish you wouldn't go," I said—but he was up and gone.

I looked at the clock as he went out the door and the minute hand stood just exactly at twenty minutes to ten o'clock.

So I waited. I felt it, you know, I didn't know what it was, but I knew that it was comin', and I listened to that old wooden clock there on the mantel—tock-tock, tock-tock, it said, ticking the minutes off, and let me tell you: that was the longest time I ever waited, each of those minutes seemed an hour. The clock struck ten.

And then I heard it—creepin' along the alley-way above our house, and then I heard the fence-wires creak outside the window, and then it dropped down on the flower beds outside the house—and then it crept up soft and easy and began to crawl along the porch outside the sitting room door. "Oh, Lord!" I said—it flashed over me all at once, the meaning of it—"They've come! they're here! What shall I do," I said, "left all alone here with the childern to face them, these bloody men?"

Of course, I saw it then—the meaning of that warning—"Two . . . Two," and "Twenty . . . Twenty"—they'd tried to warn me and your papa that they'd be there in twenty minutes. "He should have waited, he should have listened," I said, "that was what they were trying to tell him."

I went to the door—how on earth I ever mustered strength and courage in my condition, I don't know how I ever did it, but child! child! I must have been given strength and courage to face them by some higher power—and I flung it open. It was a pitch-black night along towards the beginning of autumn. It had been raining but the rain had stopped and Lord! it seemed that you could cut the darkness with an axe, everything still and heavy, frosty-like—that was the reason we could hear them all so plain up on the square, but not a sound, sir! not a word now!

"All right!" I sang right out into the dark, you know, like I wasn't afraid of anything. "I know you're there, Ed! You can come on in." He didn't speak. I listened. I could hear him breathing, heavy-like. "Now, surely," I said, "you're not going to be afraid of me. I'm all alone," I said, "I'm nothing but a defenseless woman, and you've got nothing to be afraid of"—of course, I knew that that would aggervate him.

Well, it stung his pride, he got right up and walked into the room: "I'm not afraid of any one," he said, "man nor woman." "Well, no," I said, "I reckon you're not. At least they all said you weren't afraid of John Burgin when you shot him in the back when he was walkin' away from you and surely," I said, "a man who's killed as many people as you have is not going to be afraid of one lone woman who's been left alone in the house without pertection. Now I know better than that," I said, "I know you're not afraid of *me.*"

"No, Delia," he said, "I'm not and that's the reason that I'm here," he said. "You've got nothing to fear from me," he said, "I came here because I knew that I could trust you and you wouldn't give me away. I need your help," he said. Well, I reckon the look of the feller was too much for me, he looked like a hunted animal and *let me tell you,* I never want to see no such look in any one's eyes as I saw in his that night: if he'd been to hell and back it couldn't have been worse. It was too much for me, I couldn't have told on him then no matter what he'd done. "It's all right, Ed. You've nothing to fear from me, I won't give you away. And you can tell Lawrence," I said, "to come on in. I know he's out there."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Well, he gave me a mighty funny look. "Why, what do you mean?" he said, "Lawrence isn't here. He's not with me." "Yes, he is," I said. "I *know* he's there. I'm *sure* of it. And you can tell him so, and to come on in." "Why, how do you *know* he's there?" he said, worried, "What makes you so *sure* of it?" "Well, I tell you," I said, "I was *warned* about it, Ed. I knew that you were both coming." "Warned?" he said, beginning to get excited, you know, "Why, who warned you? Has any one been here? How did any one know?" he said. "No," I said, "you needn't get excited, Ed. Some one was here to warn me, all right, that you and Lawrence were coming, but it's no one you've got to be afraid of in *this* world. The next world is a different matter, of course," I said, "I can't tell you about that. You'll have to face that for yourself." Well, he looked at me and his eyes were sticking out of his head. "*Spirits?*" he said. "Yes," I said, "that's what they were, all right! Now I don't know *who* they were, but they came here to warn me, whisperin' in my ear, and they said you and Lawrence were on your way and would be here in twenty minutes."

Well, his face was a study, and at last he said: "No, Delia, you're wrong. I don't want to alarm you," he said, "but if they were here they came here to warn you about something else. It wasn't me and Lawrence," he said, "I'll swear to that!" "Why, what do you mean?" I said. "I've told you," he said, "Lawrence isn't with me. We parted company outside the jail; we decided that was best and he lit out towards South Carolina. I'm going across the mountain," he said, "and if we get away we hope to meet again out West." "You look me in the eye," I said, "are you telling me the truth?" Well, he looked straight at me: "Yes," he said, "so help me God, it's true!"

Well, I looked at him and I saw, of course, that he was telling me the truth. "Well," I said, "it was something else, then, what it is I don't yet know, but I'll find out. Now," I said, "why did you come here to my house? What do you want?" I said. "Why," he said, "Delia, I've got to get away across those mountains tonight, and I've got no shoes, I'm barefooted," he said. And then, of course, I saw, I reckon I'd been too excited to notice before, but there he was, ragged and bleeding, in his bare feet and let me tell you he was a sight to behold and marvel at: here he was with no shoes and no coat and nothing to wear but an old ragged pair of pants that looked as if he'd been sleeping in them all the time he'd been in jail, and a dirty old flannel shirt that had been all ripped out beneath the shoulder, and here his hair was all matted and tangled up like a bird's nest, hanging down over his eyes and he must have had a six weeks' growth of beard upon his face—why it looked as if he hadn't had a shave or haircut since he went to jail, the very sight of him was enough to scare the life out of a grizzly bear. Why, as I told your papa later, they'd thought of everything to help him make his getaway except the things he needed most: here they'd given him a pistol and cartridges to kill people with—as if he hadn't killed enough already—but they didn't have sense enough to give him shoes to walk in or a coat to keep him warm. "If that don't beat all I ever heard of!" I told your papa.

"I've got to get them somehow," he said. "If I don't I'll cut my feet to pieces going across the mountains and then," he said, "if I can't walk, I'm done for. They'll catch me sure." "Why, of course," I said. "Well," he said, "that's why I came here to see you, Delia. I knew you wouldn't give me up and I could depend on you to help me. Now," he says, "you can see for yourself I've got an awful big foot and the only man I know," he says, "who wears a shoe that would fit me is Mr. Hawke. Now if you'll only let me have a pair of his old shoes—anything you've got—I'll pay you for them. I've got plenty of money," he said, and he pulled out a big roll of bills, he had certainly come well heeled, "and I'll pay you anything you say they're worth." "No, Ed," I shook my head, "I don't want your money"—of course, I couldn't have touched it, it'd been like taking blood-money—"but I'll give you the shoes." So I went to the closet and got them out, a fine new pair, sir, that your daddy had bought only a couple of months before, in good condition, for he certainly took good care of all his clothes. "Here they are," I said, "and I hope you'll be able to use them." Well, he put them on then and there, and they fitted him, sir, as if they'd been made for him. Well, you know, murderer that he was, he showed he still had feeling left in him, he took my hand and began to cry, says: "I'll never forget what you've done as long as I live. If there's ever anything I can do to pay you for it," he says, "I'll do it." "Well, you can do something," I said, "and you can do it here and now." "What is it?" he said. "I don't want your money," I said, "I wouldn't touch it. You can have the shoes, Ed, and I hope they help you to escape—you need the shoes," I said, "but you don't need that pistol you're carryin' in your hip pocket." I could see it, you know, making a big bulge when he walked. "Now you've shed enough blood already," I said, "and come what may, whether you escape or not, I never want to hear that you've shed another drop of blood. You give that gun to me," I said, "and go on. If they catch you it won't do you any good."

Well, he looked at me a moment as if he couldn't make up his mind, and then he gave it to me. "All right," he said, "I reckon you're right. I don't suppose it'd do me much good noway and besides, if they do catch me I don't care. I've committed so many crimes in my life," he said, "that I don't care what happens to me now. I'd just as soon be out of it," he said. "No," I said, "I don't like to hear you talk like that. You've got a wife who's stuck by you through thick and thin and little childern, and now," I said, "you must begin to think of them. Go on off somewheres," I said, "where no one knows you and make a fresh start, and when you are ready, send for her and I *know* her," I said—I looked him in the eye—"I *know* her, and she'll come."

Well, it was too much for him. He couldn't speak, he turned his head away, said, "All right. I'll try!" "Now, you go on," I said. "I don't want them to find you here," I said, "and I hope that all goes well with you." "Goodbye," he said, "I'm going to try to lead a different life hereafter." "Yes, that's what you've got to do. You've got to try to atone for all the harm you've done. Go," I said, "and sin no more."

Well, he went. I heard the fence wires

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

creak and I saw him going up the street, I reckon towards the mountain. He got away, all right. I never saw him again.

Well, he hadn't been gone ten minutes when here he came, you know, your daddy, all excited with the news he *thought* he had to tell.

"Well," he said, "they got away, all five of them. Hensley and a big mob have smashed the windows of Black's hardware store to get guns and he's out after them now with a posse."

"Yes," I said, "and you had to run all the way to town to find *that* out, didn't you? The next time you go chasing off like that bring me back something I don't know about." "Why," he said, "how did you hear? Do you know about it?" he said. "Know about it!" I said, "why I know more about it than you'll ever know," I said. "I got my information at first hand," I said, "and I didn't have to stir out of this house to get it, either." "Why," he says, "how was that? What do you mean?" "I've had a caller since you went away," I said. "Who was it?" he says. I looked at him, "Ed Mears was here," I said. "Good God!" your papa says, "do you mean to tell me that murderer was here —in my house? Have you given the alarm?" he says, "have you told the neighbors?" "No," I said. "Well, I'm going to," he says, "this very minute." And he started to go again. I stopped him. "No," I said, "you'll do no such thing. You'll stay here. Now, I gave him my promise not to give him away, and we're going to stick to it. You keep quiet." He studied about it for a moment. "Well," he said, "I reckon you're right. Maybe it's the best way, after all. But that's the strangest thing I ever heard about," he said. "By God it is!"

Well, they got away, all right. None of them were ever caught. Of course, years later when your daddy made that trip to California Truman told him that both Ed and Lawrence had come to his house in Colorado when he was living there and, of course, the girls both followed them within six months or so. Lawrence's wife, who was Mary Truman, died out there in Colorado of consumption a year or two later, and I don't know for certain what ever became of Lawrence. The story went that he settled down in Kansas and got married again and had a big family of children and is living there right now, sir, a well-to-do man and highly respected in his community.

Of course, we *know* what happened to Ed Mears. I got the whole story from Dock Hensley. Truman told your papa that Ed had come out there to Colorado and went up into the mountains to some mining camp to work, and, of course, when he was ready he sent for Addie, and she followed him. Well, Truman said, she lived with him up there a year or so and then she came down to her father's house again. Oh! he told it, you know! Said it was awful, she couldn't stand no more of it, said Ed was going crazy and would go out of his mind sometimes screaming and raving that the spirits of the dead men he had killed had come back from the grave to haunt and torment him. "You see, don't you," I said to your papa when he told it, "you see what happens, don't you? I've never known it to fail," I said. "The guilty fleeth when no man pursueth." "Yes," he said, "that's it. A guilty conscience as sure as you're born," he said. "So I took her away from him," said Truman. "I sent her back East where she would never see him any more. Of course," he said, "he threatened me—he threatened my life, but I could see that the man was goin' crazy, and I wouldn't let her go back to him," he said.

Well, Addie came home again and got a divorce: of course, Cash Jeter took the case for her—that was long before he got elected to the Senate, he was nothing but a practising attorney at the time—and the story goes, in the course of the proceedings he fell in love with her, and marries her, if you please, within a month's time after she got the final papers. "Well, they didn't wait long, did they?" I said to your papa! "Now it does seem to me," I said, "that they might have waited a decent length of time." "Ah, Lord!" your papa says, "the funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. 'Twas thrift Horatio with a vengeance," he says. "That's so," I said, "that's what it was, all right."

Well, then, they sent Dock Hensley West to get a man who'd killed some one, and, of course, when he came back he told it how he had run into Ed Mears in Mexico. Said he was on a boat somewheres going from Texas into Mexico follerin' on the trail of this murderer he'd been sent to get, I reckon, when here he saw him, face to face—Ed Mears. Dock said he'd grown a beard, but said he'd recognized him, "but I want to tell you," he says, "he's changed a lot. He's not the same man that you knew," he says. Dock said he looked like a dead man, said he was nothing but a shadder of his former self. "Why," he said, "he was only a bundle of skin and bone, he didn't have no more meat on him than a squirrel," he says. "Well," I said, "did he know you? Did he speak to you?"—of course, you know, I wanted to hear the story. "Why, Lord, yes!" Hensley said. "We roomed together for four days down there, hail-fellow-well-met and boon companions," he says. Then, he went on to say, you know, "Of course," he says, "when he first saw me on the boat he thought that I had come for him, he stepped right up," he said, "to surrender himself." "All right, Dock," he says, "I know you came down here to take me back and," he says, "I'm ready to go." "Why, no, Ed," I says, "you're wrong. I'm here for some one else. You're not the man I'm lookin' for," I said, "I don't want you—and besides," I said, "even if I did I've got no authority to arrest you, I've got no warrant for you." "Well," he said, "I'm comin' back anyway some day. I've one more killing to do yet before I die," he said, "and then they can take me and do what they like with me." "Why, who's that?" Dock says—asks him, "who do you want to kill?" he says. "Cash Jeter," he says. And then Dock told it how bitter he hated him for getting the divorce and marrying his wife.

So Dock said that before he left for home again Ed handed him a letter and asked him to deliver it to Jeter when he got back—and he said he *saw* that letter with his own eyes, mind you, and that in all *his* life he never read the like of it: "I may have been a murderer," Ed wrote, "and I've got many a crime upon my soul to atone for but in all my days I have never sunk so low as to steal a man's wife away from him. Now," he said, "you can set your house in order and get ready for me because I'm coming back. It may be a month, or it may be a year, or it may be ten years, but I'll *be* there," he said. "I've got a score to settle with you, and you get ready." Well, Dock said when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he handed that letter to Jeter he opened it and read it and Dock said his face turned pale and you could see him tremble and I suppose, of course, his life was hell on earth from that day on until the news got back to them that Ed was dead—because, of course, Ed never lived to get there, the story went that he got killed in a saloon in Mexico. But you can rest assured that he'd a come.

Well, that's the way it was, all right: that's just what happened.

But still and all—the thing was puzzlin' me, you know—"Two . . . Two," and "Twenty . . . Twenty"—what could it mean?

"Why, Lord," your papa said, "it didn't mean a thing! It never happened anyway," he said, "it's something you imagined."

"You wait," I said, "you wait and see."

It wasn't long. We didn't have long to wait.

It started in along some time before dinner, about one o'clock. Oh, Lord! it felt like something had tore loose inside me. And he was there, he'd come home early, here he was, you know, out in the backyard rendering the lard out of some hogs he'd bought. "Why, what on earth!" I cried. "What ever made you buy them?" Child, child! that awful waste, that awful extravagance! Why, as I told him, if it hadn't been for me he'd have spent every penny he earned featherin' the nests of the butchers and the farmers and the saloon keepers—he couldn't resist 'em, you know. "Why, man alive!" I said, "what ever persuaded you to go and do a thing like that!" Here we were with hams and bacon in the pantry that he'd bought, six smoked hams, if you please, and here he comes with this whole hog. "Why, man, you'll kill us all with all this hog meat!" I said—yes! with lots of chickens of our own and a twelve-pound roast he'd sent down from the market—"Why, we'll get down sick," I said, "you'll have the childern all in bed! So much meat isn't good for people." To think of it! the waste, you know—child, child, many's the time I've sat down and cried about it, to think he'd go and squander away his money in that way. "Why, Lord!" I said, "I never saw such a glutton in my life!" I thought I'd appeal to his pride, you know. "Why, all you think of is your belly! Now stop here and consider for a moment: how do you ever expect to accumulate any property if everything you earn goes rolling down your gullet to feed your gut? Why, I'll vow! man! I believe all of your brains are in your belly!" Why, yes! he'd meet up with some old farmer who had a whole wagon load of stuff he wanted to get rid of so he could get out of town and hike for home again, and he'd buy him out, sir. Why, didn't I tell you! What about it! to think that he could be such a dunce—the time he sent this man home with forty dozen eggs—Lord! I could have thrown them at him I was so aggervated!—when here we had hens of our own layin' us fresh ones every day as hard as they could. "Why, what ever prompted you to do such a trick as that?" I said. "Well," he says, sheepish-like, "he let me have the lot at seven cents a dozen. It was such a bargain," he says, "it seemed a pity not to buy them." "Why I don't care," I said, "if he let you have them for two cents a dozen, it was money thrown away," I said, "we'll never use them." "Oh, we can use them," he said. "We'll give 'em to the childern." "Why, Lord, man, how you talk!" I said, "you'll get the childern so sick of eggs they'll never look one in the face again. They'll never eat 'em," I said, "they'll all go bad!" And he looked pretty sheepish about it, I tell you what he did! "Well," he says, "I thought I was actin' for the best. I guess I was mistaken," he said.

And yes! Didn't he come home one time with a whole load of cantaloupes and watermelons—twenty-seven watermelons, if you please, and the Lord knows how many cantaloupes, hundreds of 'em, I reckon. "To think you had no better sense than that!" I said. "Oh, we'll eat 'em, we'll eat 'em," he said. "The childern will eat 'em up," he says. Yes, didn't Lee get down sick from eating them, "and there's a doctor bill to pay," I told him . . . and all the other times he'd come with wagon loads of roastin' ears and termaters and string beans and sweet pertaters and onions and radishes and beets and turnips and all kinds of garden vegetables and all sorts of fruit, peaches and pears and apples and plums, when here we had a big orchard and garden right behind the house growin' everything we needed. Why, it kept me busy thinkin' up ways to keep it all from goin' to waste, said, "how do you ever expect me to look after the childern if you keep dumping this stuff in here on me?"—here I was in that condition, you know, putting up preserves for all I was worth and him out there rendering the lard out. Oh! the smell of it, that old strong smell of fat, you know—right up to the very time, four hundred and thirty-seven jars of preserved cherries, peaches, apple, grape, and plum jelly, quince honey, preserved pears, termater ketchup, chow chow, pickled cucumbers, and all such stuff as that, why you couldn't get into the pantry, it was stacked up to the ceiling, and *let me tell you, now,* he could *eat:* now I've seen some good eaters in my day and time but I've never seen any one who could poke it away the way *he* could. I reckon he got it from that crowd he came from up there, told it you know how they'd come in from the fields in his boyhood and sit down to a meal that would stall an ox. Why didn't I see the old woman myself when we were up there that time eat a whole chicken and three big hunks of pie—says to Augusta, you know, "Daughter, fill my plate again," she says, and she was in her seventies then—that's exactly how she got her death, sir. "To think of it!" I said when I heard the news—in her ninety-sixth year and fell out of her chair and broke her leg while reachin' for an ear of corn: of course it killed her, she was too old to recover from the injury, her bones wouldn't knit together again, "but if that don't beat all!" I said.

Why, I'll vow! It's a wonder his constitution stood it as long as it did—brains and eggs and bacon and fried steak and oatmeal and hot biscuits and sausage and two or three cups of coffee for his breakfast, and two or three different kinds of meat, liver and roast beef and pork and fish and chicken, and a half dozen different vegetables, beans and mashed pertaters and succotash and turnip greens and preserved peaches and pie, and all such as that, for dinner and supper. "Why," I said to Wade Eliot, "I believe that's what helped bring on this trouble. He's been diggin' his grave with his teeth." "Well," he said, "he's been diggin' a long time, hasn't he?" and, of course, I had to admit it, but I'll vow! I sometimes think he might be alive today if he'd only used more judgment!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Well, then, I say, it hit me, those awful stabbing pains. I went to the window and called out to him, "Come! come quick!" And let me tell you, he didn't *wait:* he came a-running.

"Oh, it can't be!" I said. "There hasn't been time enough."

"That's what I think it is," he said. "I'm going for the doctor."

And he went.

That was the year the locusts came: it seems so long ago since the year that the locusts came, and all the earth was eaten bare, it seems so long ago. But no (I thought) the thing kept puzzlin' me, you know—it can't be that, there hasn't been time enough for that, it was only the year before in January—Lord! Lord! I often think of all that I've been through, and wonder that I'm here to tell it. I reckon for a fact I had the power of Nature in me; why! no more trouble than the earth takes bearing corn, all of the childern, the eight who lived, and all the others that you never heard about—all of the childern and less married life than any woman that I knew—and Oh! to think of it, to think that he should say the things he did—cursin' and tauntin' me and runnin' wild with other women when he had done it all, and like a devil when he saw what he had done. Lord! Lord! he was a strange man, a wild and savage man; sometimes it seemed I never got to know him: there was a devil in him somewhere, something wild and strange we never got to know about—the things he did and said were more than I could stand, they made me bitter and I prayed that God would punish him, but Lord! it was so long ago since the year that the locusts came, and I think of it all, the orange trees, the fig trees, and the singin' and all of the times we knew together. Oh! the good, the bad times, all of the happiness and bitter weepin', and there is something now that can't be said, I tried to hate him but now I have no words to say against him: he was a strange man but where he was no one was ever cold, no one was ever hungry, there was enough for all, and now when I remember him it seems so long ago since the year when the locusts came, and there's something that I want to say that can't be spoken.

That year—it was the year the childern had the typhoid and Gil and Jenny were just gettin' well again and I had taken them—Lord! how did I ever do it all alone—down to St. Augustine—and he came, he couldn't stay, of course, he follered us, and began to drink—I tried to find it but he got Gil to hide it in the sand up underneath the house—and to curse and rave when he had seen me, says "Damn you! if you bring it back with you I'll kill you both!" And child, to think that he should talk like that, it made me bitter and I didn't stop to think: I walked the floor, I walked the floor and then I went out on the porch and leaned against a post—we were livin' in a cottage that I'd rented from some Northern people—and there was no rail—there was nothin' but that old loose sand there anyway, and I knew the childern wouldn't hurt themselves if they fell off—and Lord! What shall I do! What shall I do! I thought. . . .

The next day he had sobered up again and was all right and so towards sunset of that day we took the childern with us and set out for old Fort Marion, the Spanish Fort, down by the Ponce de Leon, and here were all the people in their finery and the soldiers band a playin' and then you heard the gun and the bugle blowin' as the flag came down—yes—Toodle-oo! Toodle-oo!—that was the way the bugle blew and all the little childern put their hands up to their mouths to see if they could do it too, and the birds flyin', the palm trees and the music and the smell of water and the orange blossoms, and that old black fort—why Lord! the walls were fourteen feet in places—with the sun goin' down behind it like some big orange, and the people listenin' to the music, in January of that year the locusts came at home, and then I felt as if the whole thing had tore loose inside me.

"Come on," I said. "We've got to go," and says, "What is it?" "Oh, Lord!" I told him, "it's tearing me in two. Oh, Lord! We'll never get there! Come!"—and we went, the childern and all, and my feet slippin' and sinkin' in the sand, until I thought I'd never get there, and that great hunk of a thing tearing away at me, and he picked me up and carried me the last part of the way into the house, and I said, "You see, don't you? You see what you've done. That's your work!" and he was frightened and his face turned pale and he trembled as he looked and he said, "My God, My God! What have I done!" and he walked the floor, and it got dark, and I lay there, and all of the childern were asleep around me, and he went out into the yard, and we had a fig tree there, and I lay there in the dark listenin' to people comin' by, and I could hear music playin' somewheres and hear their voices laughin' and singin', and smell all of the blossoms—Oh! the magnolias and the lilies and the roses, the poinsettias, and all the other flowers they had there and the orange trees and all, and the little childern sleepin' in the house, you know, and see the sky all full of stars and Lord God! I thought, what shall I do, what shall I do?—and that was the year the locusts came at home and now it seems so long ago.

But Lord! I reckon Nelson got it right that time, said, "You've got the power of nature in you for a fact. I've never seen the like of it," he said. Why, yes! didn't I have them all, and couldn't I make things grow by touchin' them, and wasn't it that way ever since I was a child—termaters and flowers and corn and vegetables—and all kinds of fruit. Why Lord! it seemed that all I had to do was stick my fingers in the earth and they'd come up for me. "Oh," says old man Shumaker, workin', you know to all hours in his garden till it looked like a checkerboard, everything standing up straight and neat without a weed among it like I reckon he'd been taught to do in Germany, says "Oh! you mustn't let your garden go that way. You've got to weed it out or things will never grow." "You wait," I said, "you wait and see! They'll grow," I said, "they'll grow for me, and I'll have things as good as yours for all your work and grubbin'." And didn't I have onions and radishes and lettuce and termaters that beat him out of sight—why Lord! You could see them popping from the earth! and let me tell you, if the worst come to the worst, I wouldn't starve, if I didn't have a penny I could live, I'd make the earth perduce for me. I've done it and I could do it yet.

Why, yes! didn't I go in to the Catawba Coal company here one day last winter to pay my bill and talk to him just two days before he dropped dead from that heart attack, and see him, you know, Miller Wright, not a day over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seventy, pale as a ghost and trembling and shaking all over like a leaf? "Why, Miller," I said, "it worries me to see you in this condition. What is it? What's the matter?" "Oh," he says, trembling and shaking, "Delia, it's the worry, the awful worry! I can't sleep no more for thinkin' of it." "Why, what is it?" I said; says, "Oh, Delia, everything I ever had is gone! I'm penniless. Most of it went in real estate," he says, "and now that miserable bank has closed its doors. What am I going to do?" he said. "Do?" I said, "why you're going to do the same as me—profit by your mistakes and start all over." "Oh, but Delia, Delia," he said, shakin' his head at me, "it's too late—we're both past seventy and we're too old, too old," he said. "Old!" I said, "why, Lord God, I could start right out tomorrow and earn my living with the best of them." "Yes," he said, "but Delia, what are you going to do?" "Do!" I said, "why, I tell you," I said, "I'm going to pitch right in and work hard till I'm eighty and then," I says, winkin' at him, you know, "I'm goin' to cut loose and *just raise hell,*" I said—that's exactly what I said, you know, I thought I'd jolly him up a bit and, of course, he had to laugh then, says, "Well, I reckon that's as good a plan as any." "Now, look here, Miller," I said, "you ought to know better than to give in like this. We've both been through the mill, and we've seen some mighty rough times—why, these people that they've got today don't know anything about it, they don't know what hardship is"—why didn't we both grow up within five miles of each other and don't I remember it all, yes! every minute of it like it was today, the men marchin', and the women cryin', the way the dust rose, the times we went through and the way we had to work, the wool, the flax, the wheel, the things we grew and the things we had to make, and a thousand things you never dreamed or heard of, boy, the summertime, the river and the singin', the poverty, the sorrow, and the pain—we saw and had to do it all—"And *you!*" I said to Miller Wright. "You! You did it, too," I said, "and you remember!"

Well, he had to admit it then, you know, says, "Yes, you're right, I remember. But," he says—you know, he brightened up a bit, "could you do it *now?*" "Do it?" I said. "Why I could do it like a flash: Now, Miller," I said, "suppose we did lose out. We're in the boat with lots of others. We all thought we were doing the right thing and I reckon we lost our heads," I said. "We allowed ourselves to be swept off our feet against our better judgment"—pshaw! when I think of it! I had my mind all made up . . . if I'd only known. . . . Why, I was just going to make another trade or two and then get out. Pshaw! I'll vow, I believe if it hadn't been for all these sharks and New York Jews and easy-money grafters that came in there overnight . . . *that* was the time I should have sold if I'd only had the sense to see it . . . and as for all that stuff we bought in Florida, I believe we'd have been all right today if that hurricane hadn't come along and hit us like it did and then on top of it these lying villains out in California spread that story about the Mediterranean fruit fly down in Florida. Why, Lord, there was no more fruit fly there than at the North Pole—it was all part of a lying story they put out to ruin and injure Florida because they couldn't stand to see us get ahead of them, and Hoover and all his crowd playin' right along with them and abettin' them in their villainy because *he* came from California, if you please—that's all in the world it was, but Florida will come back in spite of all the lies they told about her, you can't down Florida!—"And Miller," I said, "the banks haven't got everything," I said, "they may think they have but now," I said, winkin' at him, "I've got a secret that I'm goin' to tell you. I've still got a little patch of land out in the country that no one knows about and if the worst comes to the worst," I said, "I won't starve. I'll go out there and grow my food and I'll have plenty. And if you go broke you come on out," I said. "You won't go hungry, I can make things grow." "Oh, but Delia," he said, "it's too late, too late. We're both too old to start again, and we've lost everything." "No," I said, "not everything. There's something left." "What is it?" he said. "We've got the earth," I said. "We've always got the earth. We'll stand upon it and it will save us. It's never gone back on nobody yet."

Well, here they came, you know, tearing along for all they were worth, your papa and Old Doctor Nelson, I lay there with those awful pains rending me as if they were going to tear me in two.

"But no," I said to Doctor Nelson. "It can't be that. I'm not ready for it yet. It's not been time, it's two weeks before my time," I said.

"No matter about that," he said. "*You're* ready. It's *your* time," he said. "It's *your* time, sure enough."

And, sure enough, it was. Why! that was it, of course!—that's what I've been telling you, boy!—that explained it all.

"Two . . . Two," the first voice said, and "Twenty . . . Twenty" said the other:—

Twenty days later from that evening that Ed Mears came there to our house, to the minute, at twenty minutes to ten o'clock on the seventeenth day of October, *twins* were born—Ed and Arthur were both born that night.

The next day as I lay there thinkin', it flashed over me, the meaning of it, of course I saw it all. The mystery was explained.

And that's the story, sir, that's just the way it happened.

"Two . . . Two," the first voice said, and "Twenty . . . Twenty," said the other.

I've told you now.

"What do you think of that?" I said to Mr. Hawke. "You see, don't you?"

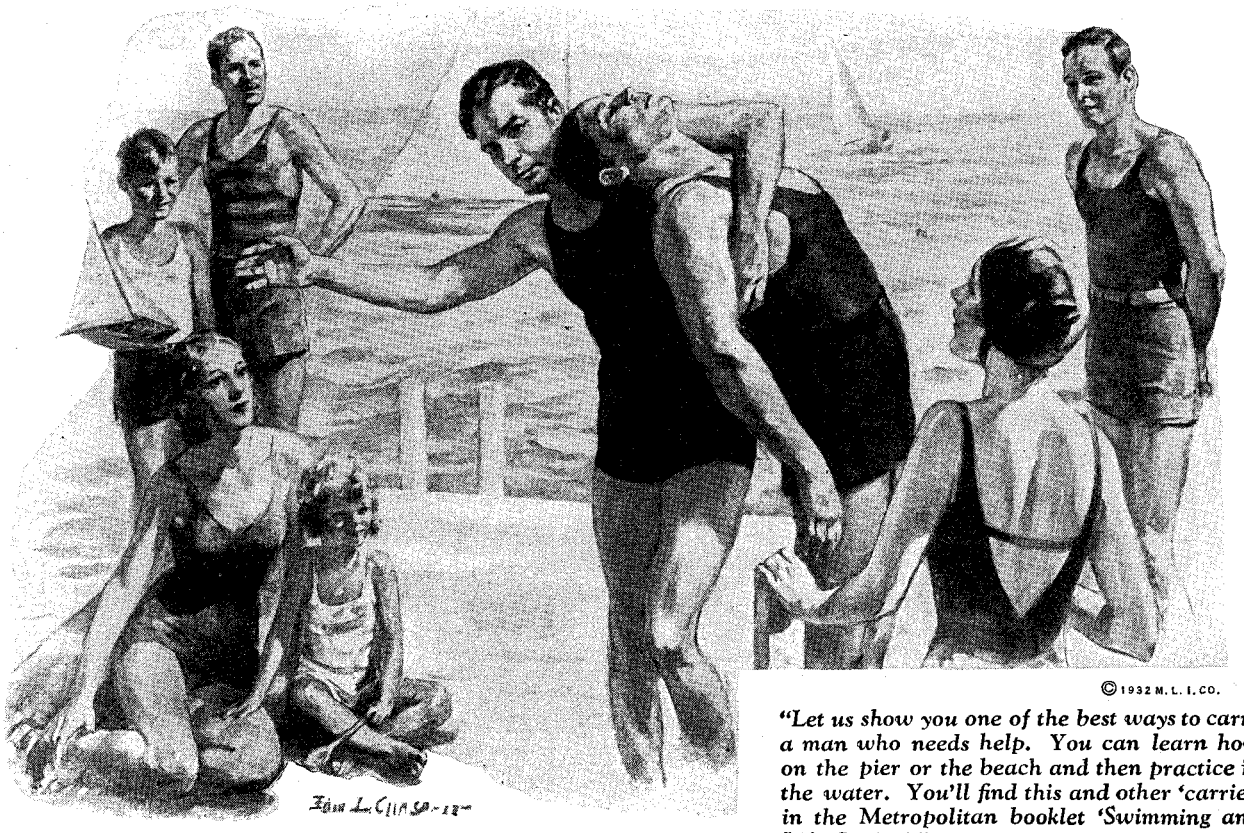
His face was a study. "It's pretty strange when you come to think of it," he said. "By God it is!"

Lord, boy! What's that I hear now on the harbor? Hah? What say? A ship!—Now it will soon be April, and I must be going home again: out in my garden where I work the early flowers and blossoms will be comin' out, the peach trees and the cherry trees, the dogwood and the laurel and the lilacs. I have an apple tree and it is full of all the birds there are in June: the flower-tree you planted as a child is blooming by the window where you planted it. (My dear child, eat good food and watch and guard your health: it worries me to think of you alone with strangers.) The hills are beautiful and soon it will be spring once more. (It worries me to think of you like this alone and far away: child, child, come home again!)

O listen! . . .
Hah? What is it? . . .
Hah? What say? . . .
(Lord God! A race of wanderers!)
Child, child! . . . what is it?
Ships again!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Lesson in Life Saving



©1932 M.L.I.CO.

"Let us show you one of the best ways to carry a man who needs help. You can learn how on the pier or the beach and then practice in the water. You'll find this and other 'carries' in the Metropolitan booklet 'Swimming and Life Saving'."

OUT beyond the paddlers and bathers who cannot swim a stroke, you will find the strong swimmers who get the most joy out of clean, sparkling water. But swimming is more than a keen pleasure. It offers more opportunity for wholesome exercise for more people than any other sport.

Almost everybody who has correct instruction can learn to swim. When you swim you exercise practically every muscle in your body. You take deep breaths, expand your lungs and send your blood tingling from head to foot. And afterward, when resting in the warm, golden sunshine you soak up health-giving rays from the sun.

You may regard yourself as a fairly good swimmer because so far you have been able to take care of yourself. But if you have not learned to swim correctly you may be unjustified in your confidence. It is not difficult to correct swimming faults or to learn the proper arm and leg action and the breath control necessary in good swimming.

Foolhardiness and panic cause more drownings along the seashore and in lakes, rivers and ponds than exhaustion or cramps.

You may be perfectly willing to risk your own life to save that of another. But if you do not know how to go about it there is great danger that both lives will be lost. To save a life requires real skill. Prove whether or not you are competent by carrying ashore a friend who is not helping himself. If you find that you cannot do it, learn the proper life saving methods so that, if ever needed, you will be ready.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in cooperation with the American Red Cross Life Saving Service, has prepared a booklet which will help you to learn to swim, if you cannot swim now. It shows the American Crawl used by champion swimmers and the proper Side Stroke to use in life saving. Send for your free copy of "Swimming and Life Saving." Address Booklet Dept. 732-S.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ~ ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Behind the Scenes

THOMAS WOLFE'S novel, "K—19," will be published this fall.

J. J. SPENGLER is assistant professor of economics and business administration at the University of Arizona.

HENRY HAZLITT is one of the editors of *The Nation*.

GEORGE MILBURN lives in Norman, Okla., and is well known for his stories and books of Oklahoma.

JOHN O'HARA'S work appears in various magazines. He lives in New York.

ROBERT BRIFFAULT is the author of that great work, "The Mothers," and "Breakdown," just published.

GRACE JONES MORGAN'S home is in Alameda, Calif.

HARRY SALPETER, formerly in the book department of the New York *World*, since its decease has been free lancing.

RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS, Baltimore, Md., is assistant to the president of United Railways.

JOHN W. LANG, lieutenant-colonel, is commandant of cadets at The Citadel, the military college of South Carolina in Charleston.

WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT IT

There seems no end to the correspondence caused by the publication of Mr. Wohlforth's article on the R. O. T. C. (April SCRIBNER'S). Without exception in the past month they have come from those greatly opposed to compulsory military training in schools and colleges.

Luther Tucker, Yale '31, chairman of the Intercollegiate Disarmament Council, sends us the result of several questionnaires on the subject. At the Buffalo convention of his organization in January, 1932, out of 1456 students voting, it was found that 3.2 per cent were in favor of compulsory military training and 96.8 per cent opposed. There was 83.7 per cent in favor of dropping military training entirely from the college curriculum. In a nation-wide straw vote by the organization, 23,345 students voted and 81 per cent of this total were opposed to compulsory drill.

Other letters are:

Sirs:

I took military training at Iowa State College at Ames as a freshman in 1916–17, and later joined the navy. At that time there were two army officers. Now there are forty-four officers and enlisted men, as instructors. Then an expenditure (before the war to crush militarism and end war) of $16,000 yearly; now over $105,000 on that campus alone. *Year before last more money was spent for hay and feed for the horses in the military unit than to pay professors to teach courses on modern international relations, international finance, or other courses designed to make 4000 students intelligent on world affairs.*

E. RAYMOND WILSON.
Field secretary, American Friends Service Committee, 20 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia.

Sirs:

The Minnesota *Daily* has long been combatting the R. O. T. C. through its editorial columns. The general student attitude on this question is distinctly opposed to compulsory military training. At Minnesota the honorary colonels, military balls, and pretty uniforms mentioned by Mr. Wohlforth do not inspire those compelled to drill three hours a week without credit with any thoughts of the glory of the army. Advanced drillers (those who elect to take four years of military training) are regarded with contempt by most men students. I am enclosing an editorial from the *Daily* of April 19 which is based on Mr. Wohlforth's article.

DAVID DONOVAN.
University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.

Sirs:

May I express my appreciation of the very excellent article by Robert Wohlforth in the April SCRIBNER'S on military training? My attention was called to it by my son, a high school senior, who commended it. I am now telling all my friends to read it. The subject deserves more thought by the intelligent public than it has received,—the public that sends its children to college and is eager to support education. This military training as now practised is the very antithesis of "higher education" and of what we have hoped was the true American Spirit.

ELISABETH ANTHONY DEXTER.
536 Pleasant Street, Belmont, Mass.

Sirs:

I am enclosing a copy of an address which I was privileged to make before a Youth Mass Meeting in Washington on Sunday, April 10. Senator Nye of North Dakota and Congressman Kvale of Minnesota were other speakers advocating drastic disarmament. Through that assembly I was able to give public support to Mr. Wohlforth's article before an audience of over nine hundred.

JAMES FREDERICK GREEN.
741 Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

A CORRECTION

Sirs:

In Roy Harris's article in SCRIBNER'S for April there appears a statement to this effect: "The Cos Cob Press's most significant policy is to contract with American composers for the rights to all works written in a stipulated time, advancing a generous sum of money." Both statements are incorrect, as they are not a policy of the Cos Cob Press. No actually stipulated time for delivery is required; nor is there a policy for advancing money to composers. You can make the life of a small and well-meaning music publisher happier by printing this letter.

ALINE WERTHEIM,
President, Cos Cob Press.

PRAISE FOR MR. WOLFE

Thomas Wolfe has broken his silence of the last two years in as sensational a manner as that with which he began writing. SCRIBNER'S for April contains a long short story by him—probably a part of the novel that he is engaged in writing—called "A Portrait of Bascom Hawke." Here is a piece of writing that is as vivid, as meaty, as uproariously Rabelaisian as "Look Homeward, Angel." I have a hunch that, in years to come, a lot of collectors are going to be scouring the woods to find copies of this issue of SCRIBNER'S, and I am going to have mine.

CHATTANOOGA TIMES.

Johnson Brigham, librarian, Iowa State Library, Des Moines, writes:

I make haste to congratulate you on the rare quality of "Love's a Grown-up God" by Arthur Tuckerman—an author wholly unknown to me. . . .

formation about the advisability of going or not going, about what ancient monuments and new industrial undertakings there are to be seen, about accommodations, prices of hotels, meals, etc.; indeed, about everything of concern to the traveller contemplating the adventure—for an adventure going to Russia surely is.

The authors are, on the whole, friendly to new Russia, in which they see "a nation in transition." The traveller must not expect too much, but if he keeps his eyes open, with a consideration of the significance of the new effort, he will leave the country richer for the experience. Doctor Raiguel and Mr. Huff see Russia as fundamentally Asiatic, in spite of all the mechanization in progress. But are they not wrong in assuming that Lenin is more Asiatic, more "fundamental," than Peter the Great? The aim of both has been Westernization, regardless of their essential temperaments. The descriptions of modern Moscow and Leningrad are the best thing in the book, and the numerous illustrations are excellent.

JOHN COURNOS.

1919, BY JOHN DOS PASSOS. *Harcourt.* $2.50.

"1919" concentrates within itself the spirit of an epoch—an epoch of agony, chaos and disillusion. Its characters, Joe Williams, Dick Savage, Eveline Hutchins, Daughter, Ben Compton serve as separate lenses through which different parts of the America of that day can be viewed. Everything in the novel has been shaped to serve that telescopic end, the "newsreels" and "camera eyes" as well as "biographies" which are a more obvious although not less effective realistic device. No character, no scene in the novel—and despite the discontinuities in the fiction, it is, in the last analysis, a novel and not a series of novels—lives in or of itself; its reality is derived from the environment of the time, which is the one binding motif that dominates the book and unifies it as a whole.

A sequel to "42nd Parallel," "1919" is the second volume in a trilogy which, if the third book is as successful as its predecessors, will have managed in its way to reinterpret and revaluate a vital aspect of American life during one of its most amazing and arresting periods, the period of war, peace, and disillusion. "1919" is superior to "42nd Parallel" in conception as well as execution. Conscious as one is at first in "1919" of the artificiality of the author's literary devices, one very soon becomes accustomed to most of them and welcomes them as clarifying interludes, as intrinsic to the fiction as the characters themselves. While the "camera eye" sections, which in semi-Joycean style combine poetic perception with personal insight, tend at times to blur and retard the advance of the narrative, the "newsreel" flashes constantly illuminate and expedite it. Notwithstanding the occasional poetic passages which are to be found among the "camera eye" sections—very often also the poetry is a little too strained to soar—the novel would gain more than it would lose by the elimination of those sections. Without the biography and "newsreel" sections, however, the novel would lose its earthy tang and vigor. In fact, several of the biographies, which are really snapshot portraits, represent the best writing in the book. The portraits of Jack Reed, Paxton Hibben, and Joe Hill, for instance, are unforgettably vivid and vital.

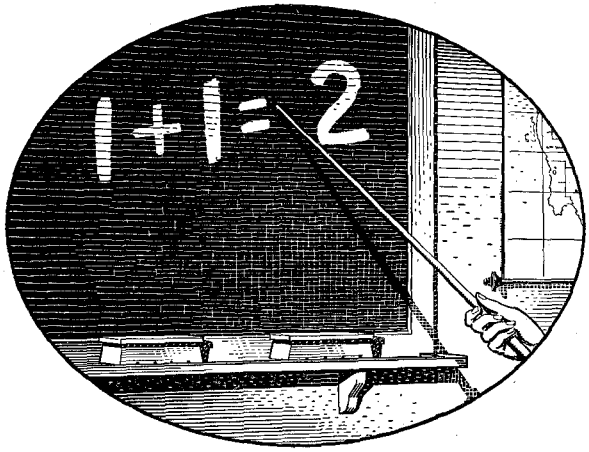
"1919" marks the furthest advance of the radical motif in American literature. In its own unique and dynamic way it symbolizes something of the strength which will tend to revolutionize American fiction in the next decade.

V. F. CALVERTON.

THE DU BARRY, by Karl Von Schumacher (*Harcourt*) $2.75. Engaging portrait of the mistress of Louis XV. Very human and not a little sirup-y.

(Continued on page 15)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IN PRAISE OF *lower mathematics*

We hear much about the scientific discoveries made possible by higher mathematics. We hear little about the benefits that have come from the application of the simplest arithmetic.

Yet Fels-Naptha is a striking example of the value of adding one and one to make two. For in Fels-Naptha you have two cleaners—unusually good soap and *plenty* of dirt-loosening, grease-dissolving naptha—combined in a big, generous golden bar.

Working busily, tirelessly together, these two cleaners wash clothes sweetly and completely clean. They do it quickly, and they do it easily. There's no hard rubbing to shorten the life of your clothes and lengthen the face of your laundress.

Fels-Naptha gives this *extra* help in tub or machine; in hot, lukewarm or even cool water. Hands, too, appreciate Fels-Naptha's gentle touch. For it contains soothing glycerine—and glycerine, you know, is an important ingredient in many hand-lotions. To prove all this to your own satisfaction, have your grocer send you a carton of Fels-Naptha—ask your laundress to try it. Even if she knows nothing about mathematics, she'll perceive in the way Fels-Naptha works, that one and one make easier washing.

Have you a Chipper? We'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon now, with only two cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost.

© 1932, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. Q. S. 7-32

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose two cents in stamps to help cover postage.

Name _____

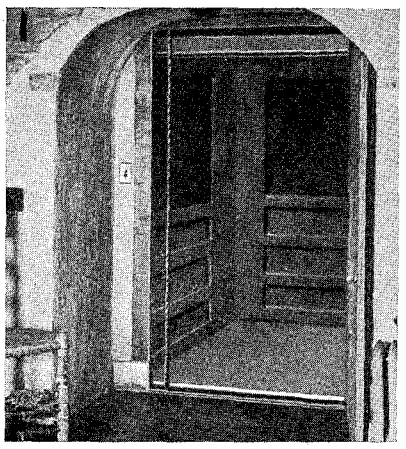
Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Please print name and address completely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEDGWICK
INDIVIDUAL ELEVATOR



PRICELESS COMFORT

Perhaps in your family there is some one physically unable to climb stairs, or so advanced in years that stair climbing overtaxes the heart. Surely, that member is worthy of all the comfort and freedom afforded by the Sedgwick Individual Elevator . . . so convenient, so safe, so easily operated, so readily installed in any residence. The cost is lower now, and deferred payments dispel any need to delay the installation. Recommended by physicians. Write for illustrated booklet. Address SEDGWICK MACHINE WORKS, 155 West 15th Street, New York. Established 1893.

For those who Cannot or SHOULD NOT climb stairs

HOW MUCH CONSTRUCTION JULY TO DECEMBER 1932 ???

If you are a manufacturer of building materials, equipment or services, send for our estimate of the outlook for the second half of 1932 construction. It shows population by states; state rank; commercial building construction; educational buildings; hospitals; industrial buildings; public works and utilities; religious construction; amount of residential construction; recreational buildings. Address Statistical and Research Department.

ARCHITECTURE
LEADING PROFESSIONAL ARCHITECTURAL JOURNAL
597 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Our
Personal Service Department
is conducted for you

If you want a diverting book or something instructive for your holiday reading, write us for suggestions. We will find just the books for you on the subjects which interest you most.

THE SCRIBNER BOOK STORE
597 Fifth Avenue New York City

The "Want-in-Plenty" Enigma

By S. Palmer Harman

No two questions are more frequently asked about the depression (except, perhaps, the question when it will end), than these: What became of all the money we had in 1929? And why do plenty and want exist side by side in this rich but distraught country? The first question is not hard to answer in its factual outlines, though its real answer goes very deep indeed. There is less money in people's pocketbooks and bank accounts today than three years ago, because a great part of that money has been used to pay off debts. It never was actual cash, but merely credits on the books of the banks, created by bank loans. The banks have called for payment, other creditors have called for payment, the granting of new loans has been greatly reduced, so that all along the line both credits and debits have been cancelled.

As far as actual cash is concerned, we have about $800,000,000 more of that than we had a year ago—most of it locked up in deposit boxes and hidden away by people who are afraid to leave it with the banks. The Reserve Banks have as much gold today as they had in 1929, and against that gold they could create as much credit, or "money," as was in existence in that year, if it were possible to get it into circulation. There is less money in use today than three years ago because there is less business, and more fear.

The second question, as to how unsatisfied needs and unsalable goods can exist at the same time, with sellers anxious to sell and workers anxious to work in order to buy, is perhaps unanswerable at bottom. Certainly it cannot be answered by any facile formula or citation of economic principles, but is linked up with the unexplored depths of human nature and the social organism. The thing is a preposterous paradox. There is this to be said about it, however. The trouble has been caused, not by any breakdown of the physical mechanism of production or exchange, as the failure of a railroad or a fuel supply in Russia might cripple the output of a great factory and cause a surplus of goods at other plants which supply that factory with materials. With us, and with most other countries, the trouble has arisen because of words written on pieces of paper—words on contracts, on the statute books, on paper money, on bonds and mortgages.

These are the instruments evidencing ownership of property and contingent claims on property, and the thing that has thrown business and industry into a hopeless tangle is, that these legal and contractual relationships have not served their purpose well. They have, at some point, obstructed trade instead of promoting it. A few years ago they stimulated trade to a faster pace than could be maintained. We have known how to produce automobiles by the million, but we have not known how to stop producing them long enough to allow the production of other goods to catch up—nor how to stop producing them merely because we had enough of them for the present, and would prefer more quiet and leisure to more cars. The contract machine, which we would have checked if we were wise, continued to run at full speed, sluicing bank-created money into the automobile business and into every other kind of business—money to pay for stocks and bonds, money to finance the payment of automobiles, so much a month, in order that everybody could own a car.

We are sometimes told, by those who have studied these questions deeply, that people can never become satiated with too many goods, and that production will move forward smoothly as long as goods are produced in their proper ratios; not too many automobiles in relation to houses, not too much wheat with reference to trips to Europe, and so on. There is, of course, much truth in this statement, though it seems to have the serious defect of providing no test as to whether production is in balance or not until a price slump occurs to prove that it is out of balance. It is plain, however, that slumps are caused by other factors than unbalanced production, and it is equally plain that after a slump has occurred something besides disproportionate stocks of goods prevents the resumption of general activity. If nothing were wrong except too many goods of certain kinds, it would seem that the process of exchange could go on as usual, up to the point where wants were satisfied, leaving only the unwanted residue in the long run. If that were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the case, we would not have the paradox today of plenty and want existing side by side.

What has actually happened is, that business has become frightened about the carrying out of its contracts, and about the actual value of its evidences of property ownership, because it was suddenly realized that the amount of those claims, in dollars, was very large indeed in proportion to the customary value of the property. So business suddenly slowed down drastically while the owners of claims set about collecting them, if possible, and the owners of property waited to see what their holdings were worth.

If this statement of the case seems reasonable, it becomes possible to draw some tentative conclusions as to the way the depression will ultimately be ended. A very influential school, with numerous supporters at Washington, seems to hold that business is holding back through some sort of perversity, or an unreasoning lack of "confidence." It seems to propose a sort of "All together —one, two, three" to raise the depression. Various stimuli have been tried, such as loans from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, credits from the Federal Reserve, the efforts of committees of prominent bankers and business men. Vast expenditures by the Federal government are now proposed to start things up and get the machine running.

All these things are good in a way, but thus far they have not brought revival. They have not done so because business, instead of entering into new contracts, is still worrying about the old ones, on which it has staggering losses. It is worrying about its unpaid debts. And particularly it is worrying about the amount of money Congress is spending, the kind of taxes Congress is going to impose, and the amount of borrowing the Treasury will have to do this year. When these worries are removed, and the business world discovers that it has enough reserves, after all, to write off its losses, it will be possible for recovery to begin.

Virginia Walton's Shopping Service

Will solve your most perplexing problems. Send her your check and she will find just what you need for that wedding, birthday or other gift. Look for her own individual "Finds" in the Fifth Avenue Section each month. She may be reached at 597 Fifth Avenue at all times.

You may purchase
Scribner's Magazine
each month at

The Crillon, Paris
The Savoy, London
The Adlon, Berlin
The Anstel, Amsterdam
The Royal Poinciana, Palm Beach

Information on Request

THE PEOPLES GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY

Capital Stock
Listed on the New York and Chicago stock exchanges

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY
230 So. La Salle Street, Chicago

STATISTICS THAT MEAN SERVICE

Customers served	1,437,653
Population served	6,200,000
Communities served	3,000
Square miles territory served	55,086
Electric generating stations	181
Installed kw. capacity	1,175,658
Miles of distribution lines	24,828
Gas generating stations	46
Installed cu. ft. capacity	121,586,000
Miles of distribution mains	4,671
Number of employees	16,194

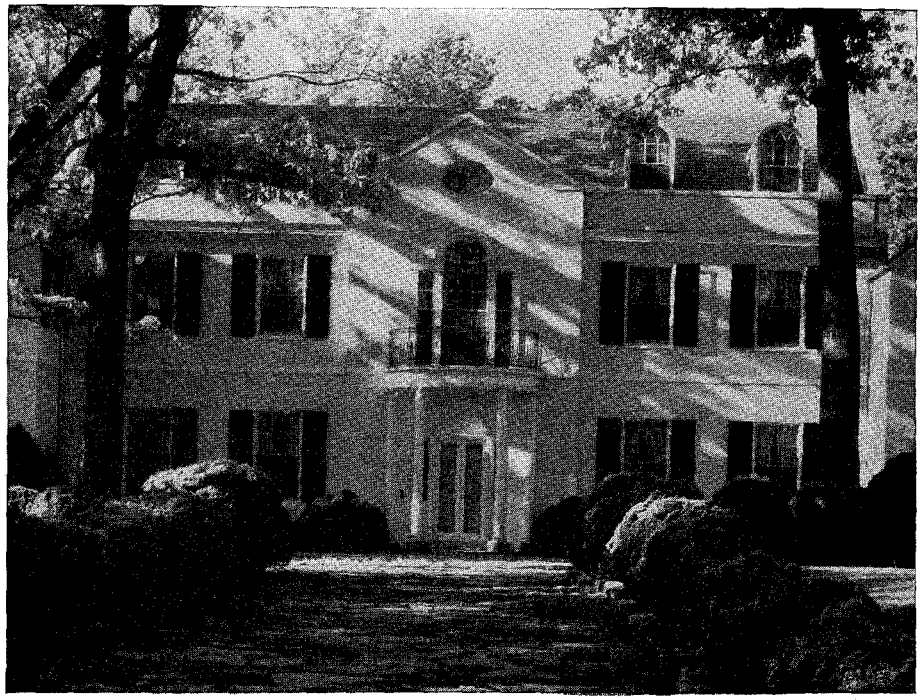
● These and other service facilities produced gross operating revenues of over $105,000,000 for the Associated System during 1931, a 1% gain over 1930.

To invest, or for information, write

Associated Gas & Electric System
61 BROADWAY • NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARCHITECTURE



Here is a much reduced detail from the July issue showing a house in Atlanta which, this year, received an award for domestic architecture in The Architectural League Exhibition. Hentz, Adler & Shutze are the architects.

IF you have ever had the smell of type in your nostrils, you will know the downright satisfaction that comes from hanging over the make-up man's shoulder getting the effects that you vision for the printed page.

The June and July issues of ARCHITECTURE show many developments of co-operative research and experiment by the Scribner Press and the editorial department. These investigations have dealt with new processes, new papers, new inks. The result is larger illustrations, better engravings, heavier paper, and an even higher degree of pictorial representation than that which has distinguished ARCHITECTURE for many years.

It would be a rash prophet who would forecast to-morrow's happenings. Nevertheless, it seems certain that the first marked renewal in building activity will come in residential work. ARCHITECTURE will reflect this trend: houses, particularly of the smaller size, group housing, large-scale operations and small, the fruits of experiments abroad and at home.

ARCHITECTURE is now published at a subscription price of $6 per year (add $1 for Canadian postage, $2 for foreign postage). The cost per copy is fifty cents. To members of the architectural and allied professions the subscription price is $3 per year (add $1 for Canadian postage, $2 for foreign postage).

ARCHITECTURE is the Professional Monthly Architectural Journal published by

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York

PUBLISHERS THROUGHOUT GENERATIONS TO THE ARCHITECTURAL PROFESSION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No. 1

Famous Travellers

What a Boy—Jason

Jason was the first navigator and the more we think of it the happier we are that Jason was running that flat-bottomed scow and not us. The only time we ever got around the big waters with one of those flat boats, a wave from a river steamer flopped us over on our ear and we had to be dragged in with a boat hook. But Jason got the Greeks thinking about travel.

You don't have to get people thinking about travel these days. And now that the steamship lines have got the prices down so low that it's cheaper to get your meals on a boat than to live at home, it's a question of where to go. Even that isn't so complicated. It isn't a matter of not knowing about places; it's making up the mind, and picking out the right line.

If you want information that will help make up the old bean, write SCRIBNER'S TRAVEL BUREAU, and learn things that Jason would have given his right leg to know—at least the right leg of his first mate.

TRAVEL DEPARTMENT, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
597 Fifth Avenue, New York City 7-32

Please see that I get information concerning

.....

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

Literary Sign-Posts—(Continued from page 10)

BANANA GOLD, BY CARLETON BEALS. *Lippincott.* $3.

In reading Carleton Beals I always have the idea that he knows at least three times as much about Mexico and Central America as anybody else and this mood persists even through those wondrous hotsy-totsy passages which stud his book. He may not be the greatest writer in the world but he belongs among the most interesting and his visit to Sandino through the jungles of Honduras and Nicaragua is something not to be missed. You have a feeling of stalking straight up mountain peaks and dropping down the other side. Great stuff.

THE DIARY OF AN EX-PRESIDENT, by Morrie Ryskind (*Putnam*) $1.75. Mr. Wintergreen, also known to fame through the pages of "Of Thee I Sing," here tells of his hilarious experiences with Ambassadors, Congressmen and other horned cattle. Taken in homœopathic doses it is very amusing. Read at one sitting it is an excellent soporific.

CHOCOLATE, by Alexander Tarasov-Radinov (*Doubleday, Doran*) $2. A tragedy of Soviet Russia and the ruin that a grateful little dancer wrought upon the head of the local "Cheka" who had—a bit quixotically for a Communist—befriended her at a critical moment.

THE DISTURBING AFFAIR OF NOEL BLAKE, by Neil Bell (*Putnam*) $2. The author of "Andrew Otway" here happily returns to the type of story that he does to the queen's taste—the pathological mystery. In this volume psychoanalysis, hypnotism and thought-control combine to make a "mystery story" that is far above the average in content.

UNDERTOW, by A. Hamilton Gibbs (*Little, Brown*) $2.50. Young English schoolmaster, Philip Jocelyn, goes to France and finds he always belonged there as "Phillipe Josselin" at the side of the lovely Jeanne, so different from the matter-of-fact Millicent of little Uxminster. Bitter-sweet love story, pleasantly done and easy to read.

SUMMER HOLIDAY, by Sheila Kaye-Smith (*Harpers*) $2.50. Two little girls away for the summer, what they saw, played and thought. A very lovely adventure into life before seven—if you like that sort of thing.

ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT, by Max Wild (*Putnam*) $2.50. An inchoate mass of thrills set down by the German colonel commanding the Intelligence Service on the Russian Front. Its veracity is clouded by the melodramatic style of writing that has marred almost all war books since—and including—"All Quiet."

LETTERS FROM SPAIN, by Karel Capek (*Putnam*) $2. A lively travel journal by the author of "R.U.R." Any one who has visited Spain will appreciate it and as a guide book it has good points. The author's pen drawings are amusing.

TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING, by Lewis E. Lawes (*Long and Smith*) $3. The warden of Sing Sing who has held for thirteen years a position that used to finish its incubent in six months tells the story of his experiences at Dannemora, Auburn and his present job. It is a fine, honest book, a bit sentimental at times, but well worth reading as a narrative and as an education.

AMERICA AS AMERICANS SEE IT, edited by Fred J. Ringel (*Harcourt*) $3.75. Articles by dozens of authors on dozens of subjects. The best by Holger Cahill and Clare Boothe Brokaw. The silliest by Stephen Leacock, a Canadian. The pictures are superb.

HEADLINES, by Janette Cooper (*Harpers*) $2. The wife of a torch murderer tells a harrowing tale of what publicity does to the family of the accused. Sincere, terrible, moving.

CZARDAS, by Jeno Haltai (*Houghton, Mifflin*) $2.50. Feverish psychological study of wounded aviator searching for beauty and life in the mad welter of Budapest society during the war. Interesting but unimportant.

WHERE-TO-GO
Hotel, Resort, and Travel Department
1906 - Every Month in 7 Magazines - 1932

NEW HAMPSHIRE

COOL SUNSHINE

Yes, our sunshine is cool in New Hampshire. Filtered into leafy designs by giant trees or reflected in liquid gold from glistening lakes, New Hampshire sunshine urges you outdoors ... urges you to enjoy fine golf courses, kindly mountains, the dare of a trout. May we send free descriptive booklet?

NEW HAMPSHIRE
State Development Commission
33 Park St., Concord, New Hampshire

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

LOS ANGELES CAL.

"Within Easy Reach of Everything"
HOTEL CLARK
LOS ANGELES
Headquarters for Travelers to the Olympic Games
Tariff from $2.50 ... Arrange now for reservations ... Write today. Hill St., bet. Fourth and Fifth, Los Angeles, Calif.

CANADA

NORTHERN ONTARIO
TIMAGAMI
WABI-KON CAMP
LAKE TIMAGAMI
A North Woods Bungalow Camp in heart of four million acres of virgin forest. 1,502 Lakes. Every comfort. Wonderful fishing. Boating, Bathing, and Hiking. One night from Toronto. Bkt. Mr. WILSON, Wabi-Kon Postoffice, Timagami, Ont., Canada.

COLORADO

Come, Climb In Colorado
LONGS PEAK INN
A SYNONYM FOR VACATION
Mrs. Enos A. Mills, Longs Peak, Colorado

Ask Where-to-go Bureau, 8 Beacon Street, Boston, for space & rates in our department.

NEW YORK

HOTEL ST. JAMES
Times Sq. New York 109-13 W. 45th St. Between 5th Av. & B'way
Much Favored by Women Traveling Without Escort
Three Minutes Walk to Forty Theatres and All Best Shops
Rates & bk't on application. W. Johnson Quinn, Pres.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN
Corlear Bay Club still has a few furnished housekeeping cottages of various sizes for rent for 1932. Privately owned 180-acre estate 15 miles south of Plattsburg. Open fire-place, running spring water. Sand beach. Tennis, fishing, golf. Rentals $140 to $520. References required. Address
C. H. EASTON, Keeseville, Essex Co., N. Y.

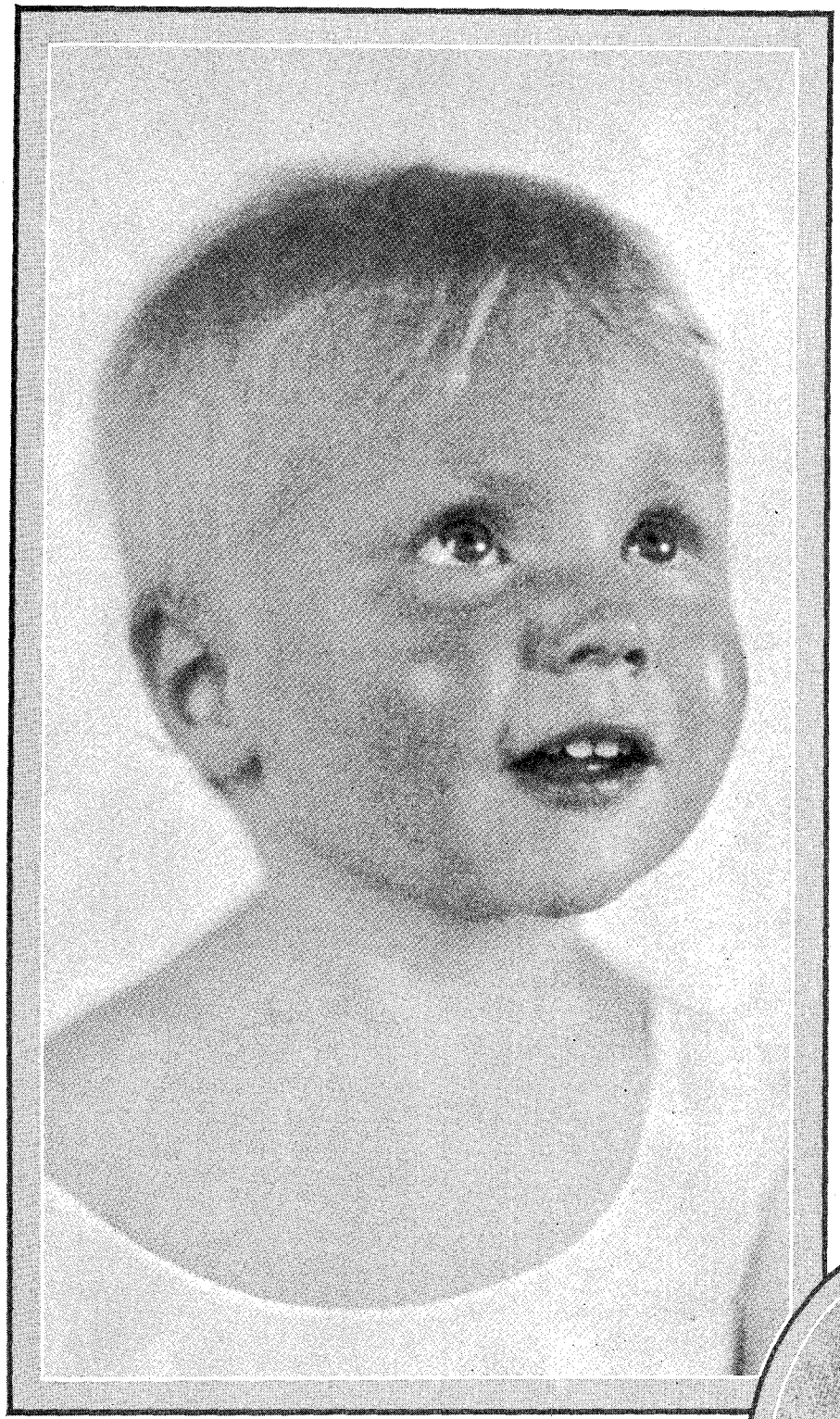
CLARK-WARDNER CAMPS, Rainbow Lake, N. Y.
Adirondacks. Superior table at Nokomis Lodge. Modern improvements. Refined clientele. Send for literature. CHARLES A. WARDNER.

TOURS

EUROPE 25 Days $157
Scotland, England, France. All Expenses. 6 Countries $175. 9 Countries $245. Late Summer Book free.
ALLEN TOURS, 154 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"WOMEN are on my mind"



Photograph of Carl, aged 15 months. Takes after his dad. Thumbs down on sinker soaps. Thumbs up for Ivory. It floats! It's a real man's soap.

After I've had an Ivory bath, so many ladies say, "Oh I could just *eat* you up." I'd like to know why.

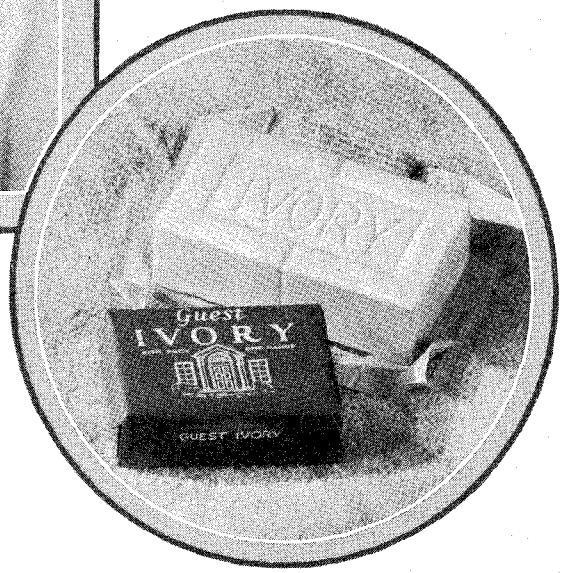
I'll make a note of it. I'll ask Dad about women the next time he gives me my bath. Gee, Dad doesn't offer to eat me. He rolls up his sleeves and he talks rough. He says, "Another splash out of you, young man, and I'll skin you alive!"

He doesn't scare me. That's just man's talk. We understand each other. I know I can sail my Ivory boat and spank the water and play I'm a whale, all I want—IF I don't tell mother what he said that time when I pushed water on his new gray suit!

Both Dad and me agree that there's no one like mother, but we do think she has funny reasons. She thinks a bath's just to get you clean. And she says Ivory is best because the doctor told her so—just as if Ivory were something like spinach!

Now *we* know different. Ivory's *fun!* It can float a lot better than I can. And say, you ought to see me when Dad gets through putting on the Ivory foam. And when I'm rinsed, I don't smell fancy. Why, a real man knows that Ivory is a *real man's* soap!

©1932, P. & G. Co.



Ivory Soap

KIND TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES • 99 44/100% PURE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED